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SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1916.

# CONGRESS FINDS AMERICA IS BACK OF WILSON. Russians Capture Bitlis—French Regain Some Lost Ground.

## LONDON PAPERS BELIEVE SENATE HAS SUSTAINED THE STAND OF WILSON.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, March 4.—The morning newspapers today devote many columns to the developments in Washington under such headlines as "President Wilson's Great Victory in the Senate," "Half the Battle Won for President Wilson's Policy," and "Congress Shows Confidence in the President."

The Times editorially declares that the vote in the Senate in favor of tabling the resolution warning Americans off armed merchantmen is certain to exercise a strong influence on the voting in the House of Representatives.

Another newspaper thinks the Senate's vote is likely to be adopted "in the other two houses," possibly referring to the House of Representatives and the White House.

All the newspapers praise President Wilson's position. The Graphic lays emphasis on what it terms the difficulties of the President's task.

"The passions of the American people as a whole," says the Graphic, "have not yet been aroused by the war. The United States is so huge and such a large part of its population has no conception of external politics that even if there were no real difficulties it would still be difficult to rouse the average American to any strong view of international obligations."

"President Wilson had made it clear that though he is passionately devoted to peace he will not purchase peace at the price of his country's honor."

The Times makes the situation in Washington the text of an editorial urging an improvement in Great Britain's methods for influencing American opinion on the work of the Entente allies.

"It is through the American press alone that we can lay our case with full effect before the American people," says the Times, "and the American press complains that all along our government has hesitated and impeded it in the performance of this needful and important work. The Americans want to hear the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If we tell it to them we may rely without misgiving on their verdict."

## GERMANY FEARS IF AMERICA JOINS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

COPENHAGEN (via London) March 4.—Herr Naumann, a member of the Reichstag, contributes an article entitled "Will America join the Allies?" to the Schleswig newspaper Heindal, the organ of the Schleswig Danes, in which he says:

"Our wish that the United States preserve its neutrality is really comprehensible. We already have sufficient enemies and it is a great delusion to think, as some profess to do, that one more can make no difference."

"Declaration of war against the United States would result in a fleet numbering in 1913, 169 units, with 1531 guns, placing itself on the side of Great Britain and thereby increasing the possibility of an absolutely effective blockade. In addition there is the American army, which it is true at present only numbers 90,000, which could be augmented quickly by general recruiting, for which the existing militia forms an excellent basis. Within six months the United States would have a formidable army?"

"Our ships in American harbors and the daily increasing financial power of the United States would mean an incalculable prolongation of the war because America would finance all her allies for an unlimited period. The Germans have learned to assume enormous burdens during the war but we cannot shut our eyes to the endless sacrifice which war with the United States should demand."

## FRENCH SURE VERDUN WILL STAND.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, March 3.—News that the battle of Verdun had been stopped was received with something like relief in France, where suspense over the lull of the past few days had been keen.

The people are full of hope, for the belief is general that the Germans have less of a chance for success than they had on the long lines they attacked. The military observers concur in this feeling. They point out that the distance to be covered before the heaviest direct commanding the city of Verdun are reached is almost double that traversed in the first attack, and that there is a series of fortified crests which must be stormed one by one and on which attacks may very well break down, as they broke down on Douaumont hill.

It is true that these heights are dominated by Le Mort Homme, and admitting even that this hill must succumb, the military critics declare that it would not be easy to haul upon it the heavy artillery responsible to the crushing of defenses.

Gen. Henri Philippe Petain, one of the hardest, keenest and most energetic of the generals in the French army, is in command at Verdun. He is within a month of his sixtieth birthday.

## EARLY MORNING HOLDUPS.

(30)

Attacked by two thugs as he was walking near the postoffice this morning H. Nakajima, a Japanese, living at No. 234 North Pedro street, was badly beaten and robbed of fifty cents. According to Nakajima the two men were Mexicans.

Martin Johnson of the Hotel Royal, Main and Winston streets, was arrested early this morning that his pockets had been searched and the thieves had escaped with his purse containing \$70 in cash and a check. He was unable to give any description of the men.

## The Angel That the Ass Saw.



Catastrophe.

## APPALLING LOSS ON PROVENCE; DEATHS OVER THREE THOUSAND.

Worst Ocean Disaster of Modern Sea History is Revealed when Full Details of Sinking of Auxiliary Cruiser Used as a Transport are Reported in an Official Communication of the French War Office.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, March 3.—It was announced at the French Ministry of Marine today that there were nearly 4000 men on board the French auxiliary cruiser Provence when she was sunk in the Mediterranean February 26.

It was stated that on board the Provence were the staff of the Third Colonial Infantry Regiment, the third battalion, the second company of the first battalion, the Second Machine Gun Company, and one extra company, in all nearly 4000 men.

As the Ministry of Marine February 29 announced that the number of survivors of the Provence disaster was estimated at 870, it is indicated by the foregoing dispatch that upwards of 3130 lives were lost. The loss of more than 3000 lives in the sinking of the French auxiliary cruiser Provence is the greatest ocean disaster of modern times. Up to the present the largest number of lives ever lost in one wreck was when the White Star liner Titanic struck an iceberg off the Newfoundland banks on April 14, 1912, and sank with a death loss of 1595. The rescued number 743.

### CAPACITY OF VESSEL.

The French Ministry of Marine had previously issued no statement as to the number of persons on the Provence when she went down. The vessel, however, when in the transatlantic service, could carry 1860 persons, including the crew, and it has been presumed that, as she was transporting troops between ports not far apart, she was carrying a number of men larger than her normal capacity. Among the other great sea disasters, in addition to the Titanic already mentioned, were:

The Cunard line steamship Lusitania, which was torpedoed by a German submarine and sunk off the Head of Kinsale, Ireland, on May 7, 1915, with the loss of 1204 lives. The burning of the excursion steamship General Slocum in the East River, New York, June 15, 1904, when nearly 1000 persons met their death. The French line steamship La Bourgogne, sunk in collision with the White Star liner Titanic struck an iceberg off the Newfoundland banks on April 14, 1912, with the loss of 550 lives.

### "Check System."

## RAILROAD MEN ENJOINED FROM CALLING A STRIKE.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

ATLANTA (Ga.) March 3.—Suits to enjoin the Order of Railway Conductors from "carrying out a conspiracy of threatened strikes," as protest against the installation by railroads of the White audit system, was filed in United States District Court here today by counsel for the audit company, on an agreement by the conductors that no strike would be called before the hearing of the suit. Judge Newman set the case for March 11.

The suit charges "breach of contract and intimidation of railroad officials," and boycott the White audit system.

The Japanese liner Kioharu Maru, sunk off the coast of Japan September 28, 1912, with the loss of 1000 lives.

The Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Ireland, sunk in collision with the Danish collier Storstad in the St. Lawrence River, May 29, 1914, with the loss of more than 1000 lives. The burning of the Uranium line steamship Volturino in midocean on October 9, 1913, with the loss of 136 lives.

The official statement announcing the sinking of the Provence said: "The French auxiliary cruiser Provence II (so designated to distinguish her from the French battleship Provence), engaged in transporting troops to Saloniki, was sunk in the Mediterranean on February 26. Two hundred and ninety-six survivors have been brought to Malta and about 400 to Melos by French and British patrol vessels summoned by wireless."

"No signs of a submarine were noticed, either before or after the sinking. La Provence was armed with five cannon of 14 centimeters, two of 57 millimeters and four of 47 millimeters."

which is a scheme of checking conductors aboard trains. It was said to be an outgrowth of the recently threatened strike of conductors on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad.

### STEAMER NORTHLAND ASHORE.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 3.—The steel steamer Northland, owned by the Northland Steamship Company of Seattle, was reported to be ashore at Chemsanui, B. C., in a message received by the Chamber of Commerce. The message said she probably would be floated tomorrow. The Northland was bound from Seattle for Alaska.

## SLAVS' ONWARD MARCH IN TURKISH ARMENIA.

Agitation in Constantinople is Indicative of a Separate Peace.

Counter-attacks Against the Germans Return Lost Positions to the French Soldiers—Bombardment Continues Very Violent Along the Entire Front from the West of the Meuse River to the Woerue Region.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PETROGRAD (via London) March 3, 10:19 p.m.—It is officially announced that the Russians have captured Bitlis, Turkish Armenia, about 110 miles southeast of Erzerum, near the southwestern extremity of Lake Van. The city was taken by assault.

LONDON, March 4.—The morning newspapers feature dispatches from Athens declaring that agitation in Constantinople in favor of peace is becoming so pronounced that it would surprise no one if Turkey suddenly capitulated to the Entente allies. It is reported also that Rachmi Bey, Governor of the vilayet of Smyrna, is trying to arrange separate peace terms with the Entente.

PARIS, March 3, 10:30 p.m.—The French have occupied the highest part of the mound on the northern slope of which the village of Douaumont is situated and also in counter-attacks against the Germans have regained ground in the immediate vicinity of Douaumont, according to the French official communication made public this evening.

The bombardment continues very violent along the entire front from the west of the Meuse to the Woerue region.

AMSTERDAM (via London) March 3, 11:52 p.m.—The Frankfurter Zeitung discusses with constraint the military situation around Verdun. It characterizes as nonsense the suggestion that Germany's aim was a decisive battle at Verdun, and maintains that there has been a deliberate attempt to belittle the German achievements by exaggerating their purpose. Any attack on Verdun, the Frankfurter Zeitung contends, must have begun as the German attack began, by a powerful and victorious advance followed by a lull. The newspaper continues:

"It is difficult to imagine that the conquerors of Fort Douaumont and the neighboring works can remain inactive after their great victory, but to what extent the commander of our army will utilize at Verdun the still impetuous passion for attack and our unwearied fighting power remains to be seen."

### STEADY SUCCESSES.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

BERLIN, March 3 (via Sayville).—Capture of the town of Douaumont.

and the steady successes of the Germans in the region of Verdun seemingly confirm the repeated predictions of the German military experts that the army had strength capable of penetrating the Entente allies' lines when the time came for it to do so. With characteristic audacity, it did not opt for some weak section, but the strongest fortress at the pivot of the line, the fall of which would force the abandonment of the whole Alsace positions.

Fort Douaumont crowns a hill 315 meters high and was the strongest and highest fort of the eastern sector of the outer ring of forts of the Verdun defenses. Between Douaumont and Verdun intervene fortis Souville, 355 meters high, and Saint Michel, 247 meters high, and which belong to the inner girdle, but Douaumont commands a view of the city, the heart of which is less than five miles distant, the favorable range of the German mobile mortars.

The successes were due to the German troops fighting furiously under the eyes of Emperor William, but signs of the weakening of the French morale were also evident, being shown

(Continued on Second Page.)

### Clarification.

## PRESIDENT SATISFIED WITH SENATE VICTORY.

BY JOHN CALDAN O'LAUGHLIN.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, March 3.—Out of the middle precipitated by the contradictory kind of resolutions which the United States Senate overwhelmingly tabled today, this fact stands out:

That President Wilson has received a vote of confidence from the upper house of Congress in connection with his handling of the armed merchantmen question with the Central European powers.

The House of Representatives will vote tomorrow upon a resolution which will be adversely reported by the Foreign Affairs Committee.

The resolution will be that introduced by Representative McLemore of Texas. It will be tabled by a large majority. A second resolution will be reported favorably, expressing the confidence of the House that the President will send to Congress full details should the submarine question again become critical. This will be passed.

By what is denounced as a "cheap

parliamentary trick," Senator Gore of Oklahoma, at the last moment, amended his resolution. He retained the preamble, but for the provision warning Americans off belligerent armed ships he substituted a declaration that the sinking of unarmed merchant vessels without notice would constitute a just and sufficient cause of war between the United States and the German empire. The amended resolution, together with the McCumber resolution, which requested Americans to keep off armed merchantmen, was tabled by a vote of 68 to 14.

Senator Gore thinks he "played horse" with the Chief Executive and Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, in of like opinion. By tabling the amended resolution, it is their view that the Senate has declared that the sinking of an armed merchantman without warning would not constitute a just and sufficient cause of war between the two countries. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who has earnestly supported the President, says that this or that interpretation is all balderdash; that the truth of the matter is the Senate has decisively disposed of the armed merchantmen question and that the President is left free to enforce.

(Continued on Second Page.)

## HOLD SUSPECT, RECOVER LOOT.

(30)

After an all night Detectives Mailheu, Burgess and Ingram early this morning arrested Frank Kipp and Louis Jervais and charged them with burglary. The two prisoners were traced by the three detectives to their rooms and a large amount of stolen goods uncovered. The police claim that they are the two burglars who just a week ago broke into a store at Sherman and stole about \$200 worth of jewelry and clothing. The prisoners refused to make any statements.



















## CALIFORNIA NINE WANTS MORE MONEY FROM U.S.C.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, March 3.—California is no An-tioch, but it takes ducks to make the game go on. Little fliers about the country, costing anywhere from \$50 to \$2000, are apt to get the treasury in bad with the bank account. Bill Shakespeare didn't have any option on making when he created myflock, and California is mighty anxious to keep her skin whole. The pound of flesh idea never caught on here.

**DUCKS, ME BARRISTERS.** Perhaps, among the lusty-brained lawyers who compose the U.S.C. baseball team there is a financial Porcia, a sort of reincarnation in long pants. If there is, now is the time to let him discuss himself, for baseball games have in the balance.

California has so many ventures under way that where in the treasury there is now an empty hole. It's like a molar with the filling out. A kind of need-to-be feeling.

So, when the U.S.C. barristers mentioned a \$1500 guarantee for the trip south to hit California right on the home range, it will cost \$30 per man to send the team south, in total, \$300, and ducks are scarce.

**RAHI FRESNO FIREMEN.** After contemplating the \$1500 offer and estimating expenses, the value of flesh by the pound and other incidental Manager Stroud had an idea.

Why not play the Fresno firemen or the Bakersfield water carriers or the Visalia grape pruners. Good bunch. He immediately wrote to some fancy shots.

baseball fans in the aforesaid towns and asked for games with guarantees.

Replies haven't come yet, but on them will, undoubtedly, rest the possibility of the southern trip. In some way the expenses of the Los Angeles excursion must be met. If no games can be arranged en route and no better guarantee is forthcoming California may have to pass up the trip.

**A WIGGLE SKIN FIRST.** Credit facilities are offered to California on all sides. The risk is good and the banks want the business. But borrowing is easy, and the present policy is to garner the ducks without the aid of a promissory note.

The game with U.S.C. would be a direct loss, one that could be avoided by a practice game here. For that reason California hesitates and diths with the Fresno firemen.

If some keen barrister can devise a scheme which will raise the guarantee California certainly will be on hand on March 10 and 11.

**WORLD'S CHAMPION GETS EASY VICTORY.**

Ora Morningstar, former world's champion billiard player, beat J. E. Roberts in the 100-point match game held at Vooch's billiard palace yesterday afternoon. His high run was 72 points, and the game was run out in nineteen innings. Roberts managed to get 66 points, and his high run was 12. After the game Morningstar entertained the large crowd with some fancy shots.

## MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

**BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC**—Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th. Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

**BUICK**—HOWARD AUTO CO., 1323 So. Flower St. Home 60009, Main 9040.

**CHALMERS**—HUPMOBILE—Green Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

**CHANDLER**—Chandler Motor Car Co. of Cal., 1144 So. Hope St. Main 3459, F5047.

**STEARNS**—MOON—LYNN C. BUXTON, Pico at Olive St. Phones: Main 577, Home F6851.

**Times Directory of Automobiles**

**Merger 22-72** "The Most Beautiful Car in the World" America's First Grand Prize Winner. A4547; 1057 South Olive. F1561.

**Metz** Home touring model 800 fully equipped F.O.B. Los Angeles. Home 941. Home 941. Home 941.

**Saxon** Home Six Touring Car. Home 941. Home 941. Home 941.

**SAXON MOTOR SALES CO.** 1144 SOUTH OLIVE STREET.

**Times Directory of Motor Trucks**

**MORELAND** THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL DISTILLATE TRUCK EVER PRODUCED. MORELAND MOTOR TRUCK CO.

**GOODYEAR'S** Balmaceans and Gabardine Dress and Motor Coats for Men and Women. 324 South Broadway.

**\$10 WATCHES** MONTGOMERY BROS. Jewelers. 4th and Broadway.

**No Such Clothes** As ours in Ready-to-Wear—equal and better than your best made-to-order.

**Hirsh-Wickwire and Adler-Rochester Clothes**

**\$20, \$25 and \$30**

**J. A. JEPSON & SONS**

742 So. Broadway

Next Door to Mogosco Theater

## ARMSTRONG TO MEET DEWINDT.

Exciting Match Expected from Finalists.

Poll Peritt is Sure of One Cup at Least.

Professional Affair the Real Feature of Day.

BY ALMA WHITTAKER.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

SANTA BARBARA, March 3.—E. S. Armstrong of the Midwick and D. Dewindt of the Santa Barbara Country Club are the finalists in the invitation tournament, and will play thirty-six holes tomorrow.

Tuckman of Santa Barbara, 2 up and 1, in a well-contested match, neither player ever conceding a large lead. Tuckman is one of the silent players who frequently wins matches on inscrutability, but Armstrong cannot be beaten by temperament.

D. Dewindt beat Robin Hayne, 1 up and 1, Hayne went off his putting again.

**SKILL NOT STRENGTH.**

Both Dewindt and Armstrong are recent hospital patients, who play on skill rather than strength, and it is to be hoped that they won't have to play in the rain tomorrow. After a day and a half of superlative sunshine the professional match was played in a shower this afternoon.

That professional match was accorded the gallery of the tournament. Everyone turned out to watch C. E. Adams and James Smith of this club beat Burke and Black, 2 up and 1. It was a first-class exhibition game, in which holes were only won under par, and most of them halved in par, and the winners only 2 up for the first time in the tournament.

James Smith's approach putt at the fifth held forth the applause, but it was really the rare occasion when a drive landed in the rough or a putt was missed that caused any excitement. It was automatic golf for the most part, and many a spectator was heard murmuring, "How the dickens do they do it?" and it wasn't on matted milk either. But Scotland could always stand a good deal of "good cheer."

**HURRAH!**

The Orange County Golf Club may not cut much of a dash in the inter-club team matches at home, but their representatives have certainly done them proud up here. "Poll" Peritt won his match from E. S. Wilkinson of Midwick in the semi-finals today, and thus gets a runner-up cup for the second flight in any event. He plays L. Pritchett in his semi-final match.

Then in the third flight, behold another infant debutante golfer of Orange County in the finals. Young Howard Thurston, who has played less than fifty rounds in his little life, beat the meteoric red-pated A. H. Keener, 4 up and 1, and meets S. M. Coe tomorrow. The boy lost all his handicap in the first nine, and then came in in 40 and won, 4 and 3, from scratch.

**ARMSTRONG FAVORITE.**

S. M. Coe beat J. L. Harrison of Virginia, 1 up.

Everyone seems to regard another Armstrong win as a foregone conclusion, and the two Orangemen have been gaining with proprietary eyes on the other two cups. If they win them that will mean three cups for the Orange County Club, for S. Lee Collins won best net in the qualifying round. He and Bob Simpson caddied nobly for the Santa Barbara pros today, and consider they enjoy a little reflected elation on that account, too.

**Complicated.**

**JOHNSTON WILL BE HASHED OVER.**

**NATIONAL BASEBALL COMMISSION SHOULD DECIDE.**

Involved Contract of Former Oakland Player Causes Much Discussion—Johnston Signs with Federals and is then Purchased by Superbas.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, March 3.—According to members of the Baseball Players Fraternity, the attention of the national commission shortly will be called to the status of the involved contract held by James H. Johnston, formerly of the Oakland club of the Pacific Coast League.

Johnston, who is an outfielder, jumped to the Federal League club of Newark last fall. Later in the season Charles H. Ebbetts, president of the Brooklyn Nationals, announced that he had signed the player for the Superbas, upon which ensued a series of contractual tangles.

Johnston was signed by George Stovall for the Newark Federals at a salary of \$4000 a year for two years, with the ten-day release clause eliminated from the contract and \$1000 advance money paid to him. The player later had several conferences with Ebbetts, who offered him a contract with the Brooklyn club at a smaller salary and containing the ten-day clause. Johnston claims that he did not agree to these terms.

After the peace agreement between the Federal League and organized baseball, Ebbetts purchased the Johnston contract from Harry Sinclair, who represented the Newark Federals, paying \$1244 to Sinclair as a return for the \$1000 advanced Johnston and Stovall's expense in signing the Oakland club player. Johnston now contends that Ebbetts by purchasing his "pedic" contract is liable to the player sign a contract calling for a salary of \$3400 a year with the ten-day clause included.

**PASADENA STANDS EXCELLENT CHANCE.**

Pasadena High and Pomona High will tangle in a track meet this afternoon at Pasadena in what is expected to be a fast and furious affair.

Pasadena has a fast and well-balanced team that is capable of putting up a strong fight against any prep team in the south. They will especially rely upon Paddock in the sprints and Cyril Cooper in the distance events. Mista Baker, their star football player, is out for first honors in the high jump.

The Pomona High tracksters are relying upon the Whitte brothers and Glen Walker to stir away with things in the distance runs. R. Whitehead has already reeled off a half mile in 2:06, and that race was on a slow track at the Pasadena relay carnival. Pomona figures that Cooper will have to travel to win either the half or the mile runs.

## U. C. ANNOUNCES FOOTBALL DATES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BERKELEY (Cal.) March 3.—The fall football schedule of the University of California today was made public.

Games will be played with the University of Oregon October 21 at Berkeley; with the University of Southern California November 4 at Los Angeles; with the University of Washington November 18 at Berkeley; and with the University of Washington at Seattle November 29.

**Important.**

**ATHLETES HOLD BIG CONVENTION.**

**CHAMPIONSHIP MEET IS TO BE AWARDED.**

Harvard Looks Like the Best Place to Hold the Games—Changes in Definition and Status of an Amateur Athlete—Stanford may be Elected Member of I.C.A.A.A.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, March 3.—The annual convention of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America will be held in this city tomorrow. The most important matter to come before the delegates from the twenty-nine colleges and universities composing the organization will be the awarding of the forty-first annual championship meet.

Harvard, Syracuse and Johns Hopkins Universities have all extended invitations to the association to hold the intercollegiate championships at their respective athletic fields next May. Harvard is considered to have the best chance of obtaining the games.

The proposed amendments to the constitution include a number of changes in the definition and status of an amateur athlete, made to conform with the recent suggestions of a number of sport governing bodies.

After the conference of the I.C.A.A.A. the association will hold its second annual indoor track and field games at Madison Square Garden, Teams from Princeton, Michigan, Harvard, Yale, Brown, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts Technical, Syracuse, Cornell and other colleges will compete.

The Executive Committee at its annual preparatory meeting tonight voted to recommend the admission of Stanford to the association, which was accomplished by the faculty permitting athletes to play summer baseball and accept help from influential alumni caused the decision, it was said.

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## TWO IMPORTANT TRACK AFFAIRS.

Oxy-Pomona Struggle Looks Doubtful.

L.A.A.C. and U.S.C. will Have Exciting Time.

Many Stars are Scheduled to Come Together.

Superstition.

Two of the most important dual track meets of the season will be held this afternoon. Pomona and Occidental come together in the big affair of the conference, while the L.A.A.C. meets U.S.C. at Bovard Field.

POMONA EXCITED.

Pomona is all excited over the coming meet with the Tigers and promises to bring down a trainload of rooters. The Huns held their usual rally last night amid wild excitement and burned the Tigers in effigy.

The Huns are confident that the meet is to be very close and that the relay is going to decide its outcome, in spite of the fact that they are supposed to clean up every point in the half, mile and two-mile. Because of this Hun dope Ray Adkinson will stay out of the half-mile and run the 440 and relay. Up at Pomona the dope is that Adkinson can win the relay no matter what the opponent's lead.

The dopsters generally admit that if every event except the Occidental the meet will be close, but that if Pomona has the breaks in the doubtful events it will be a Hun walk-away.

**DECIDING RACES.**

The three races that are apt to decide the whole business are the sprints. Stone will practically clinch the 100-yard dash, but he has the 100 and 220, and Adkinson will shove it further onto the ice if he wins the 440. Johnny Cook does not look near as good as he looks, but he has won three times from Pomona already in these dual meets. The Tigers believe in precedents.

**L.A.A.C.-U.S.C.**

The outcome of the L.A.A.C.-U.S.C. meet depends largely on the number of athletes Bob Weaver has on the scene. The club stands an excellent chance to win if at full strength, and a still better chance to lose if the runners do not show up.

Fred Kelly will run against Earl Thompson in the high hurdles. The Trojans are counting on Thompson to win, so old man Kelly is going out to show him up.

Bonnett is coming all the way down from Riverside to take another fling at Clarence Beebe, the half-mile. Bonnett has whalloped Beebe twice already and thinks he can repeat. Beebe figures, than Bonnett has gone back and that youth will get old age.

**COLLEGE MEET IS CALLED BY RAIN.**

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

REDLANDS, March 3.—The track meet between Whittier College and the University of Redlands, which was to have been held here tomorrow, has been postponed because of the condition of the track. The rain has made it so soft that it could not be put in shape for the affair. Coach Cunningham said tonight that his men had not been able to practice all week and that the Whittier men were in the same shape so it was thought better to call the thing off. The trackmen of the university are anxious that the event be held later, for some of them are beginning to feel the pinch in such a way. Cunningham will probably enter two or three men in the conference meet.

**STOVALL TO START FOR CALIFORNIA.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHICAGO, March 3.—George E. Stovall, former manager of the Kansas City Federals, will leave immediately for California, he announced today. It was reported that he had made final settlement with the Federal League officials and will retire from baseball.

**Y.M.C.A. HEAVYWEIGHTS WIN IN BASKETBALL TUSSLE.**

The Y.M.C.A. heavyweight basketball team defeated the L.A.A.C. huskies last night by the score of 36 to 27. The game was played on the Y.M.C.A. courts.

The Y.M.C.A. had the game won from the start, although the club led up to the last few minutes of the first half, and occasionally spurted during the second half.

Both teams have played much more brilliant basketball than that of last night. Also, the players on both teams have shown considerable more pep earlier in the season. The players are beginning to feel the effects of the long struggle. It was very noticeable last night. At times some of the men did not seem to care who won.

The passing game of the winners, starting always with an interception of a pass by Olney, kept the ball down toward the L.A.A.C. goal most of the time.

The Clubmen, with their dribbling, managed to rush the Y.M.C.A. goal also. Usually they took several shots at the basket when they did. This was because the close guarding of the Y.M.C.A. made them shoot fast and miss.

The club did not use its winning combination of Lawell and Blair at forwards, Slaughter at center, Wilson and Brandtstetter at guards. That was because the close guarding of the Y.M.C.A. made them shoot fast and miss.

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## MAIER SIGNS TWO BIG ONES.

Ed Maier wired the National Baseball Commission last night that he had come to terms with Jack Quinn and Chief Johnson of the lately-lamented Federal League.

Jack Quinn is in Chicago and will leave tonight for this city, arriving here ready to report Tuesday.

Chief Johnson is in Kansas City and will leave for here Sunday, arriving on the grounds Wednesday.

**THREE EXCEPTIONS.**

Eddie O'Donnell on the Diamond was the first to go under way. Kid O'Donnell was the bright gemmer of the matinee. The other two were the first to go under way.

Several times Cooper and Ted Starn were allowed to circle the course. With the exception of a short space on one of the streets which had not hardened after the rain, the track was in perfect condition today and in even better condition when the race started tomorrow.

From 2:30 o'clock, the racing pack was announced. The rollers and several squads of troopers were ordered to take a rest. The blast of a whistle on the steam roller engineer's mount and speed started.

**EQUAL HONORS.**

Earl Cooper on the speed track and Eddie Pullen on the big track No. 4, shared honors with the Trojans. On one lap, the Trojans were the fastest, but on the other lap, Cooper was the fastest.

With the ease of a "Twin Six" and the speed of a "Twin Six," Cooper and Pullen were the fastest of the race. Cooper was the fastest of the race, but Pullen was the fastest of the race.

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## News From Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top.

BIG PROSPERITY  
ERA IS COMING.Noted Auto Manufacturer Tells  
Pasadenans the Reason.Plenty of Advertising Needed  
for the Best of Us.Many Autos Stalled in Del Rey  
River, Say Tourists.

PASADENA, March 3.—Hugh Chalmers, automobile manufacturer, yesterday told the members of the Board of Trade at their luncheon that this country is entering upon four years of the greatest prosperity in its existence and that business activity will be in evidence whether the European war continues or stops.

At the same time he stated that he believes in preparedness—and advertising. It was an address that brought enthusiastic applause. Chalmers dealt out epigrams with force and frequency. He took issue with his fellow townsmen, Henry Ford and said that he believed "in more jaffy while we live and less epiphany after we're gone."

The man who says he does not have to advertise because everybody knows his business is like the fellow with blue goggles who winked at the speaker. "I'm more jaffy while we live and less epiphany after we're gone."

After discharging some of the freight and Los Angeles passengers the steamer proceeded to San Francisco. Her cargo consisted for the most part of fresh fruit for the cold storage facilities of the Hill turbine. Offers exceptional shipping facilities.

This is the first steamer of the line to come direct to this port from Honolulu. The Northern Pacific is completing a special cruise to the islands on account of the Mid-Pacific carnival and will resume her regular run between San Francisco and Hawaii, O. R. the Columbia River terminus of the Hill North Pacific Railroad.

The steamer Great Northern in regular service to the islands left Honolulu the same day for San Francisco direct.

LAST SAILING.  
The steamer Harry Luckenbach, which completed her cargo here today for Balboa, will be the last sailing eastbound from this port of the Luckenbach line with the exception of the steamer Edith, now loading at San Francisco. On account of freight congestion at eastern terminals the line has been compelled to follow the lead of the American-Hawaiian line and abandon the New York to Pacific Coast service until the Panama Canal opens.

This move, however, will prove more profitable than the New York run under normal conditions on account of the high price of charter.

A third man, when they were supposed to match dollars and lost \$500 in a game with his accomplice. To prove that he could pay in case he should lose, the winner first borrowed \$100 each from the tourists and then gave them the slip without paying it back.

CONFIDENCE GAME.  
Prosper Huston and S. J. Franken, two tourists from the East reported to the police today that they had been swindled out of \$100 each in the game here by three confidence men. Two of the men they met in Los Angeles and came to the harbor with them.

Altogether the petitioners are eighty-eight names short. As he had paid 5 cents apiece for the 1236 names on the petition, he asked the Council to return the money to him.

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CITY BRIEFS.  
Mrs. Will M. Ritchie was yesterday afternoon chosen Regent of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The successor Mrs. George H. Curtis, regent for two years.

Other officers chosen yesterday afternoon were: Mrs. Frank May, vice-regent; Mrs. Grace Crosby, recording secretary; Miss Genevieve Church Smith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. G. M. Ford, treasurer; Mrs. Grace Pomplun, registrar; Mrs. Alfred Bannister Johnson, historian. The board of managers: Mrs. Maynard Ford; Mrs. E. M. Ford; Mrs. J. D. Merriam; Mrs. G. H. Curtis; Mrs. J. D. Merriam.

Rev. Canon John G. Good, 80 years old and for many years one of the leading ministers of the Anglican Church in British Columbia, lies at his home, No. 147 West Walnut street, today in his five days. He has been delirious and his friends fear that he will not recover. He came to Pasadena ten years ago, after having labored for many years among the Indians.

Finest stock of Chinese enamel, crockery, bon bon bowls, trays, vases and boxes in California at Grace Robinson's shop on Los Robles ave.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena. —Advertisement.

"Hotel del Coronado" is now at its height.—Advertisement.

BAKERSFIELD.  
ANGELENOS ENTERTAINED  
AT KERN COUNTY BANQUET

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]  
BAKERSFIELD, March 3.—The Board of Supervisors of Kern county were honored guests at a large banquet tendered under auspices of the Board of Trade tonight.

As an expression of confidence and good will in which a representative gathering of citizens took part.

Fred H. Hall presided and the following responded to toasts: "The Supervisors," E. M. Roberts, responded by H. A. Jastro, chairman of the Board of Supervisors and president of the Kern County Land Company; "Kern County," Secretary T. F. Burke; "The Chamber of Commerce and the Government," T. F. Allen; "Our Public Officials," Rev. Benjamin Evans; "Road Maintenance," Supervisor J. M. Egan; "Labor," J. M. Egan; "The Bar," Attorney J. N. Sears; "The Love," F. L. Egan; "The Future," Attorney J. N. Sears; "The Love," F. L. Egan; "The Future," Attorney J. N. Sears.

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DEATH IS CAUSED  
BY FALSE TEETH.

POMONA, March 3.—R. M. Marshall who, when he went to the County Hospital some months ago, expressed the opinion, it is alleged, that his case of malignant cancer of the tongue had been superinduced by friction from a set of false teeth which had been made and presented to him by dentist friends, passed away today, aged 74. He was a Confederate veteran and he bore the scars of the battle of Chickamauga.

Two years ago while he was running the elevator in a downtown office building, he formed the acquaintance of several dentists and they decided to make him a set of artificial molars as a gift. He was much pleased with them, but after wearing them for a short time he began to complain that his tongue was sore on one side, and the doctor told him to quit using the store teeth. He tried the earnest treatment but it failed and death followed.

The Harbor.  
UNLOADS FREIGHT  
AND PASSENGERS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC FROM HAWAII BRINGS FRESH FRUIT.

Direct Steamer of Line to Come Direct to Los Angeles from Mid-Pacific Port—Freight Congestion Keeps Luckenbach Ships East. Tourists Swindled at Harbor.

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, March 3.—Coming direct from Honolulu via Hilo, the steamer Northern Pacific arrived late this afternoon with over 400 passengers and 1376 tons of freight.

After discharging some of the freight and Los Angeles passengers the steamer proceeded to San Francisco. Her cargo consisted for the most part of fresh fruit for the cold storage facilities of the Hill turbine. Offers exceptional shipping facilities.

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STAND GUARD  
OVER SEWERS.

Long Beach Contractors Watch  
Against Enemies.

Work Accepted by City After  
Months of Delay.

Harbor Needs Dredging to Hold  
Business for Part.

LONG BEACH, March 3.—Seven months after the contract had been awarded, and after being placed under a special guard last night which kept up a constant vigil against any attempt that might have been made to destroy it, the Long Beach outfall sewer system was accepted by the City Commissioners today.

Armed men patrolled the length of the system from late yesterday afternoon until the time when it was accepted today in order to protect the contractors, the Arthur S. Bent Construction Company, against would-be saboteurs of the sewer.

Construction work on the sewer was completed about eight months ago, but much valuable time has been consumed since then by investigations instituted by petty politicians that has held up the work of accepting the utility.

A majority verdict rendered by the City Commissioners following a demand of an investigation of the work entirely satisfactory under the plan of Olmsted and Olelsen, Los Angeles engineers, who superintended the construction of the sewer.

A feature of the acceptance of the new system, which cost the city \$225,000, was the securing from the contractors of a \$10,000 bond indemnifying the city against loss from possible faults in the construction for a period of two years. Safety Commissioner James R. Williams was responsible for including this provision in the acceptance of the sewer.

Believing that Long Beach faces serious danger because of the disaster, but of industrial paralysis by reason of the almost complete filling up of the harbor with silt; the directors of the Merchant and Manufacturers' Association today issued a call for a general mass meeting to be held in the municipal auditorium Monday to discuss the advisability of releasing \$50,000 of available harbor bonds to dredge the channel immediately.

In the call for the mass meeting the directors pointed out that the American Products Company is losing \$1000 a day because the closed waterway, that many industries are compelled to suspend operation and thereby throw hundreds out of employment and that Los Angeles and similar predicament, is rushing the dredging of her own harbor with municipal funds.

WOULD SAVE MONEY.  
City Clerk Harry Waugh today informed the City Commissioners that the number of names signed to the horseshoe pier petition fell below the minimum required for its consideration. The petition was filed by Scott W. Alexander, requesting the legislative body to submit to the voters of Long Beach a proposition for the construction of a horseshoe pier over the ocean front, connecting American and Pine avenues.

Alexander's petition, which has eighty-eight names short. As he had paid 5 cents apiece for the 1236 names on the petition, he asked the Council to return the money to him.

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## BARS THE PUBLIC.

Noted Philanthropist in Seclusion at  
Riverside's Mission Inn.

RIVERSIDE, March 3.—Miss Jane Addams of Hull House (Chicago) fame, arrived from Pasadena at 5:40 o'clock this evening, accompanied by four of her friends, who are interested in philanthropic work and who have been stopping with her in the Crown City.

Miss Addams has given instructions that no newspaper men are to be permitted to reach her at the Mission Inn, where it is stated she will remain for several days in the seclusion that has characterized her stay in Pasadena. She went from Chicago direct to the latter city for recuperation from her work on behalf of the Ford peace movement.

NEW BRIDGE COMPLETED.  
The Pacific Electric resumed its service to Los Angeles over the Riverside-Rialto line this morning, after more than a month of interruption of service, caused by the washing out of a bridge over the Santa Ana River. The action of the flood waters has made it necessary to extend the distance of 150 feet.

Until today passengers have been compelled to carry their suit cases over a footbridge several hundred feet long to reach cars on the opposite bank. The new structure has cost the company approximately \$50,000.

SOLDIERS' HOME.  
"VERY SATISFACTORY"  
CONDITIONS HERE.

SOLDIERS' HOME VETERANS ARE  
WELL CARED FOR.

Annual Inspection Shows Cost of  
Living Here is Much Lower than  
at Other Branches in the East.

LOS ANGELES, March 3.—A copy of the report of the recent annual inspection of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers by Maj. W. P. Jackson, inspector-general, U. S. A., which is just received at these headquarters, contains much of interest with which the public, generally, is not familiar.

Among principal features is the extent of holdings of lands, buildings and permanent improvements. The reservations of the various branches (there are ten branches, including the Battle Mountain Sanitarium, at Hot Springs, D. C.) aggregate about 1320 acres, ranging in size from 1735 acres at the eastern branch at Togus, Me., to about eighty-five acres at the southern branch at Hampton, Va. The Pacific branch is second largest, having a trifle over 722 acres. There are (not including six wards of the Battle Mountain Sanitarium) a total of 611 buildings. The value of the land, buildings and permanent improvements possessed by the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, as appraised on June 30, 1915, was \$12,042,540.33.

VERY SATISFACTORY.  
Of special interest concerning matters of the Pacific branch is the fact found in the concluding statement in the report, which quotes that "conditions found at the branch were 'very satisfactory'—the distinctive from several other branches where conditions were found to be simply 'satisfactory'."

Throughout the ten branches there are but thirty-five survivors of the Mexican War, fourteen of whom are members of the Pacific branch. A tabulated statement of the per capita cost of maintenance for all the branches shows that cost of living on the eastern verge of this continent is greatly in excess of that in the western edge of the hemisphere. Excepting Battle Mountain Sanitarium—where the cost per capita for last year was \$12.27—the largest per capita cost was at the eastern branch, Togus, Me., \$25.03; the smallest was at the Pacific branch, \$18.61.

NOTES.  
The sum of \$10,885.33 was disbursed by Maj. G. T. Baggett, treasurer of the branch, on Thursday, to extra duty members and civilian employees for the month of February.

Statements of the month of February on Saturday to respond to roll call at muster for the quarterly pension, due on March 4.

The board of managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers will visit this branch on or about March 25, on its annual tour of inspection.

Several ladies of the Harmonia Club of Los Angeles provided an entertaining concert of vocal and instrumental music to an overcrowded house of veterans in Memorial Hall on Thursday afternoon. In the evening the "old boys" enjoyed the stated semi-weekly orchestral concert, and moving picture.

Join the crowds at CORONADO. —Advertisement.

San Gabriel.  
AMERICANIZING MEXICANS  
LIVING IN SAN GABRIEL.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
SAN GABRIEL, March 3.—The plans of the recently organized San Gabriel Charities Association for uplifting the Mexican population include a course in thrift. It is agreed by the members of the organization that the Mexicans do not manage their finances to the best advantage. They are to be taught how to save and invest their earnings.

Beginning at first with the theory that cleanliness is next to Godliness, the association is now advising the Mexicans that thrift is next to cleanliness. Education, particularly a working knowledge of the English language, is given a prominent place in the programme of advancement.

The association has undertaken to create a fund of which to pay the salary of a field worker. A benefit performance of the three-act play, "Ann," will be given near Easter time, probably in the Women's Club House in Alhambra. The promoters were disappointed in not being able to rent the "Mission Play" House for this purpose.

The cast will include talent from several near-by cities and towns. Mrs. Ross T. Hickox of Alhambra is directing the rehearsal. The participants include Mrs. Arthur Chapman of Los Angeles, Miss Bertha Hague of Garvalia, and A. F. Thornton of Ramona Park.

Dr. Ruth Purcell, city health officer of San Gabriel, and president of the association, is one of the most active promoters of the enterprise. She has conducted several "clean up" campaigns and this experience, with her long residence here, fully acquaint her with the needs of the situation.

"Thrift, sanitation and education—these are the urgent needs of the Mexicans of San Gabriel," Dr. Purcell said today. "It will be impossible for us to carry out our reforms satisfactorily without the aid of a hired field worker to visit the homes and spread knowledge and good cheer."

Sixty Mexican men and women have enrolled in the classes of the night school established in Lincoln school under the direction of the San Gabriel Women's Club. Mrs. A. F. Fish was one of the members who took the initiative in the movement which brought about the evening school. The men are taught English and arithmetic and the women are given instruction in sewing, cooking and household management.

SOUTH PASADENA  
CORRECTS ERROR.

MINUTES OF THREE YEARS AGO  
PUT CITY IN FLIGHT.

Official Document Made to Conform with Ordinance to Protect  
Against Lawsuits—City Politics  
Slammed Down to Merits of Candidates.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
SOUTH PASADENA, March 3.—Because one little word too many was inserted in the transcription of Council meeting minutes for April 13, 1913, the city of South Pasadena has been liable at any time since that date for possible damage suit payments which might have run up into thousands of dollars, say local attorneys.

The mistake occurred in an ordinance which was drafted to permit the city of Pasadena to place municipal gas and water mains and electric light poles within the boundaries of the city of South Pasadena. The phrasing of the ordinance proper is correct but in the minutes the section of permitted areas "grants to the city of South Pasadena."

The word "South" is superfluous and as it stood, nullified the permission granted to Pasadena in the resolution. Therefore, according to lawyers of the city, Pasadena has at no time in the past three years had the legal right to construct gas, water or electricity carriers of any description in this city.

Injunction and damage suits to prevent such construction might have been successfully prosecuted and thousands of dollars lost to the city and its concerned citizens. This small but important error, it is said, was discovered by the city.

DISCOVER MISTAKE.  
The mistake was discovered by a representative from Pasadena who was in South Pasadena getting a copy of the minutes of the Council meeting of April 13, 1913, to be used by that city in its answer to the complaint filed by the Pacific Light and Power Corporation asking that the city of Pasadena be restrained from selling Pasadena municipal electricity in South Pasadena.

To correct the error and remove the lawsuit which has been hanging over the head of an unsuspecting city for nearly thirty-six months the City Council last evening passed a resolution correcting the minutes of the meeting of April 13, 1913, to conform with the wording of the original resolution.

As a warning to the households of this city, who have not yet installed sewer laterals to connect with the big street mains, it was announced that the next Council meeting an ordinance will be introduced to compel tardy citizens to complete this improvement or have it completed for them by the city at their expense. Dilatory tactics on the part of some citizens in installing their house laterals have greatly delayed necessary street improvement work and it is to obviate this that the new ordinance is being framed.

TEAPOT SIMMERS.  
Ten days ago the political teapot was boiling furiously—today even an occasional bubble may be discerned.

The "tempest" was occasioned by a wordy controversy between Gilbert F. Trask, who resigned from South Pasadena's "millionaire" Council, after holding office less than three weeks, and Donaldson, president of the Council, Warren F. Carter, charged by Trask with ambitions to become the political boss of South Pasadena.

Trask's reasons for his resignation were aired in the public press. Carter "came back" with counter-accusations and Trask related with another interview and the fume was finished with both parties evidently ready to call quits.

Neither Trask or Carter appear willing to "go another round," although interested partisans of the differing factions are anxiously awaiting a reopening of the argument which is expected to be an accompaniment of the active campaign in advance of the election scheduled for April 13.

Trask and E. T. Grua, over whom suitability for a Councilman position Carter and Trask are said to have differed, have both announced their candidacy for Council jobs. They will be backed by the faction who are for "open and above-board" methods of doing public business, as opposed to the "ante-room" system alleged to the incumbent Council and who are against the "boss" idea of city campaigns and this experience, with her long residence here, fully acquaint her with the needs of the situation.

Golf, polo, tennis at CORONADO. —Advertisement.

BONDS DEFEATED.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
SAN LUIS OBISPO, March 3.—A proposal to bond for a new school for \$100,000 was defeated here today by a margin of fifteen votes. For the bonds the vote was 586 and against them 601.

Denny Burke Able to Enjoy  
Himself at Last.

When Tweedledee Changed Her  
Mind.

Care of the Human Body—City and  
Home Beautiful—The Eagle—The  
Lancer—California, Land of the Sun—  
Good Short Stories—"Home, Sweet  
Home"—Poetry, Humor, Etc.

Liberal Illustrations with Beautiful  
Half-tones.

Ready for Readers  
Saturday Morning.























AGE LICENSES.  
Various licenses were issued yesterday by the city clerk, including licenses for the sale of beer, wine, and other alcoholic beverages. The licenses were issued to various individuals and businesses throughout the city.

DEATHS.  
The following deaths were reported yesterday: John Smith, 65, of 123 Main St.; Mary Jones, 72, of 456 Oak St.; and several others. The deaths were caused by various ailments, including heart disease, pneumonia, and old age.

WEDDINGS.  
Several weddings were celebrated yesterday, including the marriage of John Doe and Jane Smith at the City Hall. The ceremony was officiated by the city clerk, and a large number of guests were in attendance.

Funeral services were held for several of the deceased, including a service for John Smith at the First Methodist Church. The services were attended by family members and friends.

# UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH IN NATIONAL WEALTH.

## Head of American Bankers' Association Gives Staggering Figures.

Gathering of Important Financial Figures from Many Parts of the Country Hears Impressive Review of the Lessons of the War in Terms of Gold—Total Deposits Increase Over Two Billions in One Year.

OLD in figures that stagger comprehension, the story of an unparalleled increase in the national wealth of the United States during the past year was unfolded in national bank deposits as shown to an assemblage of more than 100 important financial figures from all parts of the country by James K. Lynch, president of the American Bankers' Association, at his annual banquet of the Century Hotel last night.

The total deposits in the national banks of the United States on December 31, last year, were \$10,379,000,000, said Mr. Lynch, an increase during the past year of \$2,182,000,000, of which one-half was in the item of bank deposits.

The country will enjoy great commercial benefits as a result of the increase, Mr. Lynch continued, and the unbroken many years in the United States as a result of the opportunities offered through our improved trade relations with foreign lands.

Unquestioned bankers from many parts of the country were present at the banquet, and the speakers were introduced by Toastmaster J. B. Coulton, of the National Bank of Commerce, who welcomed the visiting bankers to Southern California.

(Continued on Third Page.)

# HAIR TONIC "BOMB."

Court Finds that Alleged Incendiary Machine of Woman Son Accused is Merely Mild Lotion—Parent Released, Youth Held as Fire-bug Suspect.

Mrs. Anna Montana, arrested on a charge of arson because her son accused her of having assisted him in the crime, was released yesterday morning by Justice Summerfield.

It developed that the incendiary machine which Mrs. Montana was alleged to have placed in a barber shop were nothing more than two bottles of hair tonic. Her daughter, Doris Montana, testified to this. Mrs. Montana was held entirely on the testimony of her son, whom she characterized as a "liar," a statement borne out yesterday by his contradictory stories when he refused to take the stand.

Deputy District Attorney Powell moved to dismiss the action and release the aged woman so that she could go home to take care of her small children. Her husband has not yet returned from Seattle, where he went on business. The son is in the hands of the juvenile court, charged with having burned the barber shop.

# CLUB FINANCES ON SOLID ROCK.

Union League Delinquents are Responsible, Rules Court.

Debtor Members Can't Resign; Assessments Valid Claim.

Hundred Suits will be Filed as Result of Decision.

That club members may not legally resign from their club while indebted to them, that the members are at all times liable for any and all assessments that may be levied against them for the purpose of paying outstanding debts against the club and that the monthly dues may be collected from members even though they are refused the privileges of the club because of nonpayment of dues, and, further, that a club may assess a penalty for failure to comply with the bylaws, assessments, etc., are some of the important points contained in a decision handed down yesterday by Judge William Conley of Madera county, sitting in Superior Court extra session No. 1, in the suit of the Union League Club vs. Beck.

One hundred and ninety-eight members of the Union League Club failed to pay their assessments of \$80 and \$20 levied by the club to discharge outstanding obligations. These assessments were made because other members failed to pay their monthly dues and threw the club into debt. The total of the indebtedness amounted to more than \$10,000.

In an effort to get the affairs of the club straightened out, Dell A. Schweitzer of the law firm of Schweitzer & Hutton, in June, 1914, brought suit. The test case was fought through the courts until the final decision in favor of the club. As a result of the ruling, many of the delinquent members have already paid their assessments and arrears in dues.

POINTS OF DECISION.

The court held that the board of directors of a club has the right to levy assessments on the members of the club to pay outstanding indebtedness; that the assessments of the club, in this instance in the sum of \$80 and \$20, are valid claims against the members; that the penalties by the club for nonpayment of the assessments are valid; that all members are bound by the bylaws of the club that provide for assessments and penalties; that the board of directors of a club may refuse to accept a resignation from any member until all indebtedness of the member is liquidated and that the club may accumulate against the member until his resignation is accepted. The court further ruled that the board of directors can refuse a member the privileges of the club for nonpayment of assessments and dues but that nevertheless the said member is still liable for the regular monthly dues and any assessments that may be levied prior to the acceptance of the resignation of the delinquent member.

In the language of the decision this phase is set forth as follows: "That dues and assessments are legally chargeable against a member until his membership ceases, notwithstanding that he may be deprived of the privileges of the club by reason of his arrears in payment of his dues and assessments and he cannot complain of the refusal of the board of directors to accept his resignation. This is the first time in the history of the city that the questions involved in this suit have been settled by a court of law and the decision will be of interest to all club members.

Nearly 100 suits will be filed today against former members of the Union League Club, who are delinquent in dues and who have failed to pay their assessments.

In speaking of the situation, Mr. Schweitzer said: "The monthly dues levied against the members of the Union League Club and most other clubs are based on the actual running expenses. If a part of the membership fails to pay the regular monthly dues the indebtedness then falls on

# JEALOUS OF HER BROOD.

Grandmother of Thirty-five Obtains Divorce—Says Second Marriage might have been Happy hadn't Husband Resented Her Affection for Offspring.

The first marriage of Mrs. Annie L. Bunce resulted in a family of thirteen children. As the children became of marriageable age they sought homes of their own. In time Mrs. Bunce found herself a grandmother many times over. In short, when she appeared in the divorce court yesterday, admitting to 69 years, but appearing no more than 40, she said there were thirty-five grandchildren.

She sought a decree from her second husband, Wesley Bunce, whom she married in 1910, after a widowhood of eight years. It was not a happy union, although it would have been if Mr. Bunce had not objected to her going to see her children and grandchildren, and having them call at her home. "If it had not been for his jealousy," she declared, "we would have got along all right."

There was another objection which she voiced. Mr. Bunce did not feel he could support her in the way she had been accustomed to live. She

# TO SHOW RIGHT TO NAVAL BASE.

Congressional Committees to be Invited Here.

Three Chambers of Commerce Join in Campaign.

Mayor Urges Immediate Offer of the Free Site.

The campaign for a naval base and marine barracks at the Los Angeles Harbor, a larger and permanent appropriation for dredging the harbor and Congressional assistance in preventing the annual accumulation of silt in the channels and inner harbor took concrete form yesterday when the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce joined forces with the San Pedro and Wilmington bodies of like name to bring a committee from the Congressional Naval Committee to see our harbor as soon as possible.

For some time the harbor Chamber of Commerce have been planning to send a delegation to Washington for the purpose of urging their claims on Congress and to that end the Los Angeles Chamber was asked to aid. This plan after careful consideration has been temporarily delayed in favor of the proposition outlined by the joint chambers to have the Congressmen come here.

Yesterday a letter was addressed to Congressman Stephens at Washington to enlist his assistance. Upon receipt of his reply the Mayors of the several municipalities, the Chambers of Commerce and other civic bodies will convene for concrete action.

SITE WITHOUT COST.

Immediate action on the part of the city towards presenting our need for a naval base to Congress in the form of an offer for a naval base site without cost to the government is urged by Mayor Sebastian, who addressed letters yesterday to the three Chambers of Commerce, asking their co-operation.

In his letter to John S. Mitchell, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor calls attention to the Supreme Court decision granting title to the city to the tide lands involved in the Banning suit, which have already been pointed out by the naval strategy board as an ideal site for a naval base.

"I am appealing to you for immediate interest and action on the part of the Chamber of Commerce, to the end that this land, consisting of 450 acres, be turned over to the government as a suitable location for a naval yard," the Mayor says. "Such a move would be of inestimable importance to the city of Los Angeles and California generally, affording employment for thousands of men, as well as giving patronage to our local merchants and manufacturers. Congressman Stephens has already presented a bill in Washington covering this purpose. I shall be happy to confer with your honorable body on the subject at your earliest possible convenience."

FOR FREE PORT.

Mayor Sebastian favors sending a delegation of representative citizens to Washington at the proper time to present the city's offer of a site and he believes the same delegation will be able to assist in the movement towards obtaining a free port at the municipal harbor, where goods may be landed and manufactured free of duty for reshipment to foreign countries.

Councilman Conwell said last night that he believes the advantages of Los Angeles Harbor for both projects should be presented immediately and strongly to Congress. "I hope the Mayor will be able to lead such a delegation if one is sent to Washington," said Mr. Conwell. "The growth of our harbor has been so rapid that such measures are necessary to enable the rest of the country to know what we have here. Prompt action is what we want right now and if the program is carried out with hearty support, we may look for success."

Start Even.

BOTH CHANGE NAMES.

Long Beach Man Obtains City's Permission to Adopt Cognomen of Stepfather, and Girl is Waiting Ready to Share the New Appellation with Him.

Immediately after Franklin Jacob Clark was granted permission to change his name to Franklin J. Hillary, he married Miss Sarah J. Tong of Long Beach. Presiding Judge York granted his petition for change of name, and from there to the marriage license bureau the couple skipped, where they obtained a license. The reason for the change was stated by the groom to be that when he was a small boy his mother married Orval Hillary, and he desired to be known by his stepfather's name.

STRANGER TOOK HIM IN.

In the Morning the Arizona's Money and New Friend were Found.

To be the guest of a stranger cost Martin Johnson, from Arizona, \$1175 Thursday night. He made a new friend, who, like himself, was a convict. Mr. Johnson was interestedly experiencing the sensations of the gay side of city life.

When the evening was approaching its close the stranger invited Johnson to share his bed with him. Johnson accepted. In the morning, when he awoke, a check for \$1175 and \$100 in cash were missing; also the new friend. He cannot recall a full description of the stranger.

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## N. B. Blackstone Co.

318-320-322 South Broadway

### FASHION SHOW SPECIAL

## Fifty Beautiful New Spring Suits \$25.00

Sale for one day only (Saturday)

In appreciation of a wonderful attendance during the two days of the Fashion Show we present this remarkable offering for Saturday only.

Fifty Suits in the new season's smartest styles, fabrics and colors—

Suits you will immediately recognize to be far superior to the ordinary run of garments selling at \$25.00, even at Blackstone's.

Choose from rich plaid worsteds, novelty checks, shepherd checks, Jersey cloths, velour checks, serges and gabardines, etc.

Ultra-fashionable Spring Suits conscientiously tailored—Suits that will astound and amaze at \$25.00.

### This is a Wonderful Season for "Kayser" Silk Gloves

at \$2.00 Pair

—A Slipper Glove with strap at wrist; cuff at top piped with white or black; three rows heavy silk embroidery on backs to match pipings; black, white, gray and pongee shades.

—Complete line of "Kayser" Silk Gloves in all staple shadings from 50c to \$1.75 pair.

### Saturday Corset Sale

Matchless Style \$3.50 and Rare Value at

Dainty fresh models, absolutely new and correct in each detail of workmanship and design.

Models for the slight, medium and stout figures in "C. B.," "R. & G.," "Warner's" and "Blackstone's Special" Corsets—Many are fancy Broche in pink and white.

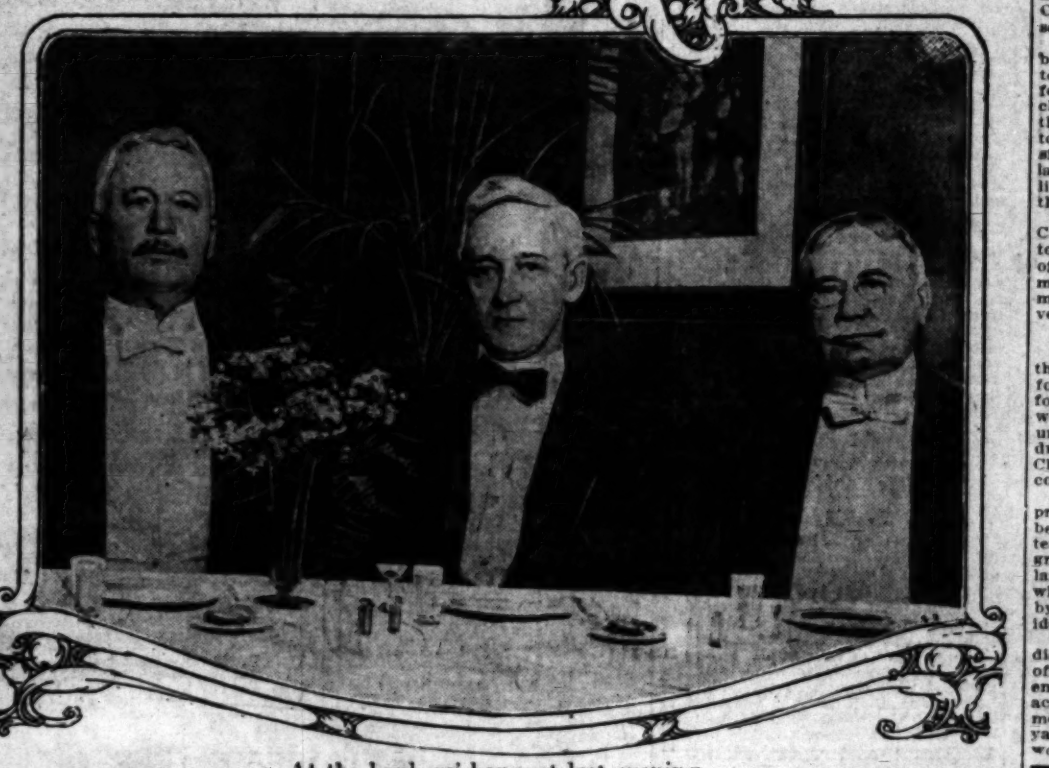
Also a specially purchased "Modart" front-laced Corset at \$3.50, in fancy material, has the hose supporters and elastic at back.

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO FITTINGS

### Brassieres \$1.50 & \$1

The most comprehensive assortments we have ever shown at these popular prices.

Charming new styles in all-lace and hand-embroidered trimmed. Also the Bust Corset that means so much to the medium and stout figures, shown in mesh and lace with lace trimming.



At the bankers' banquet last evening.

At the Hotel Raymond, Pasadena, where were gathered many of the country's greatest financiers. From left to right, those in the picture are James K. Lynch, president of the American Bankers' Association; J. B. Coulton, toastmaster, and W. T. Fenton, vice-president of the National Bank of the Republic, Chicago.

# OFFERS A FORTUNE FOR NOTED VESSEL.

HUNDRED THOUSAND IN CASH FOR PRINCE ALBERT.

Southwestern Steamship Company Seeks to Purchase Swift Boat Given Much Notoriety Last Summer Through Seizure of Ammunition Aboard.

A cash offer of \$100,000 was wired to the Montreal owners of the speedy 1000-ton, oil-burning steamship Prince Albert by F. G. Gibson, president of the Southwestern Steamship Company, yesterday. It is proposed to restore her to the California-Mexico run.

By an unusual coincidence the offer was made six months to a day after the vessel was taken from the West Coast trade following a series of sensational incidents which resulted in her withdrawal from Mexican service at the demand of the owners. The Southwestern Steamship Company, which had her under charter at that time, have now opened negotiations for her purchase and it is believed the offer will be accepted by wire today.

In addition to being the fastest vessel on the Mexican run, the holder of record of seventy-two hours between Los Angeles and Mazatlan during a speed duel with a San Francisco steamer, which she outdistanced by almost 400 miles, the Prince Albert acquired considerable notoriety last summer when it was held up at the local harbor by United States customs officials and permitted to sail only after unloading several hundred thousand rounds of ammunition and fifty-four cases of rifles, consigned to Mazatlan.

During the same voyage the boat was seized by Carranza officials and trans used to transport troops and supplies from Topolampo, La Paz, and intermediate points to Mazatlan. These events in addition to charges of filibustering which were later proven to be unfounded, caused the Canadian owners of the vessel to demand a huge indemnity bond and additional insurance protection, with the result that the local company immediately surrendered its charter.

If the Prince Albert is purchased there will be a complete rearrangement of the Southwestern's sailing schedules. The Corwin and three other smaller vessels will probably be used in Coastwise traffic in Mexican waters. The Prince Albert, which carries about 100 passengers, will maintain a weekly schedule between Los Angeles, San Francisco and Mazatlan. Local cargo consigned to other Mexican ports will be transferred to one of the company's smaller boats there.

Officials of the company say that the Mexican shippers have been very much interested in securing the Prince Albert for that run and have promised to ship by boat a major portion of their business.

(Continued on Third Page.)

# WANT NEW CITY JAIL.

Reports by Health Department and Improvement Association on Old Prison Presented to Grand Jury by Chief Snively.

Working with the Federated Improvement Association and the City Health Department, Chief of Police Snively yesterday started a movement for a new City Jail Building. The matter, which came to a head following an investigation by a committee of the Improvement Association, was presented by Chief Snively to E. P. Zeher, chairman of the Grand Jury Committee on Jails, in a report also made to the grand jury by the City Health Department.

According to the findings of the committee of the Federated Improvement Association, the Central Jail "is a disgrace to the city." The committee declared in its report that there are no air shafts for ventilation and no fire exits. The report returned by members of the City Health Department stated that the conditions in the jail are very bad.

According to Chief Snively, he will have all the plans taken up by the grand jury, and will make every effort to secure a new City Jail and Central Police Station.

Must Face Trial.

REQUISITION GRANTED.

Governor Allows Return to Seattle of Isabelle Clayberg, Alleged to Have Conspired to Blackmail Rich Men by Peephole Pictures.

Isabelle Clayberg, under arrest in Los Angeles, will be returned to Seattle to answer a charge of conspiracy to blackmail prominent men, whose photographs she is said to have obtained after placing them in compromising positions. Gov. Johnson yesterday honored the requisition of the Governor of Washington for the return of the woman to that State.

It is alleged in the affidavit of requisition that the Clayberg woman, together with Lillian Peterson and Louise P. Sticker, investigated men of position and means in their apartments in Seattle for the purpose of extorting money from them. It sets out that invariably the men were placed in compromising positions and photographed through a small hole in the wall by another party to the alleged conspiracy. The photographs were used to force the men to pay money to keep them secret, according to the charges.

# \$10 Will Send This New Model Victrola and Records To Your Home Today!

Come in today and see this beautiful new model—Style XI, in mahogany or oak cabinet designs. \$10 will send this Victrola and your choice of Victor records to the value of \$10 to your home today. Pay the balance at the rate of \$6 monthly. Total cost \$110.

## March Records NOW ON SALE

A few Favorite Selections. Choose from this list or from the catalog of over 5000 selections.

- "Annie Laurie".....Melba
- "Calm as the Night".....McCormick-Kreiser
- "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Martinielli
- "Underneath the Stars".....Harwood Dixon
- "Hello, Hawaii, How Are You?".....Murray
- "My Hula Love".....Medley, Hawaiian
- "Garden of Pals".....Lee and E. Kall
- "A Little Bit of Heaven".....Victor Military Band
- "The Slumber Boat".....Christine Miller
- "Forgotten".....John McCormick

Victrolas may be purchased here in a wide variety of styles, cabinet designs and finishes.

## \$15 to \$450

Terms as Low as \$1.00 Weekly

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Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego



## She Loses Her Curious Divorce Suit.



Mrs. C. W. Hinchcliffe.

Who is still the wife of the wealthy retired telephone man. Her desired divorce decree was refused by Judge Wood yesterday.

Cruelty not Proved.

## NO DIVORCE FROM PLAIN MAN WHO PREFERRED PIE.

MRS. SUE O. HINCHCLIFFE was denied a decree of divorce by Judge Wood yesterday. The trial ended with the testimony of the husband, C. W. Hinchcliffe, who was called by the court. He did not expect to testify, but contented himself through the hearing by taking the position of a spectator, albeit a deeply interested one.

Judge Wood stated in denying the decree, that he had no doubt the couple had been unhappy. There was no doubt in his mind but that they had frequent differences, but, he said, the evidence did not show that degree of cruelty which entitled Mrs. Hinchcliffe to a divorce on that ground.

Mrs. Hinchcliffe plainly showed her disappointment. Mr. Hinchcliffe did not exit. He had successfully defended himself against the various charges of cruelty, running the gamut from monomania to objecting to his wife wearing corsets and heels on her shoes. The incident of the chicken fricassee, he did not recall. On that occasion, Mrs. Hinchcliffe testified, her husband wanted chicken pie and left the table in a huff.

He separated from his wife, he declared, because of absolute incompatibility and her continual nagging. "I have lived most of my life in Arizona and Nevada," he said. "I don't care for the requirements of polite society. I am inclined to be emphatic in my conversation, and it is not unusual for me to say, 'I don't care a damn.' My wife likes society. She nagged me because I did not like her social affairs. I did not speak to my wife at times because of disputes, mostly about bills. I had to limit the expenses of the house to \$400 a month."

He explained the incident of receiving a telegram signed "Anita," asking

him to keep an appointment at 9 o'clock one morning. Mrs. Hinchcliffe had testified that she had observed him "doling up" and asked him where he was going. She did not think he ought to meet women she did not know.

Anita, it turned out, was a former operator at the telephone exchange who was sending her sister to Los Angeles to enter a convent. Mr. Hinchcliffe said he had agreed to meet the girl at the train and see that she was safely lodged at the convent. He said he asked his wife to go along and she refused, declaring he should not associate with that sort of people.

"We did not get along for twenty years," he testified. "We quarreled frequently, we did not speak at times. She would go away as well as I. I felt sorry for her, but I could not do anything because she was influenced by certain people I did not like. I don't claim to be perfect."

Under cross-examination Mr. Hinchcliffe admitted he was high-toned and got mad when he had provocation. Many of the allegations of his wife he denied. His explanation of others seemed reasonable.

Mrs. Hinchcliffe also appeared fair, as for instance, when she recalled the occasion when she asked Mr. Hinchcliffe to buy a blanket for the guest room.

"He not only got the blanket," she said, "but he bought for me, a very pleasant surprise, because it was a yellow quilt and matched my room. But he said he did not intend to trade with that house any more because the clerk exclaimed: 'Is this Mrs. Hinchcliffe's husband?' I am very glad to see you," and Mr. Hinchcliffe declared he was not going to be known as Mrs. Hinchcliffe's husband around town."

## FIVE OF GANGSTERS SENTENCED TO JAIL.

## POLICE ROUND UP ADDITIONAL BANDIT SUSPECTS.

Artist-burglar Detectives To Pawnshop Where Automobile Loads of His Loot are Recovered. Former Lone Inmates Make Confession of Robberies.

Jail sentences were given to five members of the automobile gangsters yesterday by Police Judge Fredericks. These were not connected with the more sensational exploits of the gang and each had pleaded guilty to vagrancy. Their sentences were: Pearl Williams, thirty days; Jessie Moore, alias Lena Grant, thirty days; Elton Marr, ninety days; Sydney Grant, thirty days; John Orem, thirty days.

Morris Goldner, who was arrested near a private detective headquarters, also was convicted of vagrancy. When asked why he was loitering near the place he said he and the detective were college mates. Justice Fredericks inquired at what college this old acquaintance had begun, and Goldner answered, "Ione Reformatory." He will be sentenced Monday.

The successful activity of the police in capturing criminals continued yesterday with the arrest of George Costello and Bert Emanuel, members of the gang who made their headquarters in the rear of No. 2455 Griffith avenue. Four other members of the

gang had already been caught. Costello and Emanuel were wearing loot they had taken in two burglaries when arrested.

Costello is considered one of the most dangerous of the younger criminals. Although but 17 years old, he was unusually bold in his depredations and utterly ruthless regarding the property of others. It was his practice to crawl through a house with the aid of matches for light. He would throw the burnt matches about the room, and in three instances started fires which caused much damage. The amount of loot he took was insignificant compared to the damage by fire.

Jack Morfe, the Bulgarian painter, spent yesterday going from one pawnshop to another identifying the loot he had pawned. The detectives became so burdened with recovered property they called for an automobile and load after load was sent to the police station.

The ranks of young bandits recently arrested by the police were increased yesterday with the capture of Frank Hurd and Eugene Gould, two ex-lone inmates, who were caught by Detectives Thompson and Toomey. The boys had confessed to the burglary of a rooming-house at No. 227 West Third street, and loot found in their possession indicates they have been involved further in criminal work.

Sues for Collection.

An action was brought in the United States District Court yesterday by C. M. Gault against Peter W. Helene, Katie and Henry Wohlgemuth, to enforce the collection of a judgment secured in the State court at Topeka, Kan., for \$2707.35. It is alleged in the bill that Peter and Helene Wohlgemuth transferred to Katie Wohlgemuth a note worth \$3000 and that Peter transferred to Henry Wohlgemuth a mortgage valued at \$1000, with the object of escaping payment of a judgment.

## LETTERS TO "THE TIMES."

(The Times invites strong, clear, bright expression of opinion on current subjects, timely, pertinent and peculiar. Letters should be kept in short. Letters will be added to each issue by the signing editor. The writer's true name, which will be either published or withheld at the owner's request. Letters should be addressed to "The Times," and are subject to editorial revision.)

## Why Not Be Kilt?

SANTA BARBARA, March 1.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Pray tell us why Alma Whitaker is "sob-sistering" over King George's proclamation calling to enlistment all single men between the ages of 19 and 41 years. For shame, Alma! Why should they not go to war? The pity and the shame of it is that they had to be called instead of offering themselves months ago to aid in maintaining their nation's honor and dignity.

Time was when any male old enough to carry a musket would not only have been publicly branded a coward, but would have been ashamed to refuse to volunteer if his country needed him. Surely honor is not dead.

Why, too, all this sentimentality over the "heartaches" let loose in Mother England? Rather ought every woman there who is related to one of these males who thus far has refused his country's call to thank God that now, indeed, she need no longer be ashamed to look her neighbor in the face when that same neighbor mourns, yet inwardly rejoices, over her own loved one ennobled by the sacrifice of his life upon his country's altar. In this connection an incident related by Bishop Sumner of Oregon when he was in Santa Barbara a few weeks ago is pertinent. He said that while in Toronto last summer he died with an old friend, also a divine. The friend said that he had just had an instance of how heroically most English women are taking this war. He had received that morning a summons from one of his parishioners to visit her, not only calm, but actually beaming with joy. She desired him to be far from her, but he had been privileged to give his life for his country. And what do you suppose she wanted of her pastor? She desired him to use his influence with the military authorities to permit her next younger son—too young to be required to duty at the front—to join the regular forces and take his brother's place.

That woman had the right idea of loyalty to her country; and, for that matter, so have most English women. And so let us not pity them. Let us rather rejoice with them that now at last they need no longer hang their heads in shame over those males they have bred, but may raise their faces in the light of day and feel themselves one with their neighbors.

As to the bachelors themselves, if they are forced into this war mayhap that little spark of nobility now sleeping, but never quite dead, in the heart of men will brighten into a beam that will lighten their way and hover over them like a celestial star should they be deemed worthy of the supreme sacrifice.

A lot of unmarried males, both in this country and abroad—men too selfish to assume the duties and responsibilities of marriage over those males they have bred, but may raise their faces in the light of day and feel themselves one with their neighbors.

Business is unusual—war or no war—that's the sign we should hang out in our hat department.

And the why of it is that we have just received some Messant Hats—made in France

\$4

Harris & Frank

437-443 South Spring St.  
Known for Better Values.  
Mail Orders Filled

Money for the Children

5%

Every Saturday  
Staub's  
The Popular Price Shoe Store,  
336 SO. BROADWAY

out of them in the baptism of national flame, and the ashes would fertilize the new germs of a nobler life. Even if wounded and helpless for life, they would still be better as invalids than as strong men devoid of loyalty and honor.

Old Glory Must Fly.

(What editors get when they are asked.)

O. say! Do you know that Old Glory must stay.

In the closet, open blue of our radiant empyrean?

Have the kiss of the morn and the evening's red ray,

As it floats in fond breezes, from mountain to ocean?

While our hearts leap with fire, now, glad vows to insure,

To uphold the rare flag, that all nations admire.

Then hurrah for its stars, for its red, white and blue.

As we spring to salute it, with hearts warm and true.

This beauty ideal, of the star spangled flag, Calls for "liberty" true, or the "death" of the daring. As they spring to the thrill, against "parliament" base. To preserve its fair face, in its beauty enchanting.

And bear it above, near God's "banner of love."

Old Glory resplendent in justice and judgment.

Then, defend it we must, 'tis our glorious trust.

So, save its proud honor, from trail in the dust.

For this flag is the soul of the fearless, brave legion, Which has grappled the despot in every nation.

'Twas enriched with the blood of pure Warren and Lincoln, And his boys, who gave their full measure of devotion.

Then, dare we grow pale, weakly falter or fail, As new toilers shall give new heroes new hail?

No, defend it we must, 'tis our glorious trust; So, keep it "advanced" in the home of the just.

So! whenever the call from the "people's" firm voice, Shall reach the true trust of "bench," "palace" or "plowmen," Each brave heart will reply, "Here am I, 'tis my choice. The step let me catch, touch the elbow of freemen."

Then, conquer we must, for our cause it is just;

And this be our motto, in God is our Trust.

And Old Glory shall float and its beauty remain,

While the world shouts back a mighty refrain.

This is an effort from the rank and file of the "common people" to place a guy, to lead Charles E. Hughes into Washington and Lincoln's seat, with no pledge but magnanimous "righteousness and judgment," and this will save us from "big stickism," and reach real "preparedness."

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a curse to any people."

GEORGE E. FAIRHEAD,  
Private Co. D, 117th N. Y. Vol.; Past Chaplain, Dept. N.Y.V.G.A.R.  
New York Mills, N. Y.

## HUNT BAD COIN PASSERS.

Deputy sheriffs and police, assisted by several Federal secret service men, are searching the city for the passers of bogus \$5 gold pieces. William Shaw, a grocer at No. 1724 Florence avenue, was one of about twenty victims in that vicinity yesterday who accepted the spurious money. It was passed by an elderly man accompanied by a boy. The youth is about 15 years of age and the man about 55 or 60.

## Club Finances Solid.

(Continued from First Page.)

The remaining members, increased their dues, which must be received by a levy. This is manifestly money to the paying members and this action will no doubt place the club of Los Angeles on a better financial basis than they have ever been before. If the club are in a position to collect the monthly dues they not be forced to levy assessments on their members and this will add to the economy of clubdom and the pleasure of the members. decision of Judge Conley is final and we will proceed to collect our standing obligations.

## EXAMINATION POSTPONED.

The preliminary examination of W. Gilbreth, charged with embezzling funds of the contracting firm of which he was the head, was held in the morning before Judge Conley. It was continued to March 10.

## Fines Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Drugs and ointments which cure itching, blisters, pimples and freckles, first application gives relief, etc.

## A Good Suit for \$17

When we say *good* suit we give the word's full meaning. Never before have we featured a suit of medium price. We put in



Styleplus \$17  
Clothes

"The Same Price The World Over."

because they come up to our standard of style as well as to our standard of value. You know what this means if you are a customer of this store.

Styleplus Seventeen is the achievement of one of the great makers' new plan—specialization on a suit of one known price. Fine all-wool fabrics, well-tailored including handwork, and cut by a fashion artist with a national reputation. The only ordinary feature is the price, \$17.

If you want to pay a medium price wear Styleplus and know you have the greatest possible value plus correct style. For all men—special styles for young men.



Scott's Bros.

425-427 South Spring Street

## Seeing California's Wonderlands

The next popular excursion under The Times management will leave Los Angeles March 28—Returning March 31—for

San Joaquin Valley

Including the cities of

Bakersfield, Fresno, Visalia, Porterville, Lindsay, Tulare, Hanford, Laton, Reedley, No. Dinuba, Exeter, Redbank, Cutler and Corcoran.

Applications for reservations are being received and, as the party will be limited in number, any one contemplating a tour of the big, prosperous valley in the center of the State should act promptly and secure accommodations.

The party will travel on a special train over the Santa Fe Railroad. The train will be composed of four sleepers, a composite car, and a combination parlor and observation car.

For further particulars, address or call

The Times Excursion Dept.

FIRST AND BROADWAY

Telephones: Main 8200, Home 10391.

Round trip transportation, berth on train, entertainments and automobile rides and all meals on the trip is

\$15

(The regular fare without berth, meals, etc., is \$16.50.)

## BARES CRIMES BY WHOLESAL.

Cox, Transcontinental Police Thief, Brought Here.

Makes Clean Breast of Record According to Officers.

About to Skip to Alaska with Stolen Ten Thousand.

Deputy United States Marshall Barrett returned last night from San Francisco having in custody Arthur Cox, arrested in that city on a charge of wholesale stealing and a tally of money orders.

Low says that he has secured a complete confession from Cox of criminal activities all over the United States. When arrested Cox was making arrangements to go to Alaska. It is estimated he had secured not less than \$10,000 by the forgery.

According to the statement made by Inspector Lowe, he isolated the stolen laws in more than twenty States. Whether Cox will be prosecuted here or in another State has not been determined. There will be a hearing before the United States Commissioner until the point is settled.

Cox says that his first offense was committed in Leonardo, N. J., September 9, 1915, when he opened the safe of the postoffice there and stole \$121 money orders.

He cashed a number of these money orders, then he went to Alhambra, N. C., securing about \$100 money order blanks, the official money order stamp and mail pouch keys.

From there he went to Washington, D. C., where he had a number of the money orders cashed almost in the shadow of the Capitol.

Coming West, he visited Cincinnati where he disposed of more of the money orders, then to Oakland, San Francisco and other points, where he landed in Santa Barbara, where he was trapped by officers who had been following him.

He was recognized as the man who had burglarized the Alhambra office.

## Theatre—Amusement

## CLUNE'S AUDIT

Twice Prices Daily  
Fourth Big Week  
CLUNE'S PREMIER  
HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S HISTORY

## "RAMONA"

A Cinema-Theatre  
NOTE—Owing to New York opening the engagement of "RAMONA" in this theatre will be limited.

## CLUNE'S BROADWAY—MAY RO

## "A NIGHT"

The Best Comedy  
A Sure Cure  
NEXT  
KATHLYN WILLIAMS

## "THOU SHALT"

TALLY'S BROADWAY  
Clara Kimball Young  
And a Real of the Most Wonderful Realistic War Scenes Yet Shown.

## SUPERBA—MARGUERITE

and FORREST  
in "HE FELL IN LOVE"

## NEW PALACE—SEVENTH STREET

Today—Tonight  
STARTING SUNDAY—Hop, the Detective  
NEW STRAND—Grand Ave. Near  
SECRET LOVE  
with HELEN WARREN  
TWO BIG SHOWS FOR ONE PRICE

## MILLER'S—WILLIAM

441 So. MAIN ST.  
FOX PHOTOPLAY  
A great outdoor action drama of love and adventure

## ALHAMBRA—MILLER'S HILL STREET

Don't Miss It. The Most Talked  
VISIT the Cawston Ostrich  
New open for visitors daily. See the sights and scenes. Round trip tickets, including the trip to the depot or at our downtown office at 11 to 11 p.m.

## SYMPHONY THEATRE—T

The Exquisite Musical  
Mme. Petrova  
A Five-Act Photodrama of Modern Society  
PANTAGES—Matinee 2:30 3 Star  
REPUBLIC—4 BIG NEW  
4 JUVENILE  
HEADLINES  
THE DEVIL'S



SATURDAY MORNING.

## FINANCES SOLID BY WHOLESALE.

Transcontinental Postal Thief, Brought Here.

Clean Breast of Record, According to Officers.

Stolen Ten Thousand.

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## CONFESION.

### FINANCES SOLID BY WHOLESALE.

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## AFFIRMS JUDGMENT.

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Los Angeles Daily Times.

MARCH 4, 1918.—[PART II.]

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## MUSICAL SEES DEATH OF GERMAN HOPES.

Charm. RICH WITH MELODY. QUINTETTE GIVES BEAUTIFUL GOLDMARK WORK.

By Edwin F. Schallert.

The programme of the Brahms Quintette as presented yesterday at the second public rehearsal for this season at Blanchard Hall was notable in that it brought before music lovers a work by a composer who is little known here, but whose creations are very frequently of surpassing beauty in their melodiousness.

The name of Carl Goldmark is most generally associated with the opera, "The Queen of Sheba," although it was but one among a host of other compositions, some of which are unusually well conceived and executed. The programme included in yesterday's programme, which is to be repeated at the regular concert tonight, was the piano quintette, Op. 36.

There is a peculiar richness and elegance to the melodies of Goldmark, which, while it may leave a big, lasting impression upon the soul of the hearer, cannot fail to charm with its slightly sensuous and luxurious qualities. The second movement of the quintette had some exquisite and difficult piano passages. The early part of the movement was a study in a trifle long, but the last part moved swiftly, and the whole is filled with many captivating ideas. Altogether it was the most interesting novelty presented by the organization in a long time.

While the quartette of strings never appears to quite as good advantage without the piano, they revealed great improvement over the past in their rendition of the beautiful Grieg minor quartette.

The opening theme of the work is taken from one of Grieg's own compositions, "The Minstrel's Song," the romance is exceedingly sweet and fascinating, and the close is dance-like after the fashion of Grieg so often followed. It is one of the Norwegian master's finest and most fascinating works.

Soloist at the concert was Margaret Jarman, whose rich, natural voice was heard to advantage in the well-known contralto aria from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete." She is a singer of much power and fine command style, but her work is marred by a slight vibrato.

"L'AMORE" LECTURE. Mrs. Ethel Graham Lynde will give an interpretative lecture on the opera, "L'Amore del Tre Re," by Montemeri and Pavlova ballets, to be presented during the season of the Boston Opera Company and the Pavlova ballets, this morning at 10 o'clock in the Blanchard Building at 10:30 o'clock. Mrs. Gertrude Ross will assist. The main feature of which the lecture will be devoted will, of course, be the Montemeri opera.

Mrs. Lynde is well known in Los Angeles from her lectures last summer on "Fairyland" and the symphony talks she has been giving at the Lynde club. She is a devoted student of music and has made special study of the works of the great composers. She has secured special data for the lecture, today from representatives of the Boston company.

Primitive. AD'S FISTS SETTLE CHILDREN'S SPATS.



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**Los Angeles Times**

**EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.**  
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**LOS ANGELES (Los Angeles Times)**  
 Entered at the Postoffice as a matter of Class II.

**TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.**

**CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.**  
 (At Home.) Commercial enterprise is moving with renewed energy, adding notable gains to records already reported. Prices in many lines are rapidly rising which stimulates, rather than diminishes, consumption. Many buyers, anticipating advances, are placing orders far ahead. Manufacturers, some of whom are covered as far ahead as the end of 1917, are refusing all new business. One note of discord is the continued freight embargo, railroads seemingly being unable to quickly handle the enormous output of goods. Bank clearings were \$4,276,649,867.

(Abroad.) Subscriptions of from ten to forty million marks are being made to the fourth German war loan.

(For details see financial pages.)

**AFTER OUR TOURISTS.**

The Public Service Commission of Washington State is trying to abolish the differential railroad systems that bring tourists to California. Go to it, Mr. Public Service Commission! The system exists only to accommodate, not to force tourists in coming to California. And when Washington reforms her climate, induces flowers to bloom the year around, gets rid of the long rainy season and can live the pleasant continuance of the sun three hundred and fifty-nine days and a half a year, then California may be generous enough to share her tourists with her northern sister State.

**LOSING HEART.**

It is claimed that the revolution which Felix Diaz is now endeavoring to foment will find little favor with the Mexican people. We are afraid that if this is the case it is not because the population is opposed to Diaz or in favor of peace, but only because the land and the people are exhausted and have no enthusiasm for anything. If it seems easier to fight than to reconstruct, then they will go on with their futile battles. If it seems easier to give up fighting and submit to the government of Carranza, then they will do that. For a long time to come the line of least resistance will hold the only appeal to which the people of Mexico will respond. They have no heart left in them for anything else.

**PROSPECTS OF IMMIGRATION.**

United States Commissioner of Immigration Frederick O. Howe, in an address before the National Democratic Club of New York City a few days ago, stated that twenty million men who have been living in the trenches in Europe and have developed the spirit of democracy will become restless under old restrictions after the war and want to come to this country. The largest influx of immigrants, Mr. Howe pointed out, may be expected from Russia and the Balkan states, while Great Britain and Austria-Hungary will have trouble keeping their people. He said we might also expect many from other countries whose business has been ruined by the war.

There is rapidly developing in the United States according to Mr. Howe, what he termed a "labor vacuum," and we must be prepared for the exodus of foreigners now here who will return to Europe at the end of the war to learn what has become of their relatives. In a year or so, he predicted, there will be work for everybody, and conditions for the laborer will be better than at any time since the Civil War.

The Times cannot altogether agree with Commissioner Howe. The interest on the enormous debts incurred by the warring nations must come largely out of the results of productive industry. In Great Britain the interest on her debt will amount to \$110 per annum for every adult male. Will many working Britons now in this country return to England or Ireland or Scotland in order to "learn what has become of their relatives"? Not likely.

**A STRIKING SHOWING.**

What the effect upon American industries was of the operation of the Democratic tariff law while its effect was unrestrained by war, and what that effect would still be if Europe had remained at peace, is strikingly shown by the record of monthly earnings of the United States Steel Corporation in the years 1913 and 1914.

In the months from January to October of 1913 those earnings fluctuated between \$19,830,651 and \$14,564,566.

On October 1 of that year the Democratic tariff law went into effect. In the very next month the earnings fell to \$7,592,166, and in the months up to and including July, 1914, they fluctuated between something over seven millions and something more than four millions. Then August 1, 1914, the war broke out. During several months its first effect was a further decrease. The low point was reached in January, 1915, when only \$1,687,150 were earned.

Thereafter the stoppage of steel imports and the receipt of foreign orders began to have their combined effect. In May, 1915, earnings were up to \$9,320,576. Thereafter the monthly increases were steady until last December showed earnings of \$17,977,966.

Because the condition of the iron and steel industry has long been regarded as the barometer of general industrial conditions, and the United States Steel Corporation is the greatest representative of that industry, the record of its earnings may safely be regarded as a true indicator. "As goes iron, so goes trade generally," is a fact.

**MUCH GORE, LITTLE WIT.**  
 Oklahoma produces a fair grade of oil, a decent quality of wheat, a fierce collection of cyclones and a bum brand of statesmanship. Her politicians may have lusty voices as the result of talking against rival winds, but as a class they are dreadfully narrow across the forehead. In the treatment of questions grave or gay their contemplation does not extend beyond the boundaries of their own State.

Senator Gore seems to be a glittering illustration of the inadequacy of Oklahoma politics. His irresponsible statements concerning the President show that he is as dangerous to his own party as to the country at large.

He is as impolitic as a hoptoad in a rain barrel.

In assuming to quote the Executive on a delicate matter of foreign policy the Oklahoma Senator violated a precedent as old as the nation itself. The Senator committed the unpardonable crime in diplomacy, and it is pleasant to contemplate the unanimity of the Republicans in supporting the President against the vagaries and frailties of his own party.

The bare thought that it is possible for a Senator to stand up in Congress and quote the President as saying that a war might not be unwelcome is in itself a reflection on American statesmanship. Had it been true the speech of Gore at this time would have been treason. If false, it was contemptible.

No sane person would believe for a moment that the President could use the sentiment imputed to him. That he said something that might have been misunderstood by the listener is possible; but for a third party to give a still different interpretation of the Presidential mind is a mental felony. If the situation were not so tense, if the possibilities were not so terrible, the lapse might be condoned, but as the conditions existed, the utterances of Senator Gore were traitorous.

That he was so completely and overwhelmingly repudiated proves that our national spirit is safe. The principle is upheld that an American citizen will be protected to the uttermost in the rights understood by accepted international law. That will never be in doubt save while scattered, brainless Congressmen are suffered to spill their soda-water mentality on the pages of the public record.

They never seem to realize the uses to which their intemperance may be put in influencing conditions and sentiment in warring lands across the sea.

Once again the Republicans have had to save the Democracy from itself.

**INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS.**

The Home Market Club of Boston had a dinner last week at which the topic of discussion was "Industrial Preparedness." President B. H. Dowse said, "What the country needs is an awakened Americanism, expressing itself throughout all the channels of our life. We stand for a revival of American patriotism and for immediate preparation for national defense. Realizing that we are in more danger from commercial than military invasion, we urge the importance of industrial preparedness."

England's slogan appears to be "In times of war prepare for peace." Already she gives signs of commercial alliances to fight, after the armies are disbanded, for the great prizes of the world's commerce. England has long been the leading free-trade nation of the world, but she has now begun to fortify herself with protective tariff.

England is not alone in this. Germany, whose wonderful industrial system is the strong foundation of her military power, is planning to throw the mantle of protection over all her allies.

One of the speakers at the club dinner—Mr. Estabrook—sharply criticized the free-trade argument and was especially severe on President Wilson. He condemned the Underwood tariff and ridiculed Secretary Redfield's absurd plan to protect American producers by penalizing American importers who purchased goods abroad at lower prices than similar goods were sold to the people of the countries where they were made.

"Free trade," said Mr. Estabrook, "is utterly selfish. It is a blatant conspiracy against American labor, American enterprise and American nationality." It may not be denied that in a way protection is also selfish. Its greatest modern advocate, Mr. Blaine, called it "a policy of enlightened selfishness." That was certainly a succinct and comprehensive definition. It was another way of saying "Charity begins at home."

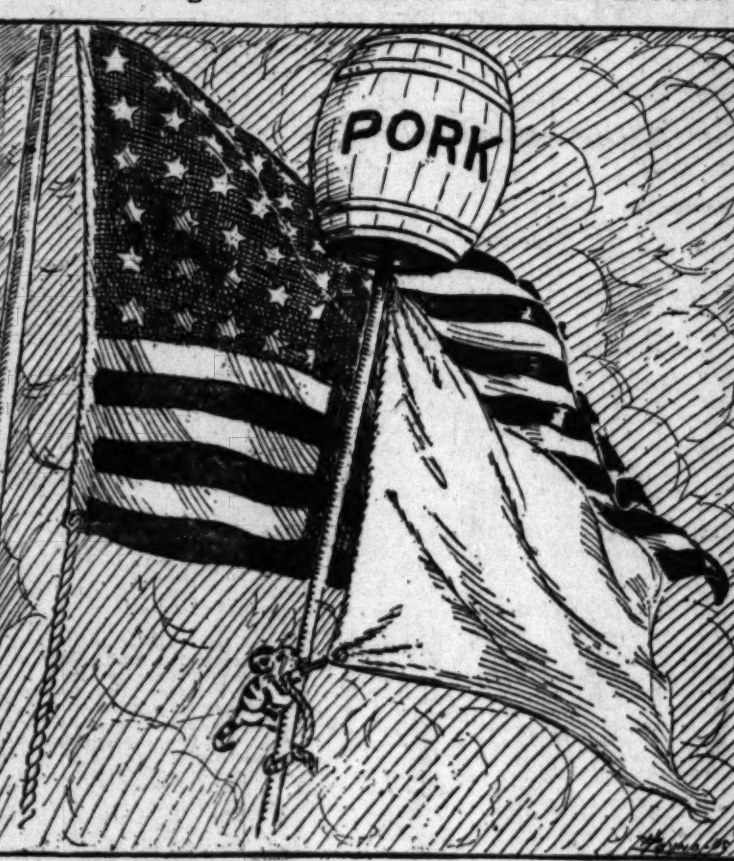
The outcry from the White House continues about "taking the tariff out of politics." That is as impossible as it is to take politics out of politics. Congress cannot delegate its constitutional duty to originate revenue measures to a so-called tariff commission just to relieve itself of the hard work enjoined upon it.

All that such a commission could do would be to travel and employ an army of clerks and harass importers and manufacturers and expend a million or more of the public money without any valuable results. The best experts in the world are on our boards of appraisal at any port of entry—they always have the facts and figures at their finger tips.

At last the figures such a commission would compile and the recommendations it would make would depend on the political complexion of the commission, for a non-political commission is non-existence and unthinkable.

It is not to the interest of the American people that any imperial colossus, either on land or sea, should bestride the world; and certainly not that any single military and naval preponderance should prevail. If we did not occupy a position of relative isolation covering the richest zone of the western hemisphere we could never dream of maintaining a strict neutrality between the contestants of the eastern hemisphere; but, thanks to the geographical advantage, while accessible to the two great oceans of the world, we are able, upon one condition, to hold the balance of power in the world. That condition is that we must be strong, as England has been strong, upon the sea; and able, as England, to guard our coasts. Our international policy is, therefore, plainly marked out for us. It is a policy of pacific industrial and commercial development, under adequate national defense.

## Which Flag Do We Intend to Pull Down?



—[Portland Oregonian.]

### COUNCILMAN ROBERTS AND OBSCURITY.

Councilman Roberts is displaying a very sentimental solicitude over the morals of the city. Defeated once in his preposterous proposal that all art pictures (such as photographs of the statuary exhibited at the Panama-Pacific exposition) should be kept out of windows, he has returned to the work of censoring the public taste by modifying his ordinance somewhat, but still advances the proposal that Hermes should wear trousers and Venus de Milo should not be without a chemise. Now if Councilman Roberts is aware of any inability to suppress emotions distasteful to his Christian judgment when flattening his nose against the show window wherein are arrayed photographs of beautiful, unconventional objects of aesthetic appreciation he might wear smoked glasses; but it is libelous of him to intimate that his fellow-citizens are similarly afflicted. His ordinance is absurd. The question of indecency and obscenity is fully regulated at present; so fully covered that no merchant, news dealer or peddler can display or offer for sale an obscene pamphlet or picture without laying himself liable to severe punishment. Councilman Roberts knows this as well as anyone else; so his persistent imitation of Anthony Comstock is very much like a political play to win the respect and support of the people who do not know that punitive laws against obscene displays are at present in force and enforced in Los Angeles.

### RESOURCESFUL TEUTONS.

Herr Alfred Lohmann, president of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce, expresses the opinion that the war has been an industrial gain instead of a loss to Germany, because it has stopped the importation of raw materials into that country and developed home production of necessary substances.

The declaration of cotton as contraband had affected the interest of the spinners and weavers and garment workers and users of cotton fabrics. But the reason given for its exclusion was that it was used in the manufacture of explosives, and German scientists at once found a substitute for cotton for the production of munitions in the forests of Germany which yielded cellulose that was better adapted to the manufacture of powder than was cotton. As a result, even after the war, German munition factories will no longer buy cotton from America.

The saltpetre hitherto imported from Chile is now being obtained in Germany entirely from the air. Germany's friends in Chile have thereby lost a valuable market for their chief product, and for that, said Mr. Lohmann, they had the entente to thank.

The supply of nitrates obtained from the air, he said, was not only ample for munitions, but would meet all the demands of agriculture, and after the war Germany would be able to export fertilizers.

German chemical industry is now producing cheaper and better camphor for the manufacture of explosives than was formerly imported from Japan and afterwards obtained synthetically with the help of large quantities of oil of turpentine from America.

Old Confederates will remember that in the last year of the Civil War, when the blockade had cut off the supply of nitre from abroad, it was obtained from chamber lye which the government collected from patriotic housewives. So if they pump all the nitrates out of the air around Berlin there are still millions who may be depended upon to do their level best to supply the Krupp factory with the material from which can be made saltpetre.

### PROHIBITIONISTS SPLIT.

A wheel came off the water wagon at the local convention of Prohibitionists and dumped the delegation wrangling by the roadside. "Shall we merely chase Demon Rum out of the saloons or out of the vineyards, too?" Such is the dilemma that has hooked those addicted to water. Some favor a compromise with the devil in the hope they may lull his suspicions and kick him out of the country at a later date, while others eschew any such Machiavellian machinations and boldly clamor for war to the knife. Well, water is of great value in the world, especially to the agriculturist, but the succulent grape has charms that are very much appreciated by many people whom even the prohibitionists consider as fairly good citizens.

### STREAKS OF WIT.

**Proof Positive.**

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] Grocer: The honeymoon is over in the house on the hill. Assistant: How do you know? Grocer: The bride has just 'phoned in an order for onions.

**The First Product.**

[Yonkers Statesman:] Bacon: Has your wife a cook-book? Eggbert: Oh, yes. Bacon: Did you ever get anything out of it? Eggbert: Sure! Indigestion.

**A Peninsula.**

[Life:] Cubist Teacher: Can anyone give an impressionistic definition of New York? Bright pupil: A small body of limousines almost entirely surrounded by Fords.

**Two of a Kind.**

[Boston Transcript:] Mrs. Popsen: I was reading where Mr. Edison says that four hours' sleep is enough for any man. Popsen: That seems to be the baby's idea too.

**Only Thing to Do.**

[Passing Show:] "Christopher! Did I see you raising your hat to our parlor maid?" "Yes, my dear." "Christopher?" "Well, my dear, if I ignored her she'd give notice. She's too smart to be annoyed; and if I winked at her you'd be annoyed."

**Of the Same Class.**

[Indianapolis Star:] "They say," remarked the spinster boarder, "that the woman who hesitates is lost." "Lost is not the proper word for it," growled the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the table. "She's extinct!"

**Needn't Worry.**

[Stray Stories:] Sultor: But you haven't asked me yet whether or not I can make a living for your daughter. Father: Never mind, Henry; if you marry her she'll see to that.

**Taken by Surprise.**

[Town Topics:] "Was her father violent when you asked him for her hand?" "Was he? Oh, yes! I thought he'd shake my hand off."

**The Landlord Worried.**

[Washington Star:] "What has become of that 'Don't Worry Club' you once helped to organize?" "Everybody refused to worry. The club got in debt and had to disband."

**An Abused Domestic.**

[London Opinion:] Monica: Your maid is a regular treasure, dear. I see her coming in as early as 9 sometimes. Muriel: Yes, poor thing. My best shoes pinch her.

**Bryan Will Make Trouble.**

[Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post:] There is no desire to do an injustice to Mr. Bryan when the statement is made that he intends to do all he can to defeat the President's preparedness programme, and that he intends to do what he can to defeat the President for re-nomination. His close friends admit that. They may be entirely mistaken. At any rate, that is what is expected, not only by the friends of Mr. Bryan, but by the friends of Mr. Wilson.

It would be quite idle to say that if Mr. Bryan proceeds as his friends say he will proceed he will not make some trouble; but it would be equally futile to say that Mr. Bryan will make as much trouble as he thinks he will. If Mr. Bryan goes into this enterprise of defeating the President's legislative programme, or of embarrassing his re-nomination, it is more than likely that Mr. Bryan will find that, though he has not left his former friends, his former friends have left him in considerable measure. He is not the influence he was. He will annoy, no doubt, but he will not seriously impede. He will be making his last stand. It is predicted that after this flurry is over Mr. Bryan will become in fact what he is in spirit—an evangelist.

**Making Shells Like Making Cakes.**

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, said at a dinner in New York:

"Girls all over England are making ammunition now. Lady Mary Hamilton, Miss Nancy Cunard, Lady Diana Manners—all these lovely girls are making ammunition. 'They say a girl was talking one day at a tea about her ammunition factory work.' 'Oh,' she said, 'it's just as easy as anything to make a high-explosive shell. You take a tablespoonful of nitroglycerin, two cupsful of gun-cotton, half a cup of trinitrotoluenol, three cups of lyddite, and so on, just like the cook books, you know.'"

### WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

Too Much of the Money Raised for Philanthropy Sticks to the Wrong Fingers.

BY ROSE L. ELLERBE.

The city of Los Angeles is handicapped at the present time as is perhaps no other city in the country of its class and wealth by having to work under and support elaborate and expensive city, county and State systems and organizations, with an army of job-holders, which to a large extent overlap and duplicate one another's work.

The modern conception of what is known as "Charities and Corrections" has changed radically within the past decade, one might say. We are coming to see that problems of dependency, delinquency and disease must be treated from the larger viewpoint which demands reconstruction, reform and prevention, rather than by the old methods which aimed at relief, punishment and cure. It always costs more to reconstruct than it does merely to repair. The necessary institutions and agencies for the prevention and reform of bad conditions are necessarily more expensive than the old. In our effort to correct former blunders and to arrive at better results than the crude, unrelated and wasteful efforts of the past we have built up now a ponderous weight of organizations, such as the State Board of Control, the Municipal Charities Commission, the County Welfare Commission and the County Charities, the Juvenile Court system, our State reformatory institutions, besides almost innumerable semi-public and private organizations for philanthropic, charitable and general-welfare purposes—with a formidable list of salaried functionaries who get a large share of the "charity money."

Primarily, all of these charities and corrections work has but one object—to eliminate itself. If the ideals proposed for all this effort were ever reached we should be able to dispense, very largely, with all this machinery. Unfortunately, the multiplicity and expense steadily increase; as a rule, at a rate altogether out of proportion to the increase of population. While some of our most expensive experiments are still too new to be judged by their results as yet, there can be no doubt that the present multiplication of organizations, officials and agencies leads to much duplication and confusion, to say nothing of the expense of the work for delinquents and dependents could be eliminated by abolishing all duplication of work.

As a simple matter of business efficiency all city and county charities, both public and private, should be conducted in conjunction with one another and under the supervision of one central body. No personal or private interests should have weight in forming such an authoritative and responsible body. No haggling between city and county interests should be allowed to prevent or to interfere with its creation. Closely allied with and working with the central organization should come the compulsory and medical departments, the day nurseries, penny lunches and social-center features of our public schools. Also there should be co-operation on the part of the playground system, city, county and school.

On the other hand, the work of the juvenile police department, the Juvenile Court and probation officers and of the domestic relations department of our courts should be so arranged that there will cease to be duplication of investigations, records and effort. Both city and county health departments should co-operate also. One investigation and one set of records, showing the history and conditions of every family and every individual requiring or asking for outside assistance, ought to be available to every authorized organization, institution or official that needs them.

Under such an arrangement it should certainly be impossible for one family to secure aid from two or three different sources at the same time, or for a school, a municipal and a tuberculosis nurse all to be sent to the same family. The object and the limits of the work done by private and semi-private institutions ought to be more clearly defined, so that half-a-dozen "child-savings" and benevolent institutions will not be trying to do the same work—and bidding for the same children.

According to the last report of the Municipal Charities Commission by forty-four agencies reporting to them for the year ending July 1, 1915, handled \$998,165, of which the State contributed \$29,372, the county \$17,300, and the city \$7390. According to the report of the Board of Supervisors the county expended for that year ending July 1, 1914, for charities and corrections \$999,348, and for the year ending July 1, 1915, \$1,192,265. When it comes to figures like these, paid out of the pockets of the public, it is not strange that the taxpayers and contributors to charity feel that they have a right to demand efficient and responsible administration of the various organizations and agencies handling these sums, no matter what individual organization or officials have to step aside. This does not mean that there is not room for every honest effort for the betterment of mankind—but such effort loses nothing of its humanitarian value for being directed efficiently and to the right ends.

### RIPLING RHYMES.

MOODS.

"I cannot write a poem today, I am not in the mood." I heard a long-haired poet say, a poet short of food. "Unless the inspiration comes I can produce no spile; I sit here twiddling of my thumbs and longing for a meal. And oft I feel privation's lash upon my person fall; oh, for a plate of corn-beef hash, oh, for a codfish and!" "I can't afford such things as moods," the short-haired poet said; "and I must write the platitudes that fester in my head. Perhaps my song is not inspired, perhaps it's lacking art, perchance it makes the highbrow tired and breaks the purist's heart; but all the merchants in the grad are pleased to get my trade; they know that when I owe a scud that scud is promptly paid. Each day I buckle down to work, regardless of my mood, just like a tinsmith or a clerk, with earnest zeal imbued; and then, until my muscles tire, throughout day, I punch the stuffing from my lyre and make that punching pay. Should I for inspiration wait I could not turn the trick; I could not keep my credit straight or get my meals on tick."

### TO LIFE.

Be careful, life; I've not hurt you. And why should you hurt me? I've lit my fire of song with love, And bade it burn with glee. You frown so often on us here, And wound us so at times—Thank God for hearts that have no fear, But beat where laughter chimes!

Be tender, life, of all you hold; And why should you crush me? One fair love in a thousand fold Sets countless hatreds free; And out of toll we dream of rest And out of trouble smile—Thank God for hearts in love's sweet breast That trust life's afterwhile!

Be thoughtful, life; we are so frail; But why should you be cruel? At times to win, at times to fail, At times to play the fool; But ever in what path we go, Strong children still of time—Thank God for hearts that suffer less The test of tears divine!

Be generous, life! We need so much; And why should you not give? With all high thoughts and hopes in view, We tell that love may live. Our best, though it be counted poor, Rings true, whatever we do; And, so, why should you hurt us, life, If we have not hurt you?

—[Bentonsville, Mo.]

### PEN POINTS

BY THE STAFF.

"After the war, what? Why not 'Whom'?"

To Woodrow Wilson, greeting, March 1917—March forth.

Speaking of the everlasting voice, there is Col. William J. Bryan.

However, how Col. Bryan must wear about the news from Washington.

Castor oil is now a dollar a gallon. Then cheers and a tiger! shout Johnnie.

President Wilson no doubt is praying to be saved from his political friends.

Not a bit too early to arrange for a national celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

Even in the case of Senator Gore there are none so blind as those who will not see.

Col. Roosevelt admits that he is sick of the "uplift" chatter. That ought to make it unanimous.

We don't care to knock, but the girls must wait for leap year, well, we have ideas about it.

It is a bit early, but the landslide political artists are already at work. Now is the straw-vote feed.

Col. Ike Sherwood's voice is still in peace—and one of the munition plants in the Toledo (O.) district.

The strength of the La Follette boom depend entirely on how Uncle Ike Stephens' check-book is working.

Scotch distilleries are to be turned to munition plants. As if real old Scotch whisky was not dead enough.

Stand by the flag! Many Democrats are not doing it, but don't chide them; they are not accustomed to doing so.

Just a bit contradictory appears to be the California Prohibition "split." Don't they order something else?

Easterners who are coming to California just now for a lark will find plenty of things if they care for that sort of fowl.

Father's bank account is vanishing in the snow under an April sun back East under the allurements of the Fashion Show.

Now if President Wilson doesn't change his mind before he gets Congress committed to his policy as to our foreign affairs.

What is the difference between driving an automobile at breakneck speed and trying a deadly weapon so far as results are concerned?

The Chinese celebrate their new year by paying their debts. It is strictly a yellow man's idea. It would never be popular among the white race.

It is claimed that in twenty years it will be possible to cross the Atlantic Ocean in fifteen hours by an aerial service. That is what they claim.

What a busy time the old madder have in Europe after the war. There will be enough men to go round. Every month ought to be leap year.

President Wilson is progressing. keeps on he will be quite a President. reason of the fact that he is standing for a number of Republican policies.

The new conversational stockings, priced \$100, have made their appearance at Palm Beach. That is an apropos name, right. We have heard a lot of conversation about what a stocking holds.

Just about the time that the country agrees that Billy Limer has retired from public life his name breaks out in the proceedings at Chicago. He is now being tried for violation of the banking laws.

Poor old Champ Clark is, after all, a democrat. He is not too proud to stand President Wilson, who is in the place, thinks he ought to have occupied, against the man who made the displacement possible.

Today President Wilson is of the opinion that every American should be permitted to go where he pleases, whether the sea carries him across the seas is or not. What will be his position tomorrow nobody knows.

Whatever may come of the investigation of the case of Brandeis, his temperamental unfitness has been demonstrated. He stands out strongly against ability, and brilliancy, which in this case do seem to be questioned.

### TO LIFE.

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—[Bentonsville, Mo.]

### Good R

Odd lines taken \$1 a yard; five warp prints and b most part, for savings for new dre

### New



## Good Ribbons at 50c Yard

Odd lines taken from regular stock, in qualities up to \$1 a yard; five to eight inches wide—stripes, plaids, warp prints and brocades. We are selling them, for the most part, for sashes, children's hair bows and as trimmings for new dresses, or for fancywork; special... 50c (Ribbons; Main Floor)

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—

**Coulter Dry Goods Co.**

FOUNDED IN 1878

U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

## Today's Special Luncheons

Served between 11 and 2:30 today—Cafe, Fourth Floor.

### At 50c

Chicken Gumbo Soup, Croutons  
Fried Hashed Beef, Potatoes, Butter  
or  
Baked Individual Chicken Pie  
Mashed Potatoes  
Strawberry Tartlets, Whipped Cream  
or  
French Ice Cream and Cakes  
Demi Tasse

### At 35c

Braised Short Ribs  
of Beef  
Browned Potatoes  
New England Pumpkin Pie  
Demi Tasse

# New Fashions, New Spring Things, New Showings All Over the Store

## Women All Must Know What Spring and Summer Millinery Fashions Will Be

And they are coming from far and near to see what we have prepared in the way of displays of the various styles.

It is a dignified and pleasing exhibit of the most informal character, an assemblage of handsome copies of the choicest imported models, and varied showings of our own creations.

Many women are particularly attracted by the diversity of style in hats at moderate prices—a feature for which we are notably distinguished.

Such well-known makers as Rawak, Mode, Vogue, Moorehead & Jardine and others have contributed their richest designs to us this spring.

Whether you need a simple hat for every-day wear, one that is appropriate for sports apparel, or the most elaborate style for wear with formal gowns, we are sure that we have it, either ready to put on, or that we can fashion it exactly to your requirements.

(Millinery; Main Floor)



## Forty Shades We Show in Haskell's Silks—the Famous "Quality First" Made-in-America Silk

The costumes that grace the coming season's festivities will, as usual, be largely made from Coulter silks. We do not believe we have ever before had a variety so pleasing, and in spite of everything, Coulter silk prices are no higher in any particular—indeed, many of the gorgeous and novelty things are lower in price than we have ever had them before. Today's news is, in particular, of

### Haskell's Famous Pure Dye American-Made Silks

the firm whose slogan, "Quality First," has given them pre-eminence in their line of manufacture. Forty new shades, in five different weaves, are here for you to select from.

There are rich glaze taffeta checks, from the tiniest to the daring bold green and blue changeant blocks; at \$1.75 a yard; there are the dainty ombre stripes chiffon taffetas, in glaze effect, quaint in their distinct individuality, at \$1.75 a yard; the rich satin Raye, at \$2 a yard; and the well-liked Faille Francaise, at \$2.25; as well as a new Bathing Suit Satin, in navy or black, at \$2.25 a yard.

In these days of doubtful silks—will you not take especial pains to see these sturdy, dependable weaves?

(Silks; Broadway Annex)



## Cut and Etched Glass 1/2

Certain odd pieces which we shall not re-order must be closed entirely out of stock—Water

Sets, Lemonade Sets, Sugar and Cream Sets, Grape Juice and Whiskey Glasses, Vases, Salt and Pepper Shakers, Sugar Shakers and dozens of other usable and thoroughly good articles of the sort must be sold at just half what they really ought to bring, judged from the standpoints of usefulness and quality.

(Glassware; South Aisle)

## Bedding Bargains Open Only to Buyers Who Come Today

Because we can fill no mail orders, or requests over the telephone, and the offers hold good for today only:

### Comforts

—full size, silkline covered; all dark, serviceable colors; stitched scroll pattern; reg. \$1.50, each... 95c

### Blankets

—full size, woolnap blankets; dark gray only; regularly \$1.50, pair... 95c

### Feather Pillows

—full size; best herringbone ticking; best mixed feather filling; guaranteed; regularly \$1.50, each... 95c

### Odds and Ends

—of comforts, blankets, etc., marvelously reduced.

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

## Inexpensive Stationery

Patrons who know this good boxed letter paper will buy liberally of it at this price; Santa Barbara Lawn boxed stationery; firm quality, with gilt-edged correspondence cards, boxes containing 24 cards or sheets, and 24 envelopes to match; 35c box; three for... \$1.00

### Bulk Paper Reduced

Santa Barbara Lawn — a box of bulk paper, our usual 35c quality, and three packages of envelopes, usually 45c, to match; total value of 80c, all... 59c

(Stationery; South Aisle)

## People Who Expect to Buy Vacuum Bottles—Buy Today

For two very good reasons—one, the fact that prices are favorably reduced today; the second, that, along with so many other things, the wholesale prices of these goods are advancing sharply.

Simplex Vacuum Bottles are guaranteed to keep liquids hot for 30 hours; or cold for 80 hours; think of the convenience of having hot coffee to go with the luncheons you put up for picnickers or for those in the household who carry their luncheons; or the delight of having an ice-cold beverage on a warm summer day, when ice is unobtainable!

The dollar bottles, pint size (not more than one to a customer,) are offered today at, each... 85c  
Quarts; regularly \$1.75, for... \$1.25

(Leather Goods; Main Floor)



## Sports 35c and Skirtings 75c

They have the call now—here in all colors, wide stripes with white, or without any white at all, 35c and 75c a yd. New Galateas—in every conceivable pattern; plain colors, checks, plaids, narrow or wide stripes, at 20c. Devonshire Cloth—in novel patterns and styles, at 25c. New Percaines—light or dark colors; best quality, at 15c. New Gingham—in plain colors, checks and plaids; stripes wide or narrow, 12 1/2 to 25c.

A Washable White Corduroy, 50c  
—Just received; this 36-inch white corduroy suiting; it will go quickly enough at only 80c.  
(Wash Goods; Rear South Aisle)

## Ask the Woman Who Wears a Lily of France Corset Why She Prefers It

And ten chances to one she will reply, "Because it keeps its shape so beautifully."

And one very excellent reason why these (or any) corsets have this very important requisite, is that we take particular pains to fit them correctly.

For this reason we must carry many models; and we are now showing forty-two distinct and separate ones in the Lily of France.

To be exact, there are several more than forty-two; but these forty-two constitute the new spring models which we show in this favorite corset.

Can you possibly imagine that in an assortment so diverse, you can fail to be correctly, comfortably and stylishly fitted?

There are models for slight figures, for plump figures, for tall and short; and they have tops, low and medium busts.

The materials are fine striped coutils and brocade, in white and delicate flesh pink—and they are so pretty, in themselves, that they would convert even a con-

Prises are \$3.50 and higher; and there are a number of models at each price. (Corsets; Second Floor.)

## Newest in Separate Blouses

Not in months have we had such diversified and charming styles in separate blouses as now—and each express augments the display.

### Sports Waists

—in striped crepe de chine, are daintily fashioned in blues, rose, green, brown and lavender, on white... \$3.75

### Wash Silk Waists

—in every new stripe combination you can imagine—lavender, green, blue, tan or brown; from \$5 to \$7.50

### Hand-Embroidered Waists

—some embellished with beads; made of fine crepe de chine; handsomely trimmed with fancy cut steel buttons... \$8.50

New Tailored Linen Waists—will have great popularity, for sports wear; in blue, rose or white, \$3.75 to \$6.50.

(Waists; Second Floor)

### Plain Crepes de Chine

—in white, pink and maize; cut along smart lines, with fronts that lap over on either side; also... \$3.75

### Plain Silk Waists

—in delicate pastel shades; some with the new rolling collar, and cuffs in white, or in solid colors, \$5 to \$8.50

### Georgette Crepe Waists

—in white; flesh, rose, maize, and black-and-white; some made of all-over embroidery; some in the daintiest frilled models, at \$5.00 to... \$7.50

## Value in Spring Suits at \$21.75

The price is commonplace enough; but the suits—how distinctly out of the ordinary they are can only be realized when you see them for yourselves!

The new checks in black-and-white are prominently featured; there are plain gabardines and poplins, too, in navy and black, which will be good for year-round wear; compare these with other suits at... \$21.75

## New Suits of Taffeta Silks

Or of combinations of taffeta and serge, in navy and black, range in price from \$25 to \$97.50.

Other models in greens and the new eggplant shades are worth coming to see.

(Garments; Second Floor)



## A Sale of the Daintiest Hand-Sewn, Hand-Embroidered Lingerie

It surely seems as though every woman who wants it can have this extremely fine lingerie now—at these prices—

### Gowns

—regularly \$5, \$6, \$7.50 and \$10, now \$3.50, \$4, \$5 and... \$7.50

### Envelope Chemise

—regularly \$5, \$6 and \$7.50, now \$3.50, \$4.00 and... \$5.00  
—made in America; regularly \$1.75, \$2.25 and... \$2.25

### Gowns

—hand embroidered in America; regularly \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.75 — \$1.25, \$1.75 and... \$2.00



## Savoy Shirts In a Hundred Patterns

The man who wears a Savoy shirt never has to apologize for its fading, or for its poor pattern—for Savoy shirts don't fade, and no snapper patterns can be bought than we show now, in the new spring arrivals:

### Pleated Bosoms

—in seventy-five or a hundred new patterns, in madras, white or colored grounds, box, narrow and fancy pleats, sizes 13 1/2 to 18, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

### Soft Shirts

—with soft attached cuffs; oxford and madras weaves in handsome stripes of all shades; 13 1/2 to 18, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

(Men's Furnishings; South Aisle)

## What Is New in Fine Wool Dress Goods

All the late effects in fine woollens for suits, dresses and sports apparel will be found assembled here; and particular favorites this season are the bold black-and-white patterns and their opposites—the white-and-black:

White and Black Stripes—54 inches wide; in whipcord weave... \$2.25

White and Black Pekin Stripes—54 inches wide, \$1.75 and... \$3.00

—50 inches wide, in stripes or plaids... \$2.75

White and Black Serge Suitings—56 inches wide, at... \$2.25

Check Serge Suitings—to be made up into sports coats; brown or navy and white checks; 56 inches wide... \$2.25

(Woolens; Broadway Annex)

## Newest Dress Trimmings

Are ready for you to make selection from now—spangled flouncing in different widths, with bands and edges to match; a wonderfully complete line of ornaments and tassels; jet trimmings in wide array; and the rose trimmings for which everybody is asking; as well as gold and silver, antique and metal bands and edges.

(Trimmings; Broadway Annex)

## Big Absorbent Bath Towels Special 25c

These big, "thirsty" towels are made of fine mercerized yarn; with pink, blue or yellow border; and are good 35c quality.

### Table Linen, \$1.25 Yard

—extra fine Irish linen in a dozen new patterns. 22x22-inch napkins to match, dozen, \$3.50.

### Napkins, \$4.85 Dozen

—25x25 size; only two designs in this odd lot; slightly soiled; a \$7.50 quality.

(Linen; Rear South Aisle)

### Napkins, \$2.90 Dozen

—100 dozen, 22x22-inch, pure linen; snow white; extra fine quality; five new designs; regular \$3.50 values.

### Bed Spreads, \$1.75

—for out of doors sleeping porches; made in serviceable dark blue; special at this price.



224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S

## Newest Gloves for Outing and Sports Wear

These gloves are just-arrived, and are fresh and perfect products of the best glove-makers; women are wearing them for motoring, for sports and general outing purposes, to which they are admirably adapted:

Gray Buckskin Gloves, with soft turnback cuff of contrasting tan, priced at \$2.50; in short length, \$1.75.

Washable Cape Gloves, short, \$1.75 value, at \$1.50.

Chamoisette Gauntlet Gloves, washable, of course, \$1.25.

New French Gloves—have recently arrived; black or white, with fancy embroidered backs; two pearl clasps; soft and perfect kid; at \$2.25.

(Gloves; Main Floor)

## New Bags in the Flat Style

So many women want the flat envelope bag nowadays—we have plenty of them, in smart sizes and styles; daintily fitted, beautifully silk lined and made of genuine leathers—goat seal and crepe seal grain, pin seal or Vachette, at \$3 and \$4.

Others, from \$3.50 to \$7, comprise novelties that you would hardly expect to secure for so little.

(Leather Goods; Main Floor)

## Few Mothers Can Equal These Dresses at \$1.25

Even if they care to spend the time at home, when such dainty altogether practical dresses as we offer now can be purchased, ready to slip on, for such little prices.

There are the sturdy, practical gingham for little people, and even for girls up to 14 years, at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50.

And some wonderfully attractive Linen Middy styles in tan and rose, have just come in, for girls of six to fourteen years, to sell at \$3.50 and \$9.50.

(Girls' Wear; Second Floor)



COULTER'S — 215-229 South Broadway

Cafe—Fourth Floor—Open from 11 to 3 Daily



# Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade, Local Produce Market—Citrus Markets

## HARDENING OF PRICES BRINGS LIGHT DEALINGS.

Undertone of the Market, Despite Smallness of Volume, is the Strongest for Several Days with Gains of One to Three Points Irregularly Scattered—Steel and Rails Assume Their Usual Lead.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE]

NEW YORK, March 3.—Market prices hardened today appreciably. Trading was the lightest and most circumscribed of any recent day but the undertone, save for a few specialties, denoted quiet confidence. Gains of one to more than three points were irregularly distributed, except in the railway division, which was extremely apathetic. Better known issues of the war group continued more than their proportionate gains, with exceptional activity in a few of the equipment shares. Oil also seemed unusually active, with the Texas Company responding to the extent of 3 points or more on reports of discoveries of fresh oil wells in Mexico and along that border.

For a while United States Steel surprised its active leadership to such an extent as to lead the market in a move that was made up later.

Steel took the foremost place later, however, rising 1 1/2 to 2 and showing greater strength than any other active stock.

Among the few weak issues were General Motors and Consolidated Gas and Electric of Baltimore. Motors made full recovery.

## STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK.

[Compiled by Lewis &amp; Ryan, Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles.]

NEW YORK, March 3.—Following were the closing prices of the principal stocks and quotations for the principal commodities.				
	High	Low	Bid	Ask
100 Alaska	200	199	198 1/2	199 1/2
100 Am. Can. Co.	75	74	73 1/2	74 1/2
100 Am. Coal & Oil	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Cotton	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Lumber	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Oil	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Paper	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Rubber	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Steel	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Sugar	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Tea	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Tobacco	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Wool	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Zinc	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Copper	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Lead	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Tin	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Silver	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Gold	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Platinum	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Palladium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Iridium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Rhodium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Osmium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Selenium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Tellurium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Vanadium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Niobium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
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100 Am. Niobium	110	109	108 1/2	109 1/2
100 Am. Tantalum	110	109		



**MORE MERIT; MORE PAY.**  
Term of Service is not Measure

Three years of service for the county does not mean an increase in salary, as indicated by numerous applications for an increase under the

new salary ordinance passed recently by the Board of Supervisors. Several members of the board met with the Civil Service Commission to protect such advancements merely because an individual has been employed over the stated period.

It is only meritorious service after three years of service that will bring the desired advancement to the highest possible salary under the civil service ruling. Commissioner Riv-

lacy declared that if the increase of salary was granted automatically there would be no need of the Bureau of Efficiency, or the commission for that matter.

The matter came to a head through the appearance of County Auditor Lewis with the request for advance pay for two members of his department.

On Saturday. Make a practice of phoning your Sunday ads to The Times on Friday day or night. Collection for the service be made at your home or office. Main 320 Home 1939.



anto Ec

the finest train in

Extra Fast—  
Extra Fine—  
Extra Fare—  
Saves a day to  
Chicago

parts Tuesdays  
8:00 P.M.  
*Exclusively for  
first-class travel  
Carries a limited  
number of passengers*  
Santa Fe City Office,  
24 So. Spring St.

any time  
or night—  
Main 734  
Fe Station  
—Main 3235



**did  
service**

as with Chicago  
 Lv. 1:25 p. m., at Chicago  
 11:30 a. m.  
 Route—Union Pacific System—  
 of three daily trains via Southern  
 Western Ky.  
 San Francisco 4:00 p. m.  
 (Extra Fare)  
 Lv. San Francisco  
 1:40 p. m.,

**Express** Lv. San Francisco  
7:00 p. m.  
connections with these trains leave  
m., 8:00 p. m. and 10:15 p. m.  
also leave Los Angeles 9:00  
Salt Lake Route and connect  
and Limited at Ogden, Utah,  
leave 8:00 p. m. and con-  
Atlantic Express at Ogden.  
Information and particulars

Spring St.  
Cal. Phone  
and Mail

**NEWS**

**Colleges**

**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**  
Boarding and Day School. College  
courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science  
Education. Phone 87504. Miss Louise

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**—Young Boys—Military—A master**  
Every boy recites every lesson  
all year. 800 So. Alvarado. 53647.

ADAMS AND HOOVER STREETS  
TWENTY-THIRD YEAR  
Accredited University of California  
Night Grade, High School, Post-Graduate  
Sewing, Applied Arts, Standardized  
Miss Parsons and Miss Deenan, Principals

**NOTICE**  
**To Real Estate Men**  
For all sales in WINDSOR SQUARE we  
pay FULL commission to other  
agents.  
**R. A. ROWAN & CO.**  
220 7th Insurance Bldg.











## Timely Garden Suggestions



### Tuberose "The Pearl"

An old favorite flower. We again call your attention to the fact that now is the time to plant tuberose for Summer blooming. The stock which we offer you is especially fine. Large, plump mother bulbs which will furnish you with an abundance of strong spikes of bloom by May of the present year. Deliciously fragrant—easily grown; no garden complete without them. Be sure and make a planting. Now is the time to do it.

PRICE—Postpaid to any address—  
Per dozen 75c.  
6 bulbs 40c.

### Plant These Carnations Now

Now is a splendid time to start a bed of these exquisite, fragrant and popular plants. We have a large stock of young, thrifty plants which will furnish you an abundance of flowers during the coming Autumn and Winter. Plant early for best results.

#### Roosevelt

Color a deep, rich, velvety crimson. Free grower and constant bloomer.

#### Gorgeous

A new giant, deep rose pink variety. Blossoms on well-grown plants attain a diameter of 3 1/2 to 4 inches.

#### Enchantress

One of the largest flowered Carnations grown. The color is an exquisite shade of day-break pink.

PRICE—Of any of the foregoing varieties, postpaid—  
Per dozen, 75c. Six plants, 40c.

#### Fair Maid

Delicate pink, deeply fringed, intensely fragrant blossoms.

#### Victory

Rich, bright scarlet. Flowers very large. Intensely fragrant.

#### Beatrice Mayberry

Extra large. Color bright rose pink.

#### Los Angeles

Pure white. Petals deeply fringed. Strong clove scent.

### Verbena—"Crimson King"

We have a fine stock of this sensational novelty in Verbenas. It is by all odds the largest flowered and brightest colored Verbena ever produced. The individual flowers are as large as a fifty-cent piece. Trusses immense. Just the thing for parkway planting or for sunny beds.

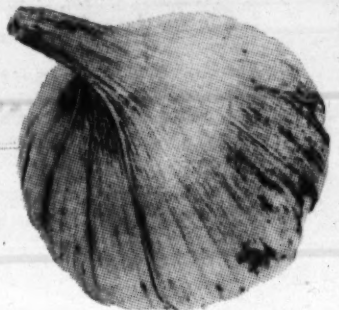
PRICE—Postpaid, per dozen, \$1.00; six plants, 50c.

### Giant English Daisies

A new class with flowers of enormous size. Just the thing for a nice border plant or for dwarf edgings. They thrive in either sun or shade. We can offer you these in two colors—deep rose and pure white. Nice thrifty plants which will bloom at once.

PRICE—Per dozen, postpaid, 35c; per hundred, \$2.00.

### Gladiolus H. & S. Prize Mixed Strain



Now is the time to make a planting of these favorite bulbs for early Summer blooming. The strain which we offer you is one of unexcelled quality. The flowers occur in a wide range of colors, remarkable for their diversity, and for size. There is nothing in the bulbous line which will give you greater satisfaction nor which can be more readily brought to maturity. **SPECIAL OFFER**  
Regular price—Postpaid, per dozen, \$1.00.  
Special price—For this week, per doz., 75c. per 100—\$6.00.  
Fifty bulbs at hundred rates.  
Try some of these. They are good. They will more than please you.

### Some Timely Suggestions from Our Floral Department

We have an unusually fine display of seasonable Spring flowers at our Ninth and Olive street store. Dainty Heather in full bloom, early Daffodils, choice hothouse Roses and Carnations, perfect specimens of Whitmanil Ferns, Orchids, Lily of the Valley, etc.

**Why** not send one of our baskets of Spring Flowers to your friends? Nothing more acceptable in the living-room, sick room, etc. We have a constant supply of seasonable cut flowers, latest designs in wedding bouquets, funeral designs—in fact, everything which applies to the highest developments in modern floral art.

*Howard & Smith*

9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES

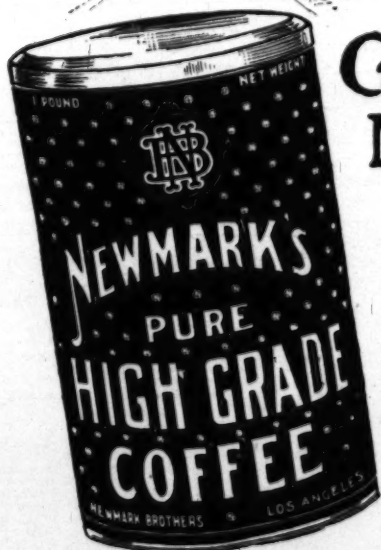
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO

MAIN 1745-10957



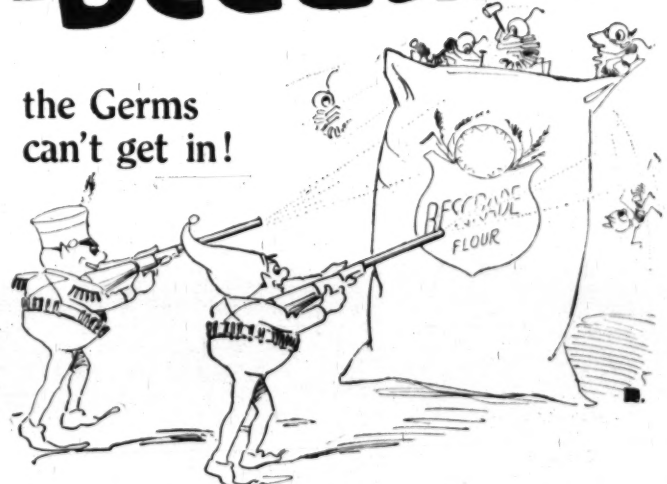
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[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

## THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.). P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

## THE CITY AND THE COAST.

AT last a perfectly good use has been discovered for the rich and riotous Japanese persimmon which flourishes so abundantly in Southern California. This delicious fruit can be dried to make a sort of confection. By and by the dried persimmon will have its place in popular favor with prunes and pressed figs.

THERE are thirty women in the State of California who hold State jobs with salaries of from \$2500 to \$4000. If there must be so many State jobs lying around loose, it is a good thing to have a few of them in the hands of capable women.

THE other day in this city a man at the age of 92 married a woman who is now 53, but whom he knew as a little girl when she lived on a farm adjoining his own back East. Southern California just naturally made him feel as young as that.

PROBABLY the best part of the Orange Show at San Bernardino every year is that so many people take advantage of the excursion rates out of Los Angeles and see all the beautiful surrounding country while they are over there.

JANE ADDAMS is visiting at Pasadena. Maybe somebody can persuade her to give up Chicago as a bad job and move to Southern California, where women are really appreciated as the queens of the earth.

THE mustard fields are again flaunting their gold in the face of the sun with their perennial touch of beauty for Southern California.

This year the Easter lilies will be far ahead of themselves. Some of those grown in hothouses have been on the market now for more than ten days. It is a satisfaction to buy them as cut flowers because every shut bud will reach perfection in a vase.

### More Smokestacks.

THAT was great stuff produced the other night where a number of the leading business men of Los Angeles were assembled and one of them outlined the needs of the city of Los Angeles at the present time as "the need of more smokestacks." Every day has its own duty, every era its needs, and Los Angeles has always had men to take up her needs and push all her enterprises to achievement.

In the old days Southern California was all a matter of pasture. Fifty years ago and less inhabitants of Los Angeles would have laughed at anyone who would insist that it ever would be a cereal-producing region. Why, the day was when potatoes were imported to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and the man would have been thought mad who would dare to suggest that the tubers could have been produced here in Southern California. Old-timers would have laughed similarly at the man who would suggest that poultry could be made a successful enterprise here in the Southland.

We have got bravely over these obsolete ideas, and have made this the garden spot of the world, developing from wheat and barley fields to fruit orchards, orange groves and walnut groves. It is known, too, as capable of the greatest expansion in the way of live-stock production, but the flocks of sheep and the bands of horses long ago gave way to orchards and gardens. It will put us to our trumps in five or ten years to find a market for our fruit crops of various kinds, including oranges and even lemons.

The home market is always the best market for any people, for the reason that consumers take up products right at the point of production, saving transportation and other expenses. Consumption depends on population, and the factory town has more mouths than the agricultural district. The surest way of disposing of our fruit crops is to provide population right at the spot, and the way to produce population and get the consumers where the products come is to establish more smokestacks, more manufacturing plants, more steam engines and more machinery. This is the work of the present day, and just as the men of the past took up and carried out successfully the development of cereal production, of fruit production and the various other agricultural and horticultural development, so the men of today, we may be sure, will take up and carry through to successful accomplishment the development of our manufacturing industries.

They will not have such a terrible task to perform. The greatest obstacle in the way will be to provide operatives to work the mills. Capital here is abundant, and pretty nearly as cheap as in New York. The new era in America will be felt here as well as everywhere else. It would astonish anyone not keeping conversant with the trend of affairs to learn that money in London is running steadily at 4 to 4½ per cent., and is a drug in the market of New York at 1 per cent. less. The old-timers used to pay 1½ per cent. a month interest for money, and the interest was collected in advance. Now there is abundance of money here at 6 per cent., or a good deal less in large sums to the right people to put into the right enterprises.

We have raw material of various kinds right at hand, and the home market is already respectable in its size, and expanding daily. The increased population dependent upon the erection of more smokestacks and the planting of more industrial enterprises will widen greatly the home market, not only for horticultural products but for the products of the home mills. Then there is the foreign market all up and down the Coast from Bering Strait to Cape Horn and across the

Pacific to the teeming millions of the Far East.

Let every shoulder be put to the wheel of progress and push it along vigorously, and we shall soon see the smokestacks rising and hear the hum of busy machinery in many new industries.

### The Balance of Trade.

THERE are few subjects in international relations more puzzling and at the same time more interesting than that known as the balance of trade. There is no end of confusion in the minds of the half-informed persons, who lack logical sequence of thought upon this subject. Continually one of these half-informed students of political economy bobs up with the assertion that to export more than a nation imports is not necessarily a matter of national wealth, and they go as far as to deny that it makes for national wealth. They cite Great Britain as a case in point, whose imports exceed its exports tremendously. They point out that that nation is the richest in the world, and that her riches have increased by her excessive imports over exports, or at least in spite of that apparent adverse balance of trade.

Of course, when you pin them down they have to confess that the income of Great Britain is greater than her outgo or she would be impoverished in short order. Great Britain has been the leading nation in industries and over-sea commerce for generations. She achieved this position first by having the greatest coal deposits of any country in the world, the nearest to the surface of the ground and therefore the cheapest to mine. This and her insular position gave her a vast advantage for over-sea commerce. In time she accumulated great wealth by importing raw material from abroad at low prices, putting an immense amount of skilled labor on this to turn out finished products which she carried to every corner of the world and sold at profits running from a hundredfold to a thousandfold. As the nation's wealth increased money became cheap, giving her another lever to boost the world-trade to her own advantage. As her industries expanded she trained a great army of skilled laborers to perform the work in her various mills and factories.

When her supply of money became superabundant and found no means of investment at home, the shrewd, capable business men of Great Britain followed their ships and their flag world-wide, seeking opportunities to invest their capital in enterprises in foreign countries. The British people financed railroads, sheep and cattle ranches, the opening and developing of mines, the insurance of property and lives, all over the world.

Here we have an inkling of how Great Britain imports goods of greater value than she exports, yet remains rich and becomes all the time richer. To bear the adverse balance of trade against the nation she has first her over-sea carrying business that brings her merchants in many millions of dollars a year. This helps to balance her trade account. Then where this falls short she draws upon her interest on money lent to build railroads and factories, to develop agricultural property, to establish banks and to develop mines and to follow all the wonderful ramifications of the industries of the world. If in turn the income from these investments becomes exhausted she falls back upon her money earned in insuring lives and properties, dividends on banks and many other forms of investment. So the national income over-balances the national outgo, and Great Britain becomes continually richer.

Here is a task for American business men of today and tomorrow. The country has ceased to be merely a gi-

gantic farm producing food for Europe, and has become a great manufacturing country, with finished products that must seek a world market if the wheels of her industries are to be kept in motion. It is up to us to learn the lesson taught by the British people, and to follow their lead. We have become the treasure-house of the world, and we must go out into the world and finance enterprises as the British have done if we are to hold our own in the industrial, commercial and financial world. There may come a time when we shall be doing as Great Britain has been doing, importing goods of greater value than we export, but we shall have to provide for that deficit as Great Britain has provided for hers or go bankrupt.

### British Blockade of Germany.

ONE of the sorest spots on the skin of this old world at the present time is that created by the continual attrition caused by the interruption of the freedom of the seas by the belligerents. Every agreed convention between the nations enacted into law, by custom, treaty or Hague proclamation, has been violated in the attempt of one belligerent to triumph over the other. Of course, no one will greatly blame the nations for this. It is regarded by both sides as a life and death struggle, not merely for the freedom of the nations engaged in the war but for the existence of these nations. Indeed, as they look upon it it is an inter-racial conflict in which the several races existing are involved.

Another point upon which pacifists of the milk-and-water or mush-and-milk type and the militarists disagree is the right or propriety of a belligerent to inflict certain suffering upon his opponent. Capt. Mahan, an American, a statesman, a student, a Christian gentleman, is on record to the effect that it is almost impossible to define the limits to which the belligerents may not inflict punishment upon their enemies. This eminent student points out the fact that the more vigorously the war is carried on, the greater the suffering that is inflicted, the greater the loss of property, the sooner the war must be brought to an end. He claims it is proper for a belligerent to get into an enemy country and destroy private property of every kind in order to bring the enemy sooner to its knees, in order, as he says, to bring the war to an end to save further destruction of property and further loss of life.

These principles of warfare, however correct they may be held, apply only to the treatment of belligerent toward belligerent, and do not touch the rights of neutrals. Here is where perhaps the greatest loss to civilization growing out of the terrific conflict in Europe may be found. Contempt for international law, the violation of well-established conventions between nations that apply to neutrals, must tend to broaden the scope of the war by dragging neutrals into the conflict.

Among the conventions entered into by nations heretofore has been the right to blockade enemy ports. But to make the blockade justifiable it must be effective. Furthermore, the blockade has been heretofore regarded as applicable to enemy ports and not to ports of neutral nations. The British government has assumed or usurped the right to seize neutral ships bound for neutral ports contiguous to the territory of her enemies, and the contention is very bitter, involving as it does the rights of the United States, the chief neutral nation in the world today. It has been openly asserted, and certain figures have been given to prove the assertion, that British merchants have been buying American products and shipping them to neutral nations contiguous to Germany, while their government has denied the right of our ships to do the same business. The British contest this statement, and



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## GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

### Faith and Fact.

Our walls of faith won't hold unless we act,  
God scorns the pretext and He wants the fact.

This life were empty had it faith alone  
Without the willing spirit to atone—  
The bolts would rust, the doors of strong-  
holds fly  
Had faith no fact with which to struggle  
by.

We slip so often in our lives sore vexed  
By some misunderstanding of the text.  
By faith alone we sometimes think we'll  
rise—  
But God builds stronger ladders to the  
skies—  
Faith re-enforced by service, deeds that  
count  
When souls grow weary here and seek to  
mount.

We cry repentance but do not repent,  
And so the strongholds of our faith are  
bent,  
And suddenly some wind of wrath goes by  
And in the dust our dreams of duty lie,  
And we, like wandering children in the  
night,  
Stand stunned and houseless in truth's  
piercing light.  
—[Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

### On the Last Long Trail.

On the last long trail, amid peals of laugh-  
ter  
From children who live free from fear or  
pain,  
Oh, may I have strength my feeling to mas-  
ter,  
At the final turn in the last long lane.

On the last long trail, while the newborn's  
crying,  
And youth is plucking its first red rose,  
May my task be complete when the toll  
bell's chiming  
The final retreat for rest and repose.

On the last long trail, when the wind is  
sighing  
At the fall of leaves in the dead of night,  
Oh, may I have strength to the last with  
dying,  
To face, without fear, my dimness of sight.  
CHARLES A. DIAMOND.

### In Passing.

Upon life's highroad, close to man's estate,  
I met a youth who wished me welladay!  
He smiled into my eyes—then went his  
way  
With buoyant tread toward the dividing  
gate.

But though his voice had hint of man's full  
ring,  
And in his smile played wisdom's subtle  
fence,  
Still were his eyes soft-toned with inno-  
cence—  
His gaze was full of sweet, grave question-  
ing.

And not his voice, nor yet his charming  
smile  
Caught my heartstrings as he passed me  
by;  
Those holy, boyish eyes caused me to sigh  
And wish the world were purged of all its  
guile!  
—[Ruth Bassett Eddy, in Youth's Compan-  
ion.

### The Montenegrin's Arms.

[London Chronicle:] To ask a Monte-  
negrin to surrender his firearms, even to the  
family heirloom, is like asking a Covenanter  
to surrender his Bible. A Black Mountain  
proverb runs: "You might as well take  
from me my brother as my rifle." The  
Montenegrin adores his revolver as a doting  
father does a beautiful daughter; and baby  
in his cradle is given the butt-end to play  
with. A Montenegrin without a rifle is  
one of those incredible things with which  
the war is every now and then surprising  
us.

### The Desert Rattler.

I found her writhing in the hellish heat,  
E'en as a soul in purgatory.  
What, thought I, is this creature's story?  
Who this siren at my feet,  
Ghiding in garments of deceit.

Some outcast's daughter of Mother Eve,  
Exiled into the wilderness,  
Some helpless harlot in distress,  
Who love-deceived, would love deceive,  
Hopeless in hell of love's reprieve.

Poor little sister condemned to hell,  
To creep, and crawl, by tedious stages  
Up through the seemingly endless ages,  
Back to the plane from whence thou fell;  
God-speed—a brother would wish thee well.  
ISAAC JENKINSON-TRAZEE.  
Moosa, Cal.

### The King's Pie.

Each year the city of Gloucester, England,  
presents the king with a pie. For many  
centuries, until the year 1834, Gloucester  
followed the custom of expressing its loyalty  
to the sovereign by sending him a lamprey  
pie. In that year the custom was, for some  
reason, suspended, but in 1893 it was re-  
vived, and has since been continued.

In 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee,  
it was felt that some special effort  
should be made to produce a pie that would  
be a pie indeed. The Queen's pie was  
dispatched to her palace at Balmoral upon  
a gold dish, and was of a more than usual-  
ly elaborate character. It weighed twenty  
pounds and was adorned with truffles, fine  
prawns on gold skewers, and aspic jelly.  
On the top was a representation of the  
royal crown and cushion, with a scepter  
to which were attached streamers of royal  
blue, and at the base were four golden lions.  
Ancient custom requires that the town of  
Yarmouth annually furnish to the Sheriff  
of Norwich a hundred herrings baked in  
twenty-four pies. The Sheriff conveys them  
to the Lord of the Manor of East Clareton,  
who, in turn, sends them to the King.

### When the Peons Profited.

[New York Sun:] On the only occasion  
when American soldiers and marines got  
further than Vera Cruz on the job of "clean-  
ing up Mexico" they threw away money on  
the march and paid as much as \$1.50 for a  
canteenful of water.

That was in the days of "wooden ships  
and iron men," when Gen. Scott's army  
marched from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.  
There was a company of marines from the  
San Jacinto with the army. Instead of the  
present day khaki they wore blue with white  
belts that had to be carefully pipe-clayed.

The marines deprived of the grog that  
Uncle Sam served them daily on ship-board  
in that pregrape juice year of 1846, suffered  
greatly from thirst on the road to the cap-  
ital. Water was scarce, and sometimes they  
paid as much as \$1.50 for a canteenful. They  
had been paid in silver before starting from  
Vera Cruz, and finding that the money was  
too heavy to carry they threw it away. The  
peons along the way profited from that  
march.

## HUMOR.

[Judge:] "Does he pay his alimony  
promptly?"  
"No; I have as much trouble in getting  
money out of him as if I were married to  
him."

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] Her Father:  
Can you give my daughter all the little  
luxuries to which she is accustomed?  
Her Lover: Not much longer. I've been  
doing it for over a year now, you know.

[Life:] Husband: I don't see, Estelle,  
how you could draw all your money out of  
the bank and spend it, when I specially told  
you that I wouldn't be able to give you any  
more for some time.

Wife: But I did it on purpose, dear.  
Suppose the bank should fail?

[Boston Transcript:] Wife: You know,  
Henry, I speak as I think.  
Hub: Yes, my love; only oftener.

[Judge:] Crusoe saw the footprint.  
"It is evidently Friday," he deducted;  
"pay day would be here with both feet."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Church: Have  
you noticed that dark spot on the planet  
Mars?

Gotham: Yes; it is probably another  
slide on one of her canals.

[Life:] "Is he a typical American?"  
"Yes; he likes baseball, has a motor car,  
owes a mortgage, pays alimony and thinks  
the moving pictures have grand opera beat-  
en a mile."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Why are there  
so many old jokes on the stage?"  
"Oh, they go good. That is due to the  
feeling of the superiority produced by the  
fact that you know the answer, while the  
actor gink who is being told the joke ap-  
parently does not."

[Detroit Free Press:] It being leap year  
she decided to propose.

"Will you have me for your wife?" said  
she, sweetly.

"Since you have suggested it, I will," he  
replied. "But just remember, Mame, if I  
don't turn out to be all you expect you have  
only yourself to blame."

### French Ministerial Etiquette.

[Tit-Bits:] The wives of outgoing French  
Ministers suffer a loss of dignity through  
their husband's departure from office, for  
they must conform to the rules of prece-  
dence carefully defined by the protocol.  
It is enacted that the wives of Senators and  
Deputies must rise if the wife of a Cabinet  
Minister enters a room where they are  
seated, and they must remain standing un-  
til Madame la Ministresse finds a seat.  
Ministers' wives show similar deference to  
the Premier's wife, who, in her turn must  
rise to salute the wife of the President of  
the Chamber or the President of the Senate.  
The last-named ranks in the official hier-  
archy next to the hostess of the Elysee.

## Weekly Rural Review.

Saturday, March 4, 1916.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.

[London Opinion:] "Yes, sir; one hour's  
uninterrupted reading each evening would  
make you—"

"Uninterrupted! Where do you think my  
wife spends her evenings?"

[Washington Star:] "Bliggins is always  
willing to apologize when you show him he's  
in the wrong."

"Yes; but he invariably apologizes in such  
a way as to open up the possibility of future  
controversy."

## Up-to-Date Eye-Sight

## Turn Over a New Leaf

DON'T SUFFER WITH HEADACHES, EYE  
STRAIN, TEMPLE PAINS.

Eye glass history may be roughly divided into  
three eras: Ancient, Middle Age and the Present.  
The Present is an age of Specialties—an age when  
the best is asked by competition. One of the great-  
est crimes of the Present is the indiscriminate sell-  
ing of Glasses by street peddlers and others who  
are totally incompetent to care for the eye.  
Experience and skill is the first essential. The  
special scientific instruments are required for  
measuring the refractive errors of the eye. (A  
skilled workman without proper tools is handi-  
capped.) The Glasses must be properly ground,  
accurately mounted and adjusted. None but an  
Oculist—a physician who is skilled in properly  
fitting Glasses and treating the eye—should be  
allowed to examine your eyes. As such I offer  
my services. I have had experience of

### NINETEEN YEARS IN LOS ANGELES

For twenty-four years I have  
made a study of the eye. Aside  
from the experience in caring for  
the eyes I have the very latest  
up-to-date scientific instruments  
for measuring the eye with exact  
precision. From the measure-  
ments, I determine mathemati-  
cally just what feel the lenses  
are to be made to give both eyes  
perfectly normal vision. Then  
from careful facial measurements  
the eyes are placed before the eyes in their  
correct relative position so the Glasses will not  
only look well, but be worn with comfort. Before  
the Glasses are made up, the Trial lenses are  
placed in front of the eyes and you can see for  
yourself just how they will be before ordering  
them. With my skill and equipment it is not  
necessary to put "poison drops" into the eyes for  
fitting them with Glasses. Particular people who  
wish something distinctive in Glasses or those who  
are now wearing IMPROPERLY FITTED Glasses  
or Glasses with discomfort should see me. I look  
after all the details from the beginning to the  
finished product delivered to you.

If you are suffering from any trouble with the  
eyes you should not neglect them for a single day  
as neglect may mean years and years of suffering  
or even total blindness. If you have inflamed eyes,  
conjunctivitis, granular lids, corneal ulcers, styes,  
scums, growths or any eye trouble you should see  
me. These and other troubles generally yield  
readily to my UP-TO-DATE METHODS. My  
charges are always reasonable, depending upon the  
character of the service necessary to be rendered.  
I have recently issued a 16-page booklet regard-  
ing the eyes which I will gladly mail upon request.  
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advisable to write or phone for an appointment.  
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soreness belt of constriction or pain around body;  
numbness of fingers or feet or coldness or tingling  
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demonstrated by analysis of the urine. DR. A. R.  
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WAY, Los Angeles, Cal.



challenge a proof. A London weekly paper, known as the People, published every Sunday morning, gives the following figures interesting on this subject, copied as the London hebdomadal says, from the Morning Post at Washington, U. S. A.

The figures of export from the United States to Germany and the neutral states of the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, for the first ten months of 1913 and the corresponding period of last year, as given by the Morning Post Washington correspondent, are as follows:

	1913.	1915.
Wheat Bushels.		
Germany .....	12,000,000	15,000
Neutrals .....	19,000,000	50,000,000
Maize Bushels.		
Germany .....	6,000,000	15,000
Neutrals—		
Denmark ...	4,750,000	10,950,000
Netherlands .	6,900,000	11,600,000
Other neutrals	2,100,000	6,400,000
Total neutrals..	13,750,000	28,950,000
Flour Barrels.		
Germany .....	140,000	.....
Neutrals—		
Netherlands .	708,000	1,300,000
Other neutrals	709,000	3,800,000
Total neutrals..	1,417,000	5,100,000
Bacon lb.		
Germany .....	1,100,000	273,000
Neutrals—		
Netherlands .	3,900,000	9,000,000
Other neutrals	27,000,000	82,500,000
Total neutrals..	30,900,000	91,500,000
Boots Pairs.		
Germany .....	471,000	.....
Neutrals .....	4,622,000	4,800,000
Cotton Bales.		
Germany .....	1,700,000	134,000
Neutrals .....	53,000	1,100,000
Automobiles and Parts		
Germany .....	\$ 775,000	2,800
Neutrals .....	1,300,000	20,000,000

Raffles in Skirts.

As a general rule a person who breaks into your home in the dead of night is no lady, but in these days—or, rather, these nights—you never can be sure.

Half a century ago about the only avenues of employment open to women were in the way of housework, dress-making, millinery and the washtub. Even the girl stenographer, of whom there are now a million lovely specimens, had not yet arrived, and the factory girl was also a rare bird.

But by this time the skirts have taken nearly all of man's jobs away from him. They had him pretty well brushed off the map and he was about as useless as a blind goat on Mt. Baldy, but it was thought that they might still leave him a monopoly of the trade or profession of burglary.

But not so.

We have with us this evening the lady burglar, masked, mysterious and malicious.

Male footpads have been doing a brisk business of late by doling themselves up as dames and following up a regular hold-up stunt. It seems to be a spicy and inviting life. It is very bewildering when a man thinks he is embarking on a harmless but pleasant flirtation to suddenly discover that the party in skirts has a bass voice and carries a horse pistol of malignant calibre. Under the circumstances about all a man can do is to hand over his watch and purse and make the best of it. He is even shy about telling the family the real truth about the embarrassing episode.

The marauding masquerader has an easy time of it if he can get away in safety. But one of the things a man can't do is to run a hundred yards in ten seconds while wearing a woman's skirt. An otherwise able-bodied highwayman finds it mighty hard to scale a fence, climb a tree, or jump a train while his legs are swathed in petticoats. Nevertheless it is easier to find and

secure one's prey and hence the skirted bandit has been as busy as a bootlegger at the county fair.

Possibly this success in crime prompted real women to embark in the burglary business. At any rate the soprano burglar has been heard from in different cities of our wicked republic, and she has even turned a trick or two at porch climbing. She seems to be persistently successful in raiding apartment-houses, and with an equipment of skeleton keys, a smear of chloroform and a dinky little pistol she seems equal to almost any deperate deed. It is deathly embarrassing to a man to be aroused in the dim watches of the night to find a strange woman tampering with his effects. A man may be able to complacently behold his spouse rifling the pockets of his pantaloons, but when a heifer to whom he has never been introduced is found prying open his jeans he wants to make a roar. He would do so, too, if the skirt did not cover him with her artillery and dare him to squeak or croak.

If these corseted burglars continue their nefarious career their victims will journey to the madhouse. The very thought that a brazen and determined skirted bandit might climb into the window of his apartment and steal the false teeth that nestled unsuspectedly in a glass of water at the head of his bed would scare 'most any bachelor to death.

That was the experience of one reputable citizen in an eastern town. He is living on liquid nourishment for the present and he is advertising in the papers that if the lady burglar will return his molars no questions will be asked.

While Prexy Wilson is doing things won't he please take up the case of the lady burglar. He can at least write one of his famous notes.

American Merchant Marine.

NOT in fifty years has there been so much earnest discussion about the rehabilitating of the American merchant marine as is heard today in all quarters wherever business men meet to discuss our affairs. The subject is occupying the attention of our so-called statesmen naturally enough.

It is a very simple matter, if the politicians could only be brought to see the truth. As it is, in spite of their hindering activity, there are more ships being built in American yards today than ever before. This is one of the outcomes of the great war that has driven German shipping from the ocean, tied up that of the entente allies from its natural occupation, giving an opportunity for Americans to build, man and operate ships.

This subject is particularly interesting to us here on the Pacific Coast, especially in California with her large over-sea commerce from her two great commercial emporiums, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The government, which is pretending to take so much interest in the rehabilitating of the American merchant marine, has dealt the industry blows as destructive as that of Capt. Simms's commerce-destroyers in the Civil War. And, by the way, it is just as well to remember that these commerce-destroyers were built in Great Britain and turned over to the Confederate captain on the easiest terms imaginable. It is shrewdly suspected by many Americans that the Confederate government never paid out a real dollar for the Alabama, that the ships were not only built in Great Britain but financed with British money for the special purpose of destroying American commerce.

If it were not for the La Follette shipping law, really formulated by Andrew Furuseth, a foreigner by birth and an agitator by profession, American shipping would have a much better chance for rehabilitation than it has. Cowardly poli-

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

HAVING baby week and the fashion show at practically the same time is fine business. It will help some in correcting the growing impression that babies have gone out of fashion. The average woman whose social position is assured has a limousine, a bull dog with a face like a war map, a Persian cat and a husband who comes home Saturday nights. But there is no baby.

The houses they build these days have a delect breakfast-room, a sun parlor, a plunge bath, a cocktail closet, a billiard-room and a den, but there is no nursery.

There is no room for baby. One lovely matron was thinking of her kennels when an afternoon visitor casually inquired if she had any children. Absent-mindedly she replied: "No we drown them all before they have their eyes open!"

But babies are yet to be reckoned with. They are still permissible in polite society and a wedded woman may rear a small family without utterly losing caste.

Hence we have with us baby week, a national institution, sponsored by one of the greatest departments of the government at Washington—which still lives. The baby is the charity of the past, the faith of the present and the hope of the future.

Over two thousand different communities have indicated by their correspondence with the children's bureau an observance in some form of the week just beginning. Thousands of others will do so without letting the government know a thing about it, and babies—both in the abstract and in the concrete—will have their place in the sun. The broad State of Texas, where babies were a mighty scarce article half a century ago, has adopted a slogan for the week—"Baby health in Texas is wealth." In Mississippi where swart pickaninies are more plentiful than white babies, they had a State-wide competition to secure a suitable slogan—not a baby cry, or a cry baby, but a catchy phrase that would indicate the pride of the Magnolia State in its native sons. In the Dakotas there are to be prize essays from the schools and colleges, and even Father Knickerbocker will have a baby show in Gotham. In almost every section save possibly Newport and Palm Beach—where fox terriers have precedence—some attention will be paid to baby.

In the way of essays and talks to mothers' clubs the subjects have a wide range, including eugenics, preparedness, visiting nurses, welfare stations, classes for prospective mothers, milk inspection, rest-rooms, home nurseries, disease prevention, sanitary garments, twilight sleep, kindergartens, how to hold baby without the use of a shawl strap and how to keep baby from becoming a human pin-cushion. Mother has a day and father about ten minutes, but baby has a whole week for consideration and celebration, and is surely coming into his own or her own.

But after all a baby is one of the most important and interesting specimens of natural history and has had a good deal to do with the world since the days of Adam and Eve. Baby comes into the world red-faced, wrinkled, bald and toothless and after leading a long and feverish life is apt to leave in the same physical form. It is always easy to raise other people's babies for them and in fact other people

ticians took their orders from Furuseth and his gang and passed the law. If the administration really wants to see the American merchant marine grow as it has not grown since the Civil War, the best means to accomplish it will be to radically modify the act referred to here, or, better still, repeal it.

When the thing first came up The Times, in this department, prophesied that it would drive the American flag from the Pacific Ocean. The administration backed the mischievous measure, and owes it to the country, and to California particularly, to repeal the act, now that its effect has become evident. Among other things The Times contended for was that it was vicious to prevent railroads from owning and operating lines of ships that made a continuous carriage of goods from the point of production to the point of con-

sumption. It would be just as sensible to force the Santa Fe Railroad Company to segregate its line between Chicago and Los Angeles into from two to ten links, operated under different boards of directors, as it is to forbid the transcontinental railroads to own a line of ships to continue the carriage of goods brought across the continent by rail to San Francisco, destined to the Orient by ships. These ships parallel no line of railroad.

In spite of the law, from the conditions growing out of the war, ships are being built in American yards and others purchased from foreign flags. Seattle has a new contract for two big steamships, and San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles and other points along the Coast would experience a tremendous boom if shipbuilding were only possible on a large scale.

As a general proposition no one wants to kiss a baby but the mother and she can best shoo the germs away with a palm-leaf fan. Most men never want to kiss a baby unless it is of the female persuasion and at least 16 years old.

Mark Twain discovered the diary Adam kept at the time he was raising Cain. Still more interesting would be baby's diary. For instance:

"Jan. 1. Gee! This is a funny world. I just got here and a strange guy with specs hung me up in a napkin and says: 'He weighs nine pounds and looks just like his father.' A woman with a white cap on her head says: 'For the love of Mike, is it as bad as that? Hadn't we better chloroform him, Doc?' Then a strange brute with hair on his face comes in and asks was it a boy or a girl. 'It's a boy,' says Doc. 'Hell!' said the strange brute, 'I wanted a girl.'"

"Jan. 2. I've been hungry all morning. I don't think I'll like these people. I can't speak their language. They think they know mine, but they don't. When I tell them I am hungry they commence to feel me over for pins. A woman with a white face asked for me and they took me in the room where she was lying down. She held me for a while and I think I like her better than the rest of them."

"Jan. 8. This would be all right if I didn't have to wait so long for my meals. They're funny people and only eat three times a day. Otherwise they mean well. We had company today. One girl was a peach and wanted to hold me in her arms all the time. I think I will like her when I grow up. I started to sing for the company but the nurse came and took me in another room. I think she's a grouch."

"Jan. 15. Think I'll stay here. That girl came again."

"Jan. 20. That strange brute knows me and is trying to learn my language. It's funny. He says to the woman in the white face: 'I think I'll call him William Smith, Jr.' But the woman came back quick and said, 'I've already named him Archibald.' Gee! That was a narrow escape. If it hadn't been for her I would have been a 'Hello, Bill!'"

And so on.



Weekly Rural Review.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)

know it, and occupies a prominent place at dinners of mark. It is, nevertheless, a mal-conditioned affair for the reason that, in order to reach our markets unspoiled, it must be picked before it is fully ripe and, unfortunately it will not properly ripen after being picked. It merely softens without acquiring quality. This is likely to impose a limit to its profitable culture in California. It is at its best when fully ripened on the tree and, unfortunately, has almost no keeping quality, beginning to spoil by black rot in the pulp very soon after being picked. But for this it would be plentiful and cheap in our markets at present.

"Throughout tropical America it is grown in great quantity, and in the city markets is stacked up in great heaps that can be had at almost any price. I have bought it at two for a cent, retail, and for 50 cents (Spanish-American silver) one would need a bull cart to carry away what could be bought. Literally, when a vessel has been in port for a week and the mess supplied with vegetables by a bumboat woman, she may, as a parting gift of small value, present a bushel or more of prime avocados. I have seen it done.

"If it is ever to become a fruit produced extensively in California it will be necessary to Burbank keeping qualities into it, or produce a fruit that will properly ripen after being picked. Even when that is done it is difficult to see how any extensive market can be developed. It is not a fruit to be eaten offhand, but is a salad fruit only and one which soon palls. It is for occasional eating only, and as such can only have a limited use. Without doubt, those who first bring the trees to bearing will obtain ample reward, but it seems well to beware a very extensive planting. Where it can be raised, everyone should have at least one tree for home use, thereby being able to get it in prime condition."

Glendora Check Dams.

In the daily Times of February 21 is a report of the action of the Glendora Flood Control Association in calling an assessment of \$2.50 per acre on all contiguous land for the purpose of constructing check dams in the Big and Little Dalton canyons. The report goes on and says:

"The action taken to build check dams was based on the recommendation of a committee comprising ten or more leading ranchers who had gone to Haines Canyon to inspect the experimental work done there by the county in building check dams. These gentlemen came back with glowing reports after the trip of investigation."

It is to be regretted that the County Flood Engineer has not had a man stationed in the canyon to help these investigating committees find and ascertain all of the physical records that are so plainly written there from the last flood storm. It is gratifying that committees like this can come along and see without being shown how Southern California has finally triumphed over its common enemy, the flood terror.

The independent committee going alone is in marked contrast to the investigation made by L. J. Matthews, editor of the Covina Progress. He was accompanied by County Flood Engineer Reagan, who has written so much in his official reports denunciatory of check dams, and, as far as local records go, did not meet any "old residents" of the valley except Reagan. It is very likely that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce knew whereof they spoke last summer when it petitioned the Board of Supervisors to rescind the appointment of this engineer with false doctrines.

The demand now is to check-dam every ravine and canyon. Then to make channels and runways in accordance with the needs, but every stream bed to consist of a series of drops and baffles from the canyon mouth to the sea.

Our readers will not fully comprehend the possibility of this until they first see how the check dams clear the basic problems of silt and velocity.

Proof of Ability.

[Baltimore Star:] "So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" snorted the old man. "Do you consider yourself financially able to do so?"

"Well," replied the suitor, "after a fellow has bought chocolates and flowers for a girl for a year, and has taken her to a theater twice a week, and is still not broke, I think he can afford to get married."

Belated Restitution.

SEVERE PENALTY PAID FOR HEARTLESSNESS AND SELFISHNESS.

BY VLASTA A. HUNGERFORD.

The man leaned forward and touched the woman on the shoulder. The act was impulsive, and he immediately drew back abashed. Still, his face held something of resolution and a great crying need shone in his eyes as she turned.

Her expression of abstracted inquiry changed to one of utter surprise as she recognized him. She paled a little and her hands clutched defensively at the parcel she held in her lap.

"You!" she exclaimed amazedly. His face reddened under the lack of welcome in her tone, but he wasn't going to be disconcerted.

"I'm going to sit with you, Mary," he said abruptly. "I want to talk—there is so much I want to say."

However, when he seated himself beside her, words failed him. This meeting, chance though it was, he had pictured scores of times during the past six years—just what he would say and do, her ready forgiveness and tears of joy at seeing him again, and the great surprise in store for her. He was summoning up courage to speak when she broke his thought with characteristic brevity.

"Are you married?" "Married; indeed not!" he managed to gasp, her question scattering his approach and again leaving him in helpless silence. Her gaze strayed to the flying landscape that skimmed by the car window.

So, she thought he had gone so far as to get a divorce. She must indeed believe him worse than he really was. Underlying his sense of restitution, he felt, vaguely, that she was probably justified in thinking so. A trouble shadow crept into his eyes as he noted her aloofness of gaze and interest.

She had grown quite pretty. Her slender figure had rounded becomingly, her smooth face was calm and inscrutable. A self-reliance wholly new to him pervaded her personality. She was much changed from the quivering-lipped, tearful-eyed girl he had deserted six years before.

What a fool he had been. But he consoled himself with the thought that he wasn't alone in his folly. Many men deserted their wives—and many came back.

He glanced at the restful profile with a sigh of relief, his self-assurance returning. Yet, six years is quite a lapse. He wondered how best to explain his absolute silence. His previous rehearsed little speech was proved inadequate. Mary had not given the proper cue.

Would she believe he had wanted to come back, only after several years of penance—years he could point to as having become worthy of her again—besides using time, merciful healer, for softening the awfulness of it all? Would she believe the boy had been in his mind daily—that it was for him, too, he had worked and saved, and purified himself? The little chap was 9 years old now. How he longed to see him.

His surreptitious glance noted her neatly-mended gloves and rather worn skirt, as her hands lay folded in her lap. Her people were in hardly comfortable circumstances—he had known she would go to them. But for the first time it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps she had been somewhat stunted. Perhaps she and the boy had been obliged to go without many things.

His momentary perturbation vanished as he pictured her astonishment and pleasure when he would take her home—out to Montana where he had started all over again—and the boy's delight in the calico pony that awaited his coming.

He had dreamed of it all so often during the past five years. And now dreaming was no longer necessary. Fancy had given place to reality. He stroked a fold of her skirt as it lay in the seat beside him, then after an effort in which his voice failed him, he spoke.

"Mary," he began. It was much harder than he had anticipated. The certainty of her began to leave him and his self-satisfaction ebbed before her unbending attitude. He was suddenly sorry for not waiting for the reconciliation, where and how he had planned. He was even then on his way to her father's home, but the unexpected meeting had upset his plans. He had plunged into the breach impetuously. Striving to shake off the sense of disaster that began to oppress him, he spoke again, this time touching her gloved hand.

"Mary," he asked quietly, "will you—?" at

a slight movement of impatience from her, fearing courage would again desert him, he hurried on.

"I want you to forgive me—I don't deserve it, but I need and I want you. I have spent the past five years in Montana—making a home for you. I'll make up for everything—you'll never be sorry." He hesitated, flushed, then resumed. "She—she—I left her shortly after going away. Since then I have thought of no one but you and the boy. I have kept silent because I was ashamed. I have made good—out there. I want you and Donald with me."

She interrupted him with pity in her face. "Donald," she told him slowly, "died three weeks after you—left. If you remember, he was not well—then."

An incredulous look swept the man's face, leaving it drawn and white. He sat stunned. Donald dead! He recalled vaguely that children often died—most people lost one or more. How strange such a possibility had never entered his mind. Perhaps had he been there—the reaction of his first shock of grief became reproach for her.

"Why didn't you—let me—know—" The words were barely spoken, before he realized the injustice of them.

"Yes," she retorted quickly, "why didn't I. I suppose I knew just where to find you?" Then she modified the cruelty of her statement. "As a matter of fact," she told him, more gently, "I did advertise—or rather father did. But I guess you were out of reach of the local papers."

He sat miserable and ashamed. Remorse crept into his face like a heavy weight, sagging it in hopeless lines wherein was written the futility of grief—of everything. His dream, the fair fabric of five years' hope and thought, was stripped from him. And there was no one to blame but himself. He groped mentally for some reminder of comfort—groped until he saw. He still had her—doubly dear to him now. The calico pony, the big swing, the saddle and a dozen things he had provided for the boy's pleasure would have to be sadly disposed of. But the home—they would still live there, they two—not quite so happy, but yet—

Mary sat watching him curiously, pity mingled with scorn in her expression. He was so obviously selfish, thinking so little of the sorrow she had undergone, so ready to believe her willing to forgive and forget. To Mary, after her deep suffering, such forgetfulness and forgiveness could come only by fashioning a new cloak of thought to suit new conditions. Memory briefly touched the high lights of her bitter humiliation, quickly followed by the more poignant grief in the loss of Donald.

Well, she had forgiven—and forgotten him. Bravely she had cast behind her old associations. In the new, he held not the smallest thought. He was a thousand times more dead to her than little Donny, whose memory she kept fresh with carefully-remembered little habits and lisped baby words.

The train man came through the car calling her station. In a few minutes they would be there.

When she spoke again, her voice soothed him with its low cadences, even while her words cut down the last struggling hope he had left.

"When Donny died I went to live with father. Two years later he got me my freedom, on the grounds of desertion. A year ago I married again. I am very happy—she touched his arm pityingly. "And I am very sorry—for you—"

He drew away from beneath her fingers. "Don't!" he exclaimed sharply. "I deserve it all—I see now, more than I ever did. But it's hard—the little house—the calico pony—" a sob broke his voice, "and—and everything I had planned."

"The trouble with you, Jim," she told him gently, "is that you never took other things into consideration, or other people's feelings. When you ran away—with her, you didn't consider mine. And you didn't consider mine when you left her, as you say, and decided to make good, so that you might get us back. You took it for granted that Donny and I would be waiting patiently for you, on the bare chance that you might want us some day. Well, you see, the scheme of life—and death—and time—isn't going to conform to your plans. It goes on, irrevocably, and when it collides with your own intentions you have to accept it, like the rest of us. I am sorry that you didn't get to say good-by to Donny boy."

The train slowed down and came to a standstill. Mary arose. The coach emptied of all but the two. For an instant she hesitated beside him, then spoke softly.

"I'm sorry, Jim—for you."

He did not reply, and she walked swiftly down the aisle and into the vestibule. With his hat pulled far down over his eyes, he stared out of the window.

And the last he saw of Mary, she was clasped in the welcoming arms of a clean-faced man, who greeted her with more than ordinary tenderness.

Stopped Broadway for Pussy.

A street incident, slight, yet pleasantly suggestive of human sympathy and kindness, is thus pictured in the New York Sun: It was rush hour on Broadway. A thin, undersized cat with a very scruffy ruff in her mouth stood on the curb on the west side of Forty-fifth street. Apparently she felt the necessity of crossing the street. Twice she had started across, but each time the noise scared her, and she ran back to safety on the curb with her helpless burden.

A third time she tried to make the crossing, only to have her nerve fail her again. The big traffic policeman saw her frightened rush back to the curb. Instantly he put up his hand. The traffic both ways ceased. The din stopped for a moment. Reassured, the little cat darted across the thoroughfare. There was no sound until she had reached the curb on the opposite side of the street. An audible sound of relief rose from the crowd, and the traffic resumed its noisy way.

Burns

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Finest grade Paris kid, plain toe, hand sewed soles, low heels, Grover make; same in lace ..... \$3.75

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Burns

GOOD SHOES  
525 South Broadway



Real Life by the Great Western Sea.  
CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

Saturday, March 4, 1916.]



"O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

THERE are many differences, friends, between the Eagle tribe and the human race. Perhaps no difference is greater than that between the different sexes in the two races. You know there is scarcely any difference between the male and female Eagle. There is but little difference in their powers and much less in their occupations. In the care of the Eagle family both birds minister to their nestlings on about equal terms.

In consideration of this simple mode of existence the two sexes in the human race are differentiated so greatly that they almost seem to belong to different races. Another poet has said: "Love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." Here is a difference between Eagles and humans as wide apart as the poles and as high as heaven is above the earth. Between Eagles there is no such thing as real affection, simply a matter of passion. You humans have the spark of the divine in you, and when Charles Wesley wrote his hymn, beginning, "O Love divine, all love excelling," he exalted divine love to a very high pinnacle. For the love of humans one to another is exceedingly great.

Then there is Samuel Lover, an Irish poet who has written about woman's love in an exceedingly charming way. Who does not recall his tribute to the love of the females in his race? It runs thus:

"Oh, say not woman's love is bought,  
A vain and empty treasure;  
Deep in her heart the passion lies,  
She loves, and loves forever."

The Eagle does not make the mistake of supposing that all women are filled with this love so closely resembling that of the divine Father of all. He knows that there are women more animal than spiritual, indeed, more devil than angel. For, observe you, when man fell he became simply a wretched sinner, but still there was so much good in him that the Father loved him with a love beyond the love of women. He so loved him that, according to the scriptures, He sent His own Son to die. He came "to give them songs for sighing, their darkness turn to light, whose souls, condemned and dying, were precious in his sight."

When the angels rebelled in heaven, and Michael and his hosts fought against Satan and his angels, the rebellious tribes were cast clear over the battlements of heaven into the everlasting pit "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." If you want to get a true picture of this pit, read Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Dante's "Inferno." Do you know, brethren, these two great poets, with their wonderful religious epics, have produced about as much effect in moulding the thought of the religious world as Paul the apostle. Anyhow, there was no redemption for the fallen angels. And there is a parable here illustrating the difference between men and women. A bad woman is infinitely worse than the worst man. She becomes closely allied to the fiends. It seems to be a spiritual law of humanity that the farther the fall the greater the corruption. In other words, the higher the position occupied before the fall the greater the descent into all badness.

But the Eagle did not start out today to make a little scream about bad women, but a little pleasant one about good ones. The Eagle is an old, old bird, and has observed much of human life. He has known in his time many women who deserved all the encomiums ever bestowed upon them by poet, prophet, priest or novelist. The first

verses quoted above give a true picture of womanhood. Woman may be frivolous, devoted to pleasure, not very earnest, fond of dress, fond of amusement, ambitious to shine, but this is in her hours of ease. However uncertain her mood may be, however coy her manner, however difficult to please when skies are bright, seas smooth and winds favorable, let a storm come up and danger attack any of those she loves, and then the true womanhood comes out in every true woman. In her hours of ease she may scream at a mouse, and run as if her life depended on getting onto the highest bit of furniture in the room if a rat appears. But she will "fight her weight in wild cats" if any danger threatens anything she loves.

Well, this is not so much the peculiarity of womanhood. It is a faculty possessed by the females of all tribes and races. The timid doe will fight a bear in the woods for her offspring, and a canary bird will do combat with a cat that undertakes to plunder her nest and rob her of her nestlings. A woman's love goes farther than her offspring. It goes farther for her offspring than the female of any other tribe. The Eagle, when he was very young, used to hear read the story of an eagle who carried off a baby from a hayfield in Ireland and bore the little helpless child to his aerial on the top of a rock where it was to become a dinner for the eaglets. The child's mother was in the field, and she ran with feet as swift as lightning to the foot of the crag, then, with torn fingernails and bleeding fingertips, she sprang to the top of that crag and there battled successfully with both the Eagle parents, finally bearing her own offspring down to safety.

Eagles of the male gender very rarely abuse their mates. They obey, without ever having heard the precept of St. Paul, which reads that husbands shall love their wives, considering their physical weakness, if not their mental inferiority, telling them to bear with patience the defects of their weaker mates. But how many humans who have heard this admonition over and over again neglect to perform the duty imposed upon them? And it is not heathen or unbelievers who are guilty of this unchristian act.

The Eagle has seen men who treated their mates with more than neglect, although that is often bad enough. He has seen men

treat their mates with bitter contempt. Yes, there are men who treat their woman-kind with more brutality than dogs ever inflict upon the female of the canine race.

Yet, in the midst of all this contempt, neglect and brutality, good women go on loving their mates with a love that is almost as eternal as that of the divine Father, never complaining, never wavering in their affection; year after year passes; a whole lifetime is put in in struggling against adverse fate by good women who are afflicted with associates of the male kind that are worse than brutes. There is a toast that is often heard where men assemble on festive occasions, and woman is the toast. It runs like this: "Woman, God bless her! Where would we be without her?" Of course there is a joke in this toast. It is understood by every man present, who grinningly replies, "Without women, we surely would not be here." But do you know the Eagle has always regarded this toast with a great deal more seriousness. He has seen men at festal boards break forth in coarse cautions at this sentiment, and he has thought, "Where would you be if it were not for a good wife, following a good mother, perhaps a sister; in any case some woman devoted to you in spite of all your coarseness, of all your neglect, of all your brutality, of all your fiendishness of conduct toward the woman to whom you owed more than life?"

Woman's love is stronger than death, more powerful than the grave. When blustering Peter whipped out his snickersnee and cut off the high priest's ear, and in the face of danger on that dreadful night before Pilate, blustering blasphemy, said, "I know not the man;" when all fled and forsook the Master, the women of His company alone remained true. They were the last at the cross, and when the Sabbath day had ended they were the first at the tomb. They had found "a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and they stuck to Him in the face of danger even unto death.

Yours in admiration of good women,

The Eagle



OF COURSE we know the pen is mightier than the sword but so far it has not been able to exact national pensions for itself. This is a wrong that should immediately be redressed. Write to your Congressman about it. Here is a vast army of scribes laboring for the country's good thirty-six hours a day, eight days a week, (for any labor unionite will tell you that work done after regular day hours is reckoned time and half,) yet nobody cares whether they get any wages at all, much less pensions.

We observe however, that private charity is to make a small beginning. Not to include all scribes, alas, but some kind-hearted souls have at least petitioned Mr. Carnegie to establish a pension fund for indigent authors. There is always a beautiful dream, an ennobling vision, in those wistful words, "if Mr. Carnegie would only step forward

But why begin with authors? Those are the people who produce vast number of words neatly bound between cloth covers, frequently without the remotest intention of elevating the nation or fighting its verbal battles. Any good book-reviewer will tell you that many of them should be instantly chloroformed rather than encouraged. Their work is by no means a universal need, an essential of the breakfast table.

But the newspaper scribe, he, indeed, is entitled to our gentlest consideration. What he suffers for his country's sake none but he will ever know. He is prepared at a moment's notice to rush in where the mere soldier would fear to tread, to settle matters of policy on every vital question under the sun, from war to eugenics, from infant's diet to divorce ethics, from international diplomacy to movie censorship, from prohibition to female fashions. Given a free hand, your newspaper scribe will elect the right President, keep England in her place, reform Germany, advise the generals of opposing armies on the best war strategy, settle the feminist question, stop the war, cure all national ills, redeem China, abolish Japan, restore prosperity, and show a profit on Gov. Johnson's administration of the State.

Yet this great moral and statesmanlike force, which is forever working for the public good, receives no national recognition for its untiring services, while the man who has merely shouldered a gun and paraded in a State-provided uniform is the recipient of billions of the public money, and provided with a comfortable pension for his old age. This country is proud of the fact that she has so few wars, that her soldiers are not called upon to work for their living, that they are purely ornamental when they are not altogether mythical. Yet every individual subscriber is prepared to kick up the dickens of a shindy if a single issue of his morning paper fails to appear on his front porch in time for breakfast. He relies upon the scribe to settle his opinions for him every day of his life, but never dreams of shouting for a pension for him.

If these "indigent authors" subsequently get their pensions there will be a wild howl from the book reviewers. It is all very well to reward the chap that writes the book, unasked, unashamed, but what about the poor devils who have to read 'em? One has only to read the average book-review column to see how they suffer. Did you ever hear of a book-reviewer who was an optimist? Not on your life. They are all jaded cynics, world-weary, dyspeptic, hollow-eyed, morose. And the only books they ever praise the public never reads.

But you would have a hard time finding a

man who did not read a newspaper. Every man pins his faith, his hopes, yea, even his charity, to some newspaper, greedily replenishes his opinions every day at the unfailing fount. But his gratitude is distinctly limited to a lively sense of favors to come; he never even thinks of petitioning Congress or Carnegie or Rockefeller to establish a pension fund for indigent newspaper men. He has his own ideas of a free press.

#### Utopia.

WE OBSERVE that a certain well-known judge has discovered a model community way off in the sin-free desert. Says he:

"There is no crime. No child ever dreams of staying away from school. The houses are well built, the people clean, the streets and roads are kept in scrupulous order, no rubbish lies about, everyone has plenty of food, everyone seems contented, and everyone seems to have plenty of work to do and to enjoy doing it."

Well, your Lancer knows another place. It has quite a lot of crime and a dozen or two judges sit every day to keep the law going. Thousands of children play hockey and bask in the joys of naughtiness. Many of the houses are not at all well built, and lots and lots of the people could not conscientiously be described as clean. Annual clean-up campaigns have to be organized, and street cleaners are kept perpetually busy. The people all have their special growls, you can get a different kind of discontent with every man you meet. The city is so naughty that there are a score of various reform associations. There are beggars and thieves, and saloons and dance halls, and house-to-house solicitors and juvenile halls and sex movies and billboards and charity bazaars; there are uplift centers and sport magazines, and cafe cabarets and fire sales; there is woman's suffrage, widow's pensions and devil grass, a jitney problem and a school picture campaign—but if it came to a final choice of living in the judge's blameless village or enduring existences in that other place, well, the Lancer reckons he will elect to stay at home.

#### To Purify Athletics.

THE Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania met in solemn convocation last week to launch a campaign for the purification of college athletics.

We learn that "the whole athletic situation in the colleges today is abnormal" and that, indeed, for a decade past the colleges have chiefly dedicated themselves to providing sporting amusement to the public.

Now, as fifteen different presidents were at that meeting, and entirely concurred in the edict, we may presume there is more than a grain of truth in the indictment. We have often wondered how it came about that a college graduate seemed wholly unfitted for a business career. And in our haste we have condemned learning. We now hear that instead of the majority of the students devoting most of their time to learning, with a little sport on the side, they devote the major part of their time to intercollegiate sport, with a little learning on the side. This explains a great deal. All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy. Also an incompetent boy.

There is every reason why the normal college education should be of inestimable benefit in business. An enlightened mind, used to working out problems, ought to be able to elevate business to a worthy science. It is the college men of Germany who have been responsible for applying science to manufacture with such glittering results. And just because we have been content to let the German student do so much of it, while we have sported and cavorted, we are suffering the inconveniences of the English blockade against German exports today. If our college boys had given the same time to science as they have to baseball and football we would not need to be shouting about the shortage of aniline dyes, the scarcity of prepared drugs, the soaring prices of chemicals needed in so many branches of business. We have been at great pains to cultivate the brawn at the expense of the brain—and called it a college education.

[Puck:] "Bobby, why aren't you playing with your cousin, Ethel?"

"Gee whiz, mother! Don't I get an hour off at noon?"







# CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

## Midwick Maids.

**F**EBRUARY is the month that makes the year leap. But no doubt many do not know where the Midwick Country Club and the Midwick maids have their natural habitat. It will be enough to enlighten the ignorant to state that this place where these maids live is in the midst of the sunshine map of the country. The sunshine makes rare maids all over this country that composes the sunshine map.

The question here is, what is the matter with Midwick bachelors? As the month that makes the leap year drew to a close, the bachelors of the Midwick Club gave a party, a bachelors' ball if you please. There was nothing strange or out of the way about such an occurrence, but it was passing strange to read that the Midwick maids had to organize an entente as strict and unbreakable as that which holds the belligerent allies together to circumvent the bachelors who were giving the ball.

Nor is this in itself strange or out of the way, for bachelors are often shy in the presence of maids, and maids often are compelled to go to all sorts of devices to bring the bachelors to the scratch. As the woman in the Widow Bedot says: "He sot and sot till I thought he'd almost took root, and he sputtered and sputtered and I thought he never would pop." But that the bachelors of the Midwick Club in the presence of the Midwick maids should intrench themselves behind barbed-wire entanglements, behind dugouts and forts armed with forty-two centimeter howitzers to protect themselves against the Midwick maids is something difficult to understand.

From what is known of these Midwick maids it appears that every bachelor in the country would bust his buttons in the desire of his swelling breast to encircle one of them with his arms. For the sunshine map is something of radiant beauty, and maids like those of Midwick are the crowning glory of winter sunbeams and summer breezes from the limitless ocean. It will be the hope of every right-minded person that at the ball in question every bachelor was forced to yield without condition or discretion and that every Midwick maid walked away more radiant than usual with her captive man by her side.

## Was There Ever Such a List?

**I**N ONE day in Pasadena, otherwise known as the Crown of the Valley, five pioneers passed away "to rise upon a brighter shore," and all but one were over 80 years old. One was 87 and had lived in Pasadena forty years. Another, a woman, was 88. Then comes a man 86, then another woman 82, then it switches back to the male line with one 78. Now the oldest, Mrs. Nancy Hetherington, had been an invalid for more than a quarter of a century before coming to Pasadena, yet she survived her appearance in this country for another round quarter of a century, and then died "from the infirmities of old age." In the same item of news is a paragraph relating that the oldest Methodist minister in the country, 98 years old, was to preach on the last Sunday in February in the Altadena Methodist Church. He has been preaching seventy-five years, and has recently organized a club to delve into realms too deep for those of ordinary intelligence.

## A Hundred and a Half Millionaires.

**U**P ON Oak Knoll, as it has been called for years, there were under one roof the other day 150 men and women ranking as millionaires. The roof is that of the Hotel Huntington. They come in luxury with their retinues, their automobiles and chauffeurs, valets, waiting maids, private tutors, and they live in luxury at the big hostelry on the top of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley. Many of these rich men and women are the very salt of the earth. Among them are found Nathan Straus and Mrs. Straus, who are giving much to alleviate the sufferings of the helpless women and children in Europe. Before the war broke out they were giving to many other good causes. The millionaires are not all from the United States. At least two of them are from Canada. Some of them are pioneer Americans, among them Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt. She owns the great Blitmore estate in North Carolina, perhaps the handsomest country seat in the world.

## It's U.S.C. This Time.

**F**OR a week or two past every right-minded patriotic son and daughter of the Southland has been earnestly wishing success to the earnest effort being made to raise a million-dollar endowment for Occidental College. "Go thou and do likewise" was a bit of exceedingly wise philosophy. Indeed it could not help it for it was divine philosophy. A good example is a mighty good thing. So this week it's the University of Southern California that comes to the front with an offer of a friend to give that institution a million dollars. In this case there is a string to the gift, but when such a sum is offered for such a cause in such a community as this it would take a cable to hold back the promise. In this case the condition is that other friends of the university shall raise a like sum. On the heels of these reports come rumors, no doubt well founded, of offers of immense gifts to make up the conditions. Some of these are in the shape of lands for a new site for the great institution of learning, on which the Methodists have been working for nearly half a century and with one crowning success after another.

## Give Us a Chance.

**T**HE board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles city are out hammer and tongs after the Andy Furuseth seaman's act. This great body, through its representative officers, embodies its ideas in the following resolution, which is eminently correct:

"First—The committee recommends that Congress should be asked to suspend at once sections 4, 13 and 14 of the Seaman's Act, which discriminate against American ports and American ships, and which are restrictive of American commerce, until such time as by international agreement the requirements of these sections can become equally applicable to the shipping of all nations.

"Second—The committee recommends that the sections of the Seaman's Act dealing with deserters should be repealed as to foreign vessels, and that the State Department should seek to have arrest and imprisonment of seamen for desertion abolished by other nations.

"Third—The committee recommends that Congress should be asked to request the President to withdraw at once the notices the United States has given regarding abrogation of treaties.

"Fourth—The committee recommends that a Federal shipping board should be created."

Right on the heels of this comes word from New York announcing that a great importing concern has incorporated a \$5,000,000 company to operate a fleet of steamships flying the American flag in trade between New York and ports in the Far East. Six vessels have already been purchased, two are building, and negotiations pending for the purchase of others.

Again simultaneously comes news from Seattle that the Skinner-Eddy Corporation, which had orders for two steamers of the Dollar type constructed there, had the order doubled, giving the new ship yard four vessels to build.

## No Pipe Dream Here.

**O**NE day last week the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county opened bids to supply pipe for the San Fernando Valley irrigation system. All the bids were local affairs. There were four classes of pipes to bid on, and the bids were segregated accordingly. Of course emphasis had to be placed on the condition of the steel market by all the bidders. The contract went to the Los Angeles Manufacturing Company. It is probably the largest single job of pipe work ever attempted in Southern California. The pipe will cost \$251,000, and laid end to end would extend sixty-seven miles. It takes seventy tons of rivets to hold the pipe together, and the material in the pipes if laid out flat would cover more than 300 acres. The purpose is to convey the aqueduct water to thousands of acres in the San Fernando Valley, nearly all of it cut up into small holdings and worked by the owners. It will create there a garden spot such as the world has never seen. The market is right at the door in a great city of 500,000 people to grow before the middle of the third decade of the century to a round million who will consume all the garden truck, fruit, poultry, eggs and milk produced in the valley.

## Has Made the Desert Bloom.

**I**N A DECADE and a half there have been organized under the laws of California more than three score irrigation districts covering an area of nearly 3,000,000 acres. It is estimated that the cost of irrigating this area approximates \$20,000,000. And still the work goes on. While the report was in the hands of the printer at Sacramento there was organized the Carmichael district covering 1306 acres, the West Side district of 11,500 acres, Terra Bella 12,500 acres, Lindsay-Strathmore 18,000 acres. These are all in the San Joaquin Valley. Add to this the South Lassen district with 22,000 acres. This is applying science to farming, and putting large capital behind this fundamental industry of all humanity. It is this which has converted a great deal of California from a bald, barren desert to garden spots where the rarest fruits are grown to a perfection unknown elsewhere.

## Big Project in Prospect.

**T**HE European war, through the strength of the English navy blockading German ports, has cut our manufactures off from a supply of dyestuffs heretofore coming largely from Germany and vital in our industries. Dr. Julius Koebig, a chemist and engineer, is organizing an enterprise here of vast scope for the purpose of supplying the country with dyestuffs. If Dr. Koebig's scheme goes through (and it surely will) it will mean an \$8,000,000 start for the industry in Los Angeles. The promoter is an expert at the business, having had much experience in this line, and he says the necessary raw materials are obtainable on this Coast in unlimited quantity and of great excellence. The enterprise will require the construction of the following units: Alkali works, tar manufactory including cheap electric power and coke, tar refinery, manufactory for intermediate products, and coal-tar dye works.

## Administration Backs Water.

**A** YEAR ago last fall, when the Congressional campaign was on, there came more than rumors in the shape of direct statements that the sugar-producers of the United States had been assured by Democratic leaders in Washington that free sugar would never go into effect in the United States, provided the sugar-growers would keep out of the campaign to defeat Democratic members anxious to serve their country "for what there was in it." When the Underwood tariff bill was enacted into law it carried a provision that sugar should go on the free list May 1, 1916. Before that date that clause of the tariff act will be repealed by the direct intervention of the President and his advisers, who exercise so much influence over Congress.

Whatever the motive of the repeal of the clause is, it is a mighty welcome step to sugar-growers all over the country, and particularly a benefit to California, most particularly to Southern California. There were gloomy days for the sugar growers when the act was passed. If put into effect in two months from now it would mean practically the destruction of the sugar industry in California. It takes away about \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 from the threatened deficit in the government's funds by keeping the duty on sugar.

In the Chino district alone the total area to beets will be 4500 acres. The total acreage to be handled by the American Beet-Sugar Company in its two factories at Chino and Oxnard will be 48,000 acres, an increase of more than 50 per cent. over last year. With the government's hand off the neck of the industry, the next year will see a larger acreage still.

## Extending Olive Groves.

**T**HE olive industry is one of the smallest infants in California. It is a lusty youngster, and promises to develop into a Herculean industry. In the Lerdo district, in the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, work is under way on what will be an olive orchard of 400 acres. The largest single item will be on the property of Herman Miller, who will put out more than 200 acres of young olive trees this year. At the present time there are 525 acres in olives on the Lerdo mesa land, and with the new acreage it will run to a round thousand acres of this fruit.

## Pioneer Days Come Again.

**"T**HE days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," are suffering a resurrection these days. The war has given an immense stimulus to mining industries of all kinds all over the country, and naturally the Great Southwest is affected more than other parts of the country because there is the great mining treasure house of the world. The other day at Oatman a deal was perfected by which some mining claims were transferred to new owners at a price of \$250,000. The Oatman field promises to be one of unbounded riches.

## A Leap Forward.

**A** MOVEMENT of great importance is the organization of the peach-growers of the State for the purpose of marketing their crop. A great many peach-growers have signed the trust agreement to launch a corporation with a capital of a million dollars. All the way from Tehama up in the north to Kern county in the south peach-growers have subscribed \$300,000 for stock in this association, and this is expected soon to be doubled. The effort is to bring the organization to perfection in order to handle the crop of the current year. The hope is that it will bring \$1,500,000 more to the growers than was received for the last year's crop. Reference is made to the success of the California Associated Raisin Company, which in three years added \$6,000,000 value to the raisin crop. This is not guess work, it is statistics. In 1912, the year before the association was formed, the growers received \$3,500,000 for their crop of raisins. With the organization of the association the next year the crop brought \$5,000,000. The next year the association got \$6,500,000 for the crop, and the third year of the organization, 1915, with the largest crop in the history of the raisin business, 130,000 tons in Fresno county, and it is estimated that the returns will be \$9,000,000.

Be it noted, this is an organization of those who own the orchards and vineyards. There is no government hand in it, no politician, no paternalistic exotic imported from beyond seas. It is American business methods in American hands, and is the best way to handle business of all kinds. There are two reasons why it is the best. First, the business is in the hands of persons of expert knowledge in the business, and second, it is the business of the people in the association. This is in sharp contradistinction to business handled by the State through politicians, most of them ignorant of everything connected with the business, and more of them utterly indifferent to the fate of the owners of the property.

## Footprints of Prosperity.

**S**EATTLE lumber men have purchased the Canadian Pacific lumber mill and 25,000,000 feet of fir and cedar timber on Vancouver Island.

A deal has been closed at Porterville by which 240 acres of alfalfa land have been transferred at a price of \$60,000.

The War Department at Washington has approved a scheme of building a ship canal between Lake Washington and Puget Sound at a cost of \$657,000.

A local corporation has sold \$100,000 of California street improvement bonds, and is now out on a fishing excursion for \$250,000 more of these bonds on an order from a syndicate of western bankers.

The Santa Fe Railroad Company publishes figures for January showing an increase of \$119,335 over the corresponding month last year. For seven months of the fiscal year the increase is \$6,709,969.

The people of Corona are getting awake to the proposed bond issue of \$105,000 for a municipal water system.

Burbank city municipal improvement bonds have been sold at a premium.

Work has been begun at Richmond on the erection of a plant for manufacturing asphalt roofing, etc., at a cost of \$1,000,000.

The E. K. Wood Lumber Company has ordered a new motor ship built at Hoquiam, Wash., capable of carrying 250,000 feet of lumber.

[Puck:] "Willie," said the Sunday-school teacher, "who was it that was swallowed by the whale?"

"Hoodoo," replied Willie, with the promptness born of a perfect confidence.



# THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

## Fermented Milks.

THE use of fermented milks for beverages as well as for therapeutic purposes, particularly buttermilk and koumiss, seems to be steadily increasing. This popularity is due to the reputed beneficial effects of these "soured" milks rather than their palatability, most of these beverages containing a group of bacteria commonly spoken of as lactic acid bacteria, which have a direct action in preventing harmful fermentation in the intestinal canal. It is also believed that the finely divided casein precipitated in fermented milks is more easily digested than the curds formed in the stomach after drinking ordinary milk.

Various trade names have been adopted for these beverages, and in some instances have supplanted the more familiar terms, buttermilk, kefir and koumiss. Moreover, the methods of producing these substances have been greatly simplified recently, and the new products are quite as nutritious as those made by the older and more elaborate processes. For example, a buttermilk which is even richer in actual nutrients than buttermilk made by churning may now be made in the home.

Kefir originated in the Mediterranean countries; but as obtained here it closely resembles koumiss, which in its original form was originally prepared from mare's milk. Both these substances are now made from cow's milk. They are limpid, mildly acid, and to a certain degree alcoholic; but neither of them has attained the popularity of buttermilk in this country.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the precise action of these fermented milks in the intestinal canal, although their beneficial action is generally accepted. "After all," says the Journal of the American Medical Association editorially, "the fermentation of milk is a means of preserving it without undesirable types of decomposition, and in a form wholesome and agreeable for human consumption. There are without doubt patients for whom the presence of soured milks in contact with the alimentary mucosa would not be acceptable; yet fermented milks are so well tolerated in many cases that their use should in general be encouraged from the standpoint of nutrient values, and welcomed quite apart from the 'autointoxication' therapy programme."

## Foods and Eating.

A writer in "Health Culture" offers the following comments and suggestions about the action of certain foods: "Fruit is so satisfying to the palate that, when used sufficiently, the desire for unsuitable food soon disappears. When properly combined with meats and vegetables, there is great mental satisfaction and activity, and harmony between mind and body.

"It is not well to mix the very juicy fruits with vegetables having an excess of water, as the two liquids cause fermentation. Moisture, sweets and heat, give the conditions for fermentation. Apples, either fresh or dried, are an ideal food, a nerve food. Raisin grapes possess much food value, and supply waste for bowel action when the skins are swallowed. Otherwise, they are constipating. Raisins are stimulating. Sweet water grapes are purifying to the blood, but have no other food value. People should supply more of the water they need by use of fruits and vegetables.

"The weight, rotundity and strength of the body are largely controlled by the starch foods; starch is needed as a basis for mental exertion, for meat in great quantity, combined with sweets and fats, will not give nerve power for long strains, without starch foods. It is required to nourish the hair, teeth, nails and skin. If rigidly combined, the hair grows thick and strong. Starch foods are composed of cereals, potatoes, beans, peas, corn, rice, tapioca and sago. All contain other valuable elements besides starch; starch of the potato, dried beans, peas and rye is the hardest to digest, while that of rice, tapioca and sago is the easiest."

## Food the Natural Laxative.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek gives the following information about the action of food in the alimentary canal: "Food is the natural laxative, all the laxative that is

required. Whenever food is taken into the stomach, a peristaltic wave travels from one end of the alimentary canal to the other. The alimentary canal is thirty feet long. Suppose you have a rope thirty feet long and take hold of one end and give a twitch—a wave travels to the other end; that is what happens when food is taken into the stomach. Waves travel from the stomach all the way to the lower opening of the intestine.

"Food is the natural laxative; it supplies the necessary bulk and provides lubrication, and likewise the necessary stimulation; indeed, all that is necessary to promote intestinal activity; but we lost the way, because we wandered from the natural mode of life. Constipation is an almost universal disease, a malady that interferes more with happiness and efficiency than any other one disease. This universal constipation is the primary cause of most chronic maladies; the reason why this condition exists is because we are ignoring biologic laws which govern human life.

"Among our artificial habits is the habit of sitting too much; natural positions for men are lying down and standing. Observe a savage in the forest and you find him reclining. He does not sit in a chair or perch upon a log, but reclines, resting upon an elbow or lying flat upon the ground; these are natural positions."

## Onions and Health.

Civilization, at least in its upper walks, is inclined to turn up its nose, figuratively and literally, at the plebeian onion. Commenting upon this, Dr. Henry Willard points out that humanity pays a high price for its squeamishness.

"Many people imagine that to express a liking for onions denotes a vulgar taste," says Dr. Willard; "but this much-despised vegetable has excellent qualities. It contains a large quantity of nitrogenous matter and uncrystallizable sugar with a pungent oil.

"If children were encouraged to eat onions many an illness might be prevented. If baby has a cold, or seems croupy, frequent doses of onion syrup give relief. The syrup is obtained by cutting the onion into slices, covering each with brown sugar, and putting one on the top of another in a dish.

"For those who can take them, a raw onion eaten before retiring acts as a tonic to the nervous system, purifies the blood, helps the digestion, and often prevents insomnia."

## Tomato Ketchups.

The use of tomato ketchup is universal in this country, and formerly this product was subject to all manner of adulterations. Even as recently as five years ago the government investigators found that a high percentage of ketchups on the market contained artificial coloring matter and preservatives. But, according to a report just issued by the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, most of the brands of tomato ketchup now marketed are wholesome and without adulteration. In this investigation, 142 samples, representing 135 different brands, were examined, not one of which contained any artificial coloring matter.

"Even more remarkable," comments one observer, "is the fact that while the investigation of 1910 showed that ninety out of every hundred preparations contained chemical preservatives, the Pennsylvania report shows that today 76 per cent. contained no chemical preservatives. The 24 per cent. that contained preservatives had, in every instance, benzoic acid (added in the form of sodium benzoate.) In no case was any preservative found in products claimed to be free from it. In discussing the chemical preservative question, the bulletin states that it is probable that the underlying cause of the marked improvement with respect to preservatives is 'the fact that manufacturers have found it cheaper in the end to maintain sanitary conditions and effect through sterilization of the product the desired end, than to depend on the uncertain and questionable efficacy of a preservative.'"

There is, perhaps, another incentive for sterilizing by boiling rather than preserving with benzoate of soda. The European

war has raised the price of sodium benzoate from forty cents a pound to five dollars. However, the main item of interest to the consumer is that most tomato ketchups are now wholesome and unadulterated.

## Appendicitis and Enamelware.

The Superior Council of Hygiene for France recently recommended that legislation be enacted forbidding the use of enamelware meat choppers in the production of hamburger steak. It was thought that the minute particles of the enamel which must inevitably become mixed with the meat might occasionally be the cause of appendicitis.

The United States Department of Agriculture, after investigating the subject, fails to find any evidence that any serious injury has been done to the intestinal wall by enamel particles. They find, however, that there is a possibility of injurious effects from the use of certain kinds of enamelware, because of the coloring matter in the enamels. These pigments are sometimes used in the form of one of the metallic oxides, and certain insoluble materials are also incorporated into the "glass" in order to make it opaque. For this purpose the oxide of lead is sometimes used because it is easily fusible; and this substance offers a relatively poor resistance to chemicals, and is readily attacked by substances which have no action upon ordinary glasses. Thus vinegar and the acids of fruit juices affect this enamel, and there is a possibility that lead poisoning might be produced in this way.

The government experts have called the attention of the enamelware manufacturers to this danger, and most of the makers have discontinued the use of lead oxide. They have also found a substitute for anti-mony salts which were formerly used extensively for tinting some kinds of enamel, and which were dissolved in cooking certain foods, particularly fruits. Some of the better grades of enamelware now bear labels stating that no anti-mony or lead are used in the process of manufacture.

## Food Parsimony and Longevity.

A contributor to "Health Culture," who is seventy-three, and admits that he "hasn't an ache or a pain, don't get tired, is strong, active and vigorous, and can work hard, even violently, all day at manual labor and not feel sore or lame," gives the following explanation of how he does it:

"I use no sugar or vinegar. I use honey and molasses and get the rest of my sweets from fruits fresh and dried, an ample supply and more than an ample supply when I eat dates. I use lemon juice in place of vinegar and what little peanut butter I eat is raw and unsalted.

"Some say you should not eat starches and acid fruits at the same meal; others, it does no harm to mix them and coffee or tea and enough other things to make a cesspool of your stomach. I use no liquor, tobacco, vinegar, mustard, spices, candy, peppers, horse radish, fish, meat, coffee, tea, chocolate or cocoa, and seldom milk, eggs, cheese, pies, puddings or cake. I eat coarse bread and baked apples for break-

fast, raw apples or grapes for dinner, and a stew of potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips and bread for supper. I can take a baked potato from the oven and find it delicious without salt or butter. Every mouthful tastes first class. My bread is made of half whole wheat and half fine oatmeal, baked in a wire pan."

As a result of this regimen the old gentleman has reached the age of 73, and is in fine physical health, vegetatively speaking, at least. The effect produced upon his mental condition does not appear.

## Morbus Sabbaticus.

According to the Free Tract Society of San Pedro, morbus sabbaticus is a disease that is "becoming fearfully prevalent, and is destroying thousands every year."

"Morbus sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to church members.

"1. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the appetite.

"2. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.

"3. No physician is ever called.

"4. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul!

"5. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is destroying thousands every year.

"The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He wakes up Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday."

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# MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brautton.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, March 4, 1916.

## WEEKLY RURAL REVIEW AND COMMENT.

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

### Prof. Cook Retires. By M. V. Hartranft.

**T**HE splendid convention of citrus fruit growers at San Bernardino during the week of the Orange Show made a very fitting close for the official career of Dr. A. J. Cook, our State Horticultural Commissioner. Announcement was made that on account of poor health the present Commissioner of Horticulture intended to resign his position and seek rest. Impressive resolutions were adopted, reciting the long period of faithful service rendered by Prof. Cook to the citrus industry, and Gov. Johnson was petitioned to appoint Frederick Maskow as successor to the highest horticultural office in the State.

While it cannot be said that Prof. Cook has wrought any revolution in the methods or science of the industry, it nevertheless is probably of as much importance that he has been a faithful leader and administrative officer over the gatherings of citrus fruit growers for a quarter of a century, where he was always able to hear both sides of every question, and to help bring out the best in each with a minimum amount of mistakes. Friends and critics will unite in wishing his early restoration to his usual vigor and a long continued life among the scenes of his wide activities.

**Citrus Prosperity.**

The grand average of citrus fruit prosperity is to be maintained by force of high quality and favorable circumstances until the matter of import duties is properly re-adjusted.

Lemons are bringing very satisfactory returns, and following upon the heels of a bonanza season on Valencia summer oranges, has come the excellent holiday and January market for the product of our navel orange groves. At this moment we are in the February glut, which is always inevitable.

Lemon and orange nursery stock was never before so cheap. Fortunes have been made in citrus orchards, and it will be so again. Modern merchandising methods have been adopted by the organizations responsible for marketing the crops, and the future was never before so well assured.

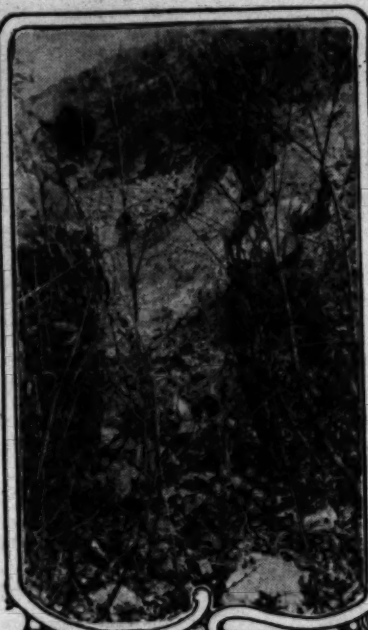
It is unfortunate, indeed, if the mature nursery stock of this season must be partly lost because of the lack of planting courage at this period. Most navel orange groves in the early districts have already returned to the growers more than half the amount that many of them would have been glad to sell the trees, land, fruit and all for this last year. We have to take ups and downs, but the quarter-century record on citrus fruits needs no excuse offered in defense thereof. As California grows stronger in citrus fruits, the weaker producing regions recede. Orange trees grow weaker with age, and in those parts of the world where the competition of California has been felt they transform their activities to other industries.

It is forward march now, both for orange and lemon planting.

**State Distributing Agency.**

At the citrus convention State Market Director Weinstock proposed forming a bureau, under the authority of the State of California, to properly allot and distribute the crop of citrus fruit each year. To the great value of the intelligent distribution now made by the fruit exchanges on about 65 per cent. of the crop he wants to add the force of the other 35 per cent. without interfering with the commercial freedom of any of the factors beyond control of the distribution. The idea includes the operation of a market distributing board of about eleven men engaged in marketing the citrus crop, to operate through the office of the State Market Director. They are not to have anything to do with the competition in buying or handling fruit, nor in the sale after its arrival at destination. All carlot shippers will be asked to agree to a division of the markets according to supplies. No fruit will be allowed to be rushed into a market already filled up.

This plan has been worked out successfully in years past at Sacramento with deciduous fruits. Maj. Weinstock was president of the organization which presided over the question of distribution and guided that industry through the rocks of adversity to final success. The competition of the shippers was not interfered with in the



**BEFORE AND AFTER THE CHECK-DAMS.**

Upper picture shows heavy growth of young willow and alder trees in the bottom of a side canyon just below a check dam. The moisture was conserved the first year which caused the growth; and the check dam during second winter prevented the water from swirling and tearing out the young growth. Within a year or two these ravines will be choked with trees and other natural checks to the movement of boulders and silt. Lower picture shows the mouth of the same ravine as shown above after the flood of 1914 and the carloads of boulders and silt that were torn out. All of this erosion is now stopped. The mountains are being built up instead of being washed down onto the fertile lands of the valleys.

matter of buying from the growers, and the offerings were usually sold at public auction on the eastern end, thereby eliminating all complaint as to trust methods; but markets were not oversupplied when others were undersupplied.

It is now considered a dangerous practice legally to undertake wise distribution, and the Sherman antitrust law is waived threateningly over our heads. The melon-shipping organization was proceeded against on these grounds. There came, however, the usual marketing period for melons, and to avoid disaster and bankruptcy to the melon industry, the government at Washington formed a marketing bureau, which technically avoided the Sherman law, but through the operation of which proper distribution was secured. It does not matter how they beat about the bush, just so they do it.

It is our opinion that the project of citrus distribution should be undertaken, and the problem forced to the highest courts for solution.

Maj. Weinstock should not be impatient with the fears and doubts of our southern proteges. Our leaders have reason to be conservative. We have lived through the days of the old California Marketing Agency, which proposed to only distribute the fruit, and to have only one salesman in each city; and only one price; and eliminate competition to handle for growers at

this end. There was a feverish wave for combination at that time—1903-4. The markets were in deplorable shape, and no one was able to prick the bubble of delusion. Therefore, on account of public sentiment, fruit exchanges and speculative packers were alike sucked into the maelstrom of getting rich quick.

In Des Moines there were nine brokers handling California oranges; eight of them were discharged, and one agency man sat back in his chair and fixed the price at which the jobbers and retailers were supposed to come and purchase from him. It was a romantic dream, until California awoke to learn that the eight discharged brokers had immediately started to sell Florida oranges and apples, and that through the jobbers and retailers the consumers of Des Moines were eating something else than California oranges.

Then came the "unscrambling of the scrambled eggs." The organizations (in the exchange and out of it) which have subsequently restored their organization and built up sound operating plans along the line of modern merchandising, will approach any subject of combined effort with studious conservatism.

The plan of the State Marketing Director is sound. It does not in any manner in-

clude any of the visionary doctrines of the old citrus agency. Maj. Weinstock is well-schooled in the laws underlying human nature, merchandising and all allied topics, and while the Southern California bubble was rising and exploding he was steering the deciduous fruit industry through to success on the very plan he now lays down of getting together on maximum distribution power over citrus fruits.

The only mistake that he or his friends have made on this topic was forgetting the painful experiences of the old citrus fruit agency, and asking for action by April 1. The convention at San Bernardino did as much as he should expect. It indorsed the plan, appointed a committee to study it, and left the time for action to be determined by the committee.

#### Limits Avocados.

The problems incidental to the avocado industry to be solved are numerous, but not alarming. A correspondent to the Pacific Rural Press from San Diego county fears that the maturing and keeping qualities of avocados will prove disastrous to the marketing operation. It may for a time, but the difficulty is recognized, and problems are put before us to solve, not to surrender to. There are some lines of thought suggested by the correspondent that should be considered and followed up; in the main, however, he has not allowed proper value

to that high food quality, which he admits of, in connection with the home demand of this constantly growing State. The correspondent says:

"Consider the avocado, how it grows. Even Solomon in all his glory had no eating superior to it. However, this refers to the fruit in its native haunts, and not to the representative found in our markets. Even as found, it is eaten avidly by those who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

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# FARMING POSSIBILITIES IN ALASKA.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, March 4, 1916.

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.

The conversation here turned to the grains of Alaska, and I asked Prof. Georgeson what grains could be successfully raised during the short summer season. He replied:

"We are now ripening all the leading grains at our interior experiment stations. During 1915 we matured and harvested on the farm at Fairbanks 1200 bushels of grain, comprising wheat, rye, barley and oats. It is true that these were made up of the earliest and hardiest varieties, but the development of varieties suitable to the country is one of the tasks of the experiment stations. With that in view, we have made a number of crosses and have succeeded in producing many promising hybrids. We are rearing earlier and more productive barley than the best we have been able to mature in more southern latitudes, and we have a dwarf spring wheat that is very early. It came from an experiment station in Siberia. It is only a matter of time when we shall get one or more varieties of wheat that will mature in Alaska and be productive enough to make it worth cultivating. We are now making many experiments with winter rye and are succeeding. We are also experimenting with winter wheat, and I think we shall eventually produce all the grains for both flour and feed that will be needed by the people who inhabit the Territory, and that as freight rates fall it may even pay to export grain to the States. Today all grain is high in the interior of the country. Feed grain brings \$90 a ton at Fairbanks and \$104 at Rampart."

Best Farmers About Fairbanks.

"Where will be the farming center of Alaska?"

"There will be many such," said the professor. "Farms will spring up about every important mining settlement. Fairbanks is the largest of the gold camps today, and that region has the most and best farmers. Since the government has decided to build the railroad two or three hundred families have located homesteads in the Matanuska Valley with a view to supplying the demands of the coal mines of that region. There are a number of successful farms in the neighborhood of Seward and many small farms about Juneau, which is another mining center of great importance. There are little farms scattered throughout this part of the Territory and, indeed, wherever there is a local market you will find a farm center. These centers will enlarge, and as new settlements are established other farms will be opened up, and Alaska will become a great and populous State."

"Would you advise Americans to come to Alaska to engage in farming?"

"Yes, if they understand the conditions and know what they are going to find when they reach here, and are ready to stay and grow up with the country. I would not advise people to rush in pell-mell and take up homesteads wherever they can be found, simply because Uncle Sam will give them a farm for nothing. The would-be speculators will stand a slim chance of making money by a rise in land values. There is no land for sale, and Uncle Sam is the sole

owner. He will not sell his lands, but he will give them away only to bona-fide settlers, and to those who will keep on the job and aid in the development of the country. The farmers most likely to succeed are the men who know the climate and what crops can be grown. Scandinavians, and especially Norwegians and Swedes and Finlanders, have been brought up under conditions such as we have here. They expect long winters and short summers; they understand the methods of culture necessary, and they are, I believe, the best suited to the country."

The Question of Capital.

"How much money should a young man have who wishes to take up a homestead? Give me some idea of the cost of clearing the land."

"The right young man might come to Alaska and make a success without any money," said Prof. Georgeson. "But in that case, he would have to work for wages for other farmers or in the mining camps to get sufficient to live on until his farm paid. He would have to endure hardships, and his path would not be an easy one. On the other hand, if he had a thousand dollars or so he could buy a team of horses or yoke of oxen and some farm tools. He could put up a modest house and furnish it."

"He might still have to work out occasionally, but he could soon clear enough land and get a sufficient start in cattle, sheep and poultry to make life on the farm practicable. Such a man should locate on land that is already surveyed by the gov-

ernment, and he should investigate the cost of implements, furniture and freight before starting. He will find the freight rates high. The average price of carrying goods from Puget Sound to Fairbanks is about \$60 a ton. If the man could have four or five thousand dollars it would be still better, but with that amount of money he could make a fair start almost anywhere in the States."

"There is one thing that should be well understood," continued Prof. Georgeson, "and that is that the settler must have enough muscle and skill to work his own farm, and should expect to do most of the work himself. If he starts out paying wages for clearing land he will soon be bankrupt. The wages of Alaska are governed by those in the mines, and until recently the mine-owners have been paying as high as \$7.50 a day without board. I remember that when I started the station at Fairbanks I wanted labor. I went into a saloon where a score of loafers were standing about the bar. I asked all who wanted to work to come outside. A half-dozen responded, coming up wiping the froth from their lips. They asked me what I would pay. I replied \$5 a day and board. They laughed at me and said they could not work for such wages as that. I had to pay \$7.50 a day at the station there until the present year, when the wages fell to 75 cents an hour, or \$6 for an eight-hour day. At the former rate of wages it cost us on the average about \$125 an acre to clear the land."

[Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

## Mr. Denny Burke Able to Enjoy Himself at Last.

BY FREDERICK JOHN JACKSON.

A HOWL of anger and supreme disgust arose from the shade of the deckhouse on the brig Laura Jane.

"The curse av Scutlan' on the spalpeen who put tar in me cutty, the A.P.A., the blankety blank blank!"

Denny Burke, a small, weazened Irishman, sat unhappily regarding what had, up to the moment before been his favorite pipe.

"Shockin'! shockin'! And on a Sunday morn, too!" came deprecatingly from his big fellow-countryman, Donovan, as he leaned against a stanchion, a gleam of devilry in his eye.

"I might av known ut was you, the overgrown garlic-smellin' Eyetalian that ye are!" exploded Burke.

"Eyetalian is ut, ye little scut!" returned Donovan. "The nerve av the loikes av ye spakin' disrespectful av your betthers."

"It's not so worst when ye smoke me tobacco or drop a roach in me coffee whin I'm not lookin', or some little thing like that, but whin a damn Orangeman spoils a man's best cutty, it's tamperin' wit a man's finer feelin's, it is!" continued Burke, unheeding the interruption.

"Folner fallin's is ut, ye little sawed-off bit av liss than nawthin'? Why, ye hov no more folner fallin's than a deck bucket!"

"Och hoon! Och hoon!" screamed Burke in exasperation. "Why, you bloody Orangemon, since I've been a shipmate wit' ye I've lost more finer feelin's than ye ever had! Laugh, ye big chunk of Killarney pork, laugh. Ye know what Father Conaty says: 'He who laughs last has a right to thoroughly enjoy himself!' Ye can put this in your snuffbox an' smell it, me laddy-buck—some time I'll laugh meself sick at ye, an' the rest av yes, an' begorra!"

"All right!" agreed Donovan, "but be sure thot Oi don't catch ye at it!"

Sails hanging lifeless in the clewlines, braces negligently slack and pitch boiling up from the seams on deck, the Laura Jane lay becalmed in the doldrums. In ballast from Sydney to Hongkong after a cargo of tea, she had for weeks been drifting helplessly at the mercy of the uncertain currents that swirled among the Admiralty Islands. She drifted into the bight of a small island, and, after scraping one reef and narrowly missing another—thanks to her being in ballast—an anchor was dropped barely in time to prevent the brig from ripping out her bottom on the jagged points of a thrid.

A scant half-mile away the occasional ground swell would break snowy-white on a yellow sandy beach that glistened in the sunlight. A hundred yards from the breakers began the luxuriant, tropical vegetation with its suggestion of fresh fruit. At the head of the bight a clear, cool-looking stream broke from among the trees and ran into the sea. Inland three or four hundred yards a grove of cocoanut trees showed their slender, graceful trunks against the skyline above the algarobas and mangoes. Everything ashore looked cool and green and inviting to the nearly-scurvy-stricken crew of the brig, aboard which affairs were in a miserable state. Two of the crew were ill with beri-beri and the rest had lost heart. The perpetual scrapping of the two Irishmen, Burke and Donovan, was the only thing that had a tendency to relieve the monotony.

Sleep was almost impossible, for the air was heavy with the fierce humidity found only in places of heavy rainfall near the equator. Below decks, the heat was stifling, it was impossible to live there, for the thick oaken deck planks absorbed the fierce heat of the merciless tropical sun during the day and radiated it below throughout the night.

Of fresh fruit or vegetables they had had none for weeks. And the water in the tanks was always lukewarm and so stale that it was beginning to taste bilgy. In spite of the dire necessity of his crew the captain had steadfastly refused to allow a boat to put in to the beach. From bitter experience he was wary, for the innocent face of the jungle might rain a shower of spears if his men landed. With sickening detail he repeatedly related an episode in the Solomons of which he was the sole survivor.

But as no natives were to be seen, and after a thorough search with spyglasses from aloft, the captain was finally forced to allow the crew to take a boat ashore for a load of fruit and vegetables.

The two small brass cannon that constituted the armament of the vessel were loaded to the muzzles with nails and pieces of lead, and mounted on the shore-rail to cover their retreat should they be attacked. Armed with muskets, six of the sailors landed and left one man in charge of the boat as a lookout while the rest of them industriously dug yams, and gathered mangoes, breadfruit and bunches of bananas until they had a fair boatload. Not satisfied with this, however, the sailors held a consultation and then struck inland toward the cocoanut grove, disregarding the frantic hails of warning from the brig.

Arriving at the grove they found no nuts on the ground.

"That's a bad sign!" voiced one of the sailors. "The natives come here to gather the nuts." He looked fearfully around into the near-by vegetation.

"Up ye go, Dinny, ye little runt," ordered Donovan. "'Tis a monkey's job a-climbin' poles loike those, an' ye coom down near beln' wan."

Burke shinned up the lowest tree and stripped off the nuts and allowed them to drop to the ground, where the sailors tied them by strips of the husks into clusters convenient for carrying. The tree bare of nuts, Burke slid down and immediately started up another; this time a tree about one hundred feet in height. He had reached the top, when, instead of throwing down the large husk-covered nuts to the waiting sailors, he gazed intently off into the jungle below him.

"Hurry up," impatiently shouted Donovan.

By frantic signs Burke motioned for silence. He appeared to be endeavoring to conceal himself in the scanty bunch of foliage at the top of the tree. This aroused the fear of the sailors; they seized their muskets and stood gazing apprehensively at the dense underbrush that surrounded the grove and concealed they knew not what.

Then from the depths of the jungle came a weird, wild startling "haw-haw-haw."

"Cannibals!" gasped Donovan.

All about them a tense, unnatural silence seemed to reign. Not even a breath of wind stirred a single leaf. In a minute or two the hearts of the sailors were beginning to drop back into a normal position again as they stood listening, when from nearer at hand like a chorus of wild spirits there again came that uncanny, terrifying "haw-haw-haw."

"Run!" yelled Burke, beginning to slide down the tree. "Run for your lives! Hurry!"

It was too much for the crew. Speedily they heeded Burke's warning, and as one man made a break toward the beach, expecting to hear savage yells and spears whistling past their ears.

A third time came the weird, raucous sound pursuing them, and their retreat turned into a panic-stricken rout. Tripped repeatedly by devil vines, stumbling over one another, breaking their way through veritable forests of fern, scratched unmercifully by the algaroba thorns, each man for himself they fought and panted their way to the beach.

Then they broke from the jungle and

tumbled pell-mell across the beach into the boat. The anxious watchers on the brig counted only four sailors as they came from behind the mysterious green face of the vegetation, while five had gone in.

"Oh Lord!" moaned the captain, "and after all my warnings! Get the poker, cook, quick!"

The cook came from the galley with a red-hot poker in his hand and stood by the cannon ready to touch them off. They would probably have done more damage to the sailors than to any cannibals had they been fired.

Forty feet from shore the sailors halted the boat to give the cannibals a volley, but to their surprise, no natives were in sight. As they watched the edge of the jungle half-expecting to see it vomit forth a horde of naked savages, they discovered that Burke was missing.

From the distant cocoanut grove came a faint "haw-haw-haw," followed shortly by the report of a musket echoing hollowly through the jungle.

"That's Burke now!" exclaimed Donovan. "The br-rave mon thot he is—stayin' to fight them nagers so his shipmates could get away. Wurrar, wurrar 'tis sorry Oi am thot Oi iver diviled the little fellah! Intuh the beach with the boat, lads, 'tis not Oi who'll lave a shipmate behind. If yes are min, ye'll folly me!"

Another gunshot sounded from the grove as the boat grated on the beach.

"The br-rave mon!" said Donovan. "Come on!"

With Donovan in the lead, the sailors started across the sand. Their courage gradually oozed as they came nearer the line of vegetation and they drew closer together. If one stopped, they all stopped. When one quaked at some fancied danger, the others quaked in sympathy.

Then they saw Burke running through the trees.

"Go back!" he shouted. "Go back!"

Back to the boat the sailors scurried in haste.

At the edge of the line of trees Burke stopped and turned with his musket held ready to fire.

"Have the boat ready, Donovan," he called over his shoulder. Then he raised the musket and fired into the depths of the underbrush.

"Come awn, Dinny!" yelled Donovan in despair.

Across the beach and into the boat came Burke on the run.

"Pull loike the devil, boys!" he exhorted. "There's a thousand av thim back there!"

Later, Burke lay contentedly in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)



# MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brauntton.

## General Beautification.

**C**HAMBERS OF COMMERCE situated at the county seat should wield a strong influence over the whole county, and in no way can they be more effective than in organizing and fostering local chambers in the various lesser cities and towns. Angelenos regard a Chamber of Commerce as a booster for big business, an advertising agency of unusual strength and power and effectiveness. And so our largest organization of this kind has been, until its fame has extended the world over.

But there is one bigger thing that could be done, better than good roads or any similar movement, and that is to make the whole country beautiful. The city and county streets and highways should be made beautiful through being aligned with suitable trees and other plants. Both city and county school grounds should be embellished, as should all public property. And every aid and encouragement should be extended to the public to beautify private property. The latter is needed by the middle and poorer classes, for while we have many rich whose places are reproaches, they are comparatively few in number; aid is needed by the less fortunate only, for the neglectful rich are not so easily moved.

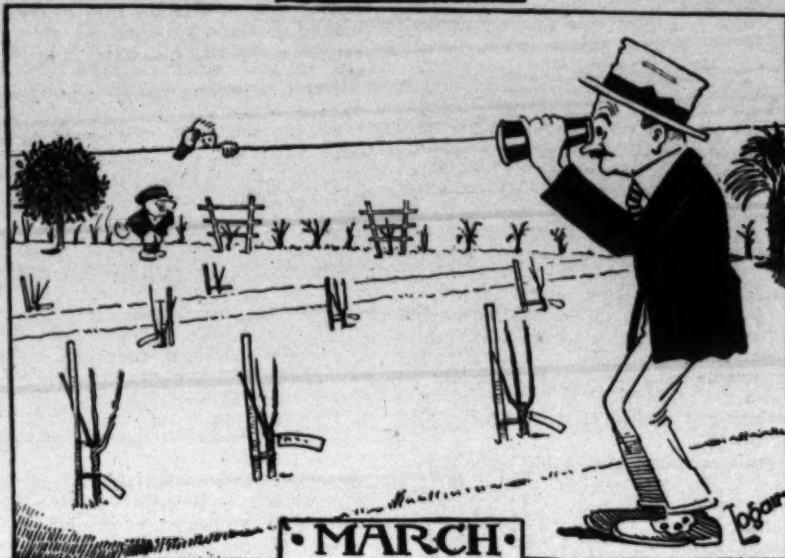
The Riverside Chamber of Commerce has organized local chambers in at least ten lesser centers of population, and one of the chief boasts is to be for general beautifying. Much of this work will be planting of streets and highways, and the encouragement of village squares, neighborhood parks and picnic places to encourage social democracy and, of course, to make everybody happy. Incidentally it will aid in the movement to extend municipal control of street trees, the only true solution to the really beautiful city. Neither Los Angeles nor any of our lesser cities will ever be beautiful until municipal control of street trees is an accomplished fact, and the city actively enters upon the work of care and planting. That phase of beautifying alone made Paris beautiful and famed for her beauty, and no city in the world is noted for beauty except it is first noted for street trees. Los Angeles will not enter the ranks of the beautiful until we have a street-tree department, either separate or under a re-organized park department, with heavy annual appropriations for street tree work, the funds not usable elsewhere. This must be done sometime; why not now?

## Physical Study of Soils.

**W**HILE physical study of soils will not alone determine their precise agricultural value, such study will discover more of value to the farmer or gardener than will a chemical analysis, except in specific cases where the presence of alkali is an important factor. Chemical analysis is as a rule of little practical value, for it makes known only what plant foods are in the soil, not what are available. A soil may show by chemical analysis enough potash for any crop and yet not enough of it be available for general crop purposes. Again, another soil might show a very low per cent. of potash and yet if that small amount was in an available form the land would produce good crops. In a district where many soil analyses have been made, later ones are of more value, as a normal standard is on record as a basis of comparison, if crops have been grown. The chief value of a soil analysis comes from its proper interpretation by him who uses it in agricultural practice.

## Have Your Garden.

**W**N a home, whether it be a castle or a cottage, a baronial hall or a bungalow. Few good gardens have ever been made on the other fellow's land. A sense of ownership is necessary in the production of good gardens, and while the writer would encourage all who garden it has been noted that few ever own one who build fine ones on rented property. A garden is for permanency; it is for the affections, and to build one on another's property may be likened to adoption of another's child; the intimate relationship, the satisfaction of true ownership, is not present. Some satis-



SEEDS, BULBS AND PLANTS PUT OUT LAST MONTH SHOULD NOW BE MAKING A GOOD SHOWING.

March is a gay month in California, for in the parks and gardens, as well as in the wilds, all nature is aglow with blossoms of every hue. It should be a month of unusual activity. Plant, prune, propagate; stir, start, sow; delve, divest, divide; anything, everything, so long as you keep active. All summer annuals should be sown at once. All perennials planted and old clumps of them divided. When trees and shrubs are past blooming, prune them heavily. Propagate all sorts of soft-wood bedding plants as ageratum, begonia, carnation, fuchsia, heliotrope, marguerite, salvia and violets. Use only the young brittle tips. Divide callas, cannas, caladiums, dahlias, gingers, etc.

faction there may be, for a garden is more than bareness anywhere, but still it is not your own and does not call forth your deepest affection. Own your garden, though but a few square feet of soil.

## Alkaline Gardens.

**A**CORRESPONDENT living near Compton wishes to know how to get rid of an excess of alkali in her garden. The only way to get rid of alkali is to convey it from the garden, and this is best accomplished by drainage. If there is a road gutter or other ditch on the level below that of the garden it would be best, in this 100 feet of frontage, to dig about five ditches from the front of the house to the street, down to nearly the level of the bottom of the road ditch, sloping the grade of the ditch bottom up toward the house, but almost imperceptibly. If this were done before the January rains nearly all the alkali would now be in the Pacific Ocean. Sprinklers on the go for a day or two will help now. After this leaching fill the bottom of the ditches with stones and on top of these gravel or sand and then replace soil. Work into soil straw horse manure and land plaster of gypsum and you may then garden with an assurance of success. If good soil can be obtained at low cost put a 2x12 redwood curb around the three sides of yard, on top of the soil securely staked and anchored, and fill up with a foot of such soil. This may be built up gradually; the application of some sand and an annual application of stable manure, deeply worked into the soil, will so lighten it as to raise the surface a little each year. When the work herein outlined has been done, no harm will result to any garden plants from what alkali is present in the soil.

## Botanical Information.

**I**N SEARCH for classified information of any kind one should consult the very latest works and those published closest to home. Foreign botanical works are often not reliable regarding California plant life, even though published at a late date. We rely much on Von Mueller for information regarding Australian plant life, but the later works of J. H. Maiden, F. Manson Bailey and others are far more reliable.

Coming back to California, Von Mueller's "Extra-tropical Plants" states that our Washington palm is native from South California to Arizona and Colorado. Evidently the Colorado River is meant, and the statement is misleading. As to sequoias it is said that a height of 450 feet "has been recorded but not confirmed by clinometric measurements;" also the redwood has a stem "fifty-five feet in diameter," and a stem of a fallen sequoia was "still eighteen feet

in diameter 300 feet from the base." Verily, distance lends enchantment. But then, big things in California are a standing joke. The writer, in preparing California matter for Dr. Bailey's great Cyclopaedia of Horticulture, protested the statement in the first edition (Vol. III) that Oreodoxa, the royal palms of Florida, were the only tall species native to the United States. Dr. Bailey kindly qualified the statement by crediting our native Washingtonia with great height, and adds: "We try always not to get things too small for California," and that seems to be the attitude of all "easterners." Things are so much larger in California than elsewhere that they fire the imagination of the latest settler to the extent of producing the biggest lies on earth, but the charge will not stick to our old residents, for Californians are noted for their conservatism (?).

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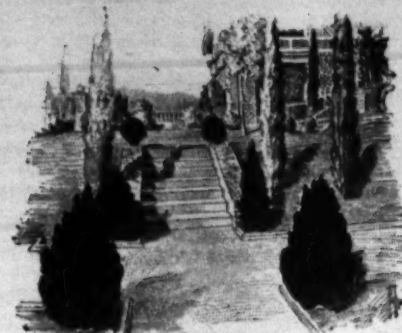
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## Designs for Gardens

A quarter-century successful practice in the local field. Gardens visited and advice given. "The Garden Beautiful in California," \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

ERNEST BRAUNTON, Horticulturist and Landscape Designer, 337 Franklin St., Los Angeles.

## Garden Beautiful COLUMN



The picture shows several specimens of Arbor Vitae at a beautiful home place on San Vicente Boulevard in Santa Monica. These plants were furnished by the Nursery Department of Germain Seed and Plant Co. For and tub plants at 50 cents to \$2.50; balled plants 50 cents to \$5.

## Win This \$20 Prize.

Every month we give a \$20 prize for picture of best planting idea or arrangement—shrub, tree, plant or flower. Get out your kodak and "snap" something about your home or garden. We want subjects to illustrate "Garden Beautiful Column." Stock must have been purchased from us. Pictures must be in before 25th of each month. Address Contest Manager for complete information.

## You'll Like the Yellow Flowering, Cassia Floribunda.

We have these beautiful trees now in bloom. They stand out in splendid contrast against brown-stained bungalows. Fine trees at \$1 each.

## Beautify Your Homeplace

with Verbenas, Pansies, Salvias, Heliotrope, Geraniums, Pelargoniums, Petunias, Daisies, Delphiniums and Cannas—we have them ready for planting at 25c to \$1.50 per doz.

## Thrifty Evergreens, 50 cents and up.

These beautiful trees will add value to any homeplace—Bermuda Juniper, Redwood, Arbor Vitae and Cypress.

## Every Home Should be Vine-clad.

Beautiful vines give that "home sweet home" appearance. Now's the time to plant thrifty, fast-growing Tecomas, Bougainvilleas, Bignonia, Peavine, Ivy, Ficus Repens and other types, at 35 cents and up.

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No home can have too many roses. We have bare root stock in all the standard varieties including the best novelties. No finer stock on the market.

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These are new Spencer exhibition varieties. They are very vigorous and free bloomers. As varied an assortment as anyone could wish.

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*Disaffection Denied. Interview by Edward Marshall.*

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# TREATMENT AND SELECTION IN BREEDING.

Los Angeles Times

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Poultry Pointers.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

## Illustrated Weekly.

debility, due to bad surroundings or inherited weakness. If not too acute, proper food and care will often pull the ailing ones over the trouble, but usually it indicates weakness in the parent stock.

The one thing to bear in mind is to keep the youngsters growing right along. This means exercise, wholesome feeding and clean, dry quarters. For ourselves we have no patience with ailing chicks; their presence gives us a pain in the head and that tired feeling you sometimes read about. For relief we usually kill the ailing bird.

### The P.P.I. Egg-laying Contest.

During the year 1915 there was held in San Francisco an egg-laying contest, consisting of fifty-six pens of ten hens each, representing various States, England and Canada. Reference to this contest has appeared in these columns at different times, detailing results by months. The final summary, covering the ten highest laying pens, has finally been declared, from which we glean the following figures:

Eggs.	
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., White Leghorns	1,614
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Oregon	1,407
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Barred Rocks	1,407
George D. Adams, Victoria, B. C., White Wyandottes	1,392
Dean Bros., Alderley Poultry Farm, Keatings, Vancouver Island, B. C., White Wyandottes	1,280
Mrs. W. B. McCord, Hayward, Cal., R. I. Reds	1,255
Bonnie Brook Poultry Farm, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., White Leghorns	1,235
Tom Barron, Calforth, Eng., White Leghorns	1,215
F. H. Sherman, Lebanon, Or., Barred Rocks	1,214
George R. Shoup, Lynden, Wash., White Leghorns	1,198
Total	13,219
Average of all pens entered	985.35

It will be observed that the Pacific Coast hens behaved very well indeed. The highest three pens from the Oregon Agricultural College clearly show the skill and knowledge of Prof. Dryden, who is at the head of the poultry department, in the breeding and selection of the winning birds. The Barron Leghorns, from England, that enjoy an international reputation for performance, did not fare so well, and fell behind their records made elsewhere. The highest individual record of 226 eggs was made by a Barred Plymouth Rock hen entered by Sherman of Oregon; the second highest was 204, which was made by one of the Oregon College Leghorns and also by one of Will Barron's Leghorns.

### A Lessening Attendance at Poultry Shows.

Now that the show season for the present year is closed, it is interesting to observe the general complaint throughout the country of diminished gate receipts and a want of interest on the part of the general public. Outside of the Panama-Pacific International show, we do not know of a single fixture that was as well attended this year as in the past. Of course the San Francisco show was free to all people on the exposition grounds, which puts that event in a class by itself. But New York, Chicago, Boston, and for that matter all shows, have the same complaint, to which Los Angeles was no exception. Some attribute this to a declining interest in poultry; but a moment's reflection clearly shows that this is not the case. The fancier, the breeder, the general farmer and fruit grower, were as much in evidence as at any previous show season; but the man and woman on the street were there only in declining numbers. Sales were also quite good, and otherwise things seemed quite normal. Those who have tried to explain the situation attributed the decline to several causes, viz., hard times, counter attractions (chiefly the moving picture shows,) and the two international expositions held in this State, all of which "took" about all the spare change the average California citizen felt like spending. One slow show season cannot be taken as a safe criterion on which to base a definite conclusion; next year the people may "come back" to the poultry show stronger than ever. An industry that appeals so widely and so generally as poultry growing is not destined to suffer an eclipse of long duration. As has already been remarked in these columns, the poultry shows may also be suffering from dry rot. The exhibits should be more diversified, particularly along lines that will make a stronger appeal to the man and woman knowing little about poultry and yet have a hankering for a family flock in the back yard.

### Pickings from the Yards.

Trading eggs with friends and neighbors is almost as hazardous as trading horses. In

either case it is well to know what you are getting.

An incubator can be run without any attention, but the results are quite apt to be disastrous. If good hatches are to be secured, it should be given constant and intelligent care.

Now is a good time to place orders for hatching eggs or day-old chicks. In either case, pay a good price for a good article. It costs no more to grow pure-blooded fowl than it does mongrels.

An authority says that poultry has its seasons. In the market-place this is quite true, but in the poultry yards on the farm it usually extends from January 1 to December 31.

A good way to "know your hens" is to get an introduction to them by Mr. Trap Nest. Such an acquaintance kept up is quite sure to give you something to think about.

Eggs from hens will hatch stronger chicks than eggs from pullets. A good way to get out young stock is to buy eggs from some reputable breeder and have them incubated at a professional hatchery. This saves the worry and trouble of looking after sitting hens.

The man who studies his birds carefully and learns their requirements has the average "system" beat a mile, and can carry on his breeding operations without a chart and compass.

Last week's pen record at Stoors (Connecticut) of fifty eggs made by A. A. Schwarz's pen of Black Rhinelanders from Burlingame, Cal., has now been broken by a New Hampshire pen of Rhode Island Reds owned by A. W. Rumery of Danville.

### Points from Poultry Farms.

SANTA ANA, Feb. 25.—The Orange County Poultrymen's Association, composed of poultrymen, growers of pheasants, bantams, rabbits and pigs, has selected December 12 to 16 as the time for its next show. The association is a live wire, with F. M. Kirkpatrick of Orange president, and C. A. Wilkinson of Harper secretary. The association proposes to affiliate with the American Poultry Association so that the members will be enrolled to compete for the A.P.A. medals and other trophies.

REDLANDS, Feb. 24.—Poultry dealers of this section predict a greater interest in the raising of poultry in the future and base their assertion on the increase of interest in the past few months. It is said that one cause of this is that the shipments of poultry to the Coast have dropped off to a great extent in the past year or so. One reason given for this is that food is most costly in the Middle West and that poultry is not being raised there in such large quantities. The dealers say that the decline of shipments has become more noticeable during the past year than ever before. The poultrymen have been receiving from 21 to 23 cents per dozen for strictly fresh eggs. At the present price of feed it is impossible to make anything on chickens. Quantities of eggs have been shipped into the valley during the winter months but there is a growing interest in poultry and a number of producers say that it will not be long before the local supply will meet the demand.

SANTA ROSA.—The Board of Supervisors has just passed an ordinance against poultry thieves, the closing paragraph of which reads, that "Any and every person, firm, corporation or co-partnership who shall fail or omit to keep a full and complete record of all poultry bought and received as herein provided, or who shall fail or refuse to permit an inspection thereof on demand by any peace officer as herein provided, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than Ten Dollars (\$10) nor more than One Hundred Dollars (\$100), or by imprisonment in the County Jail of Sonoma county, California, for not less than ten days nor more than one hundred days, or by both such fine and imprisonment." It will be noticed that this makes it difficult to dispose of stolen fowls within the county, but affords little protection if sold elsewhere.

TULARE (Cal.)—Owing to constantly increasing business the Tulare Co-operative Poultry Association is seeking new and larger quarters. During January it did a business of \$3861.22.

### A Pretty Warm Sun.

[Popular Science Monthly:] If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a half in diameter, spanning the intervening distance of 93,000,000 miles, and if the sun should concentrate his entire power upon it, it would dissolve in a single second, according to the calculations made by Prof. Young.

The great German physicist Helmholtz was the first to explain satisfactorily what keeps the sun hot. The sun is not burning; it is heated to the glowing point, like a piece of white-hot iron. Helmholtz found that if we suppose the sun to be contracting by only 250 feet a year we would receive our present amount of heat. In other words, heat is being literally squeezed out of the sun. Prof. Newcomb estimated that when the squeezing process has continued for about 7,000,000 years, the sun will be one-half its present size.

### Able to Enjoy Himself.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

scanty shade of the deckhouse as he lazily peeled the skin from a banana. He, high-handedly, as became the hero of the ship, ordered Donovan to bring his pipe. Respectfully, Donovan also struck a match for him.

"That's all," said Denny. "Go 'way an' let me snooze."

A little later he chuckled to himself. "Sure there was a thousand av thim," he repeated his statement of the morning. "A thousand cocoanuts," he finished with another chuckle. From the depths of the front of his shirt he drew forth half a dozen long, barred tail feathers, chestnut brown and dirty-white in color.

"Lord, but it's mean to have a joke you're afraid to tell," he moralized regretfully. Then he looked at the feather again and rolled helpless with laughter as he pictured the scene at the coconut grove.

"To think of Donovan bein' scart of a bir-rd!" he said to himself when he had recovered. "But thim laughin' jackasses do sound like the ould Nick himself."

### Long Sea Voyages.

The seas are always full of long overdue and lonely craft battering their way through the regions of almost perpetual gales or idling in the doldrums of the irritation of their dispirited crews, who find partial consolation in the reflection that every flap of the mainsail means money out of the owner's pocket.

On March 2, 1910, the four-masted bark Invernesshire sailed from Hamburg for Santa Rosalia, in the Gulf of California. In the course of a passage which included such incidents as her temporary abandonment by her crew in dread of her foundering, she was forced to put into the Falklands to refit, and sailed again on her interrupted voyage on September 27, 1910. From that time she was neither seen nor heard of until she arrived safely at her destination on February 2, 1911, 338 days out from her original port of departure.

This voyage almost compares with the performances of the lumbering craft of earlier navigators, except no doubt that it was a tedious passage and not enlivened by encounter with such experiences as befell the old-timers.

On November 19, 1587, the Desire, under the command of Thomas Cavendish, "a gentleman of Suffolk," set sail from the headlands of California for the Channel. At break of day on June 8 of the following year she fell in sight of the Islands of St. Helena. On July 3 she crossed the line and, taking hold of the brave trade winds to the limit of 40 deg. north latitude, she reached the port of Plymouth on September 7, 1588.

The sailing master of the Desire thought it worthy of record that running merely along before the wind under all the sail she could carry his vessel compassed 140 miles between noon and noon, a boast which would excite the modern mariner to laughter.

Among some extraordinary voyages made by deep sea sailing craft within recent years there may be mentioned that of the Beacon Rock, engaged on a short coasting trip between two Australian ports. After all hope of her safe arrival had been abandoned she turned up at Talachano, Chile, some 6000 miles from her intended destination. Being in light trim and consequently with no grip on the water, she had been unable to make any progress against a persistent head wind, and her master had been compelled to square yards and make a fair wind of it across the broad Pacific.

### Our Wonderful Bodies.

[Boston Transcript:] There are 240 bones in the human body.

There are about 7,000,000 skin pores in an ordinary-sized man.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour.

Ninety-eight deg. Fahrenheit is the average temperature of the human body.

In twenty-four hours thirty-three ounces of insensible perspiration pass from the human body.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 3 1/2 pounds; of a woman 2 pounds 11 ounces.

Two thousand five hundred square inches may be estimated as the surface of an ordinary-sized man's body.

### Incidents in an Editorial Career.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

Enoch St. John Davis was in the room. Silence followed. A nervous little man standing in the front row of spectators began to cough. Jackson made a convulsive movement with his right hand and turned quickly toward him. The little man stopped coughing abruptly and nearly collapsed from fright, while those standing near him began to crowd back nervously.

"I had hoped the applicant for this infamous franchise would be here in person to hear what I have to say," began Jackson. "I never like to attack a man who is not present to defend himself."

The militant editor of the Argus then launched into a fiery speech, reiterating the charges he had already made in the columns of his paper and adding a few more for good measure.

"I have the proof for all my statements here," he concluded, tapping his breast pocket impressively. "If Mr. Enoch St. John Davis were here I would produce that proof and show him up for what he is before all Ozonia. He has failed to appear and I cite that fact as prima facie evidence of all my charges. As loyal citizens and officials of the Ozonia of today and the Ozonia of the future, I call upon you to have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Enoch St. John Davis; I ask—nay, I demand, that you deny this application and return to me the infamous check without comment as a rebuke for an effort offered to the splendid citizenry of what is destined to be the greatest port on the Pacific."

The roar of applause which followed this speech was sufficient to have satisfied the most ardent demagogue. The Trustees, always alert to the warnings of public opinion, took their cue and unanimously acted as Jackson had directed.

J. Smith Jackson was the most talked of man in Ozonia the following day. The report was circulated by those who had stood near the door of the board room that a well-dressed stranger had appeared in the corridor outside and after listening to a portion of Jackson's speech, had mysteriously disappeared. Subscriptus poured in by the score and the busy editor lost no time in fortifying himself with a number of good advertising contracts which he had hitherto failed to obtain.

Two days later Ramon McNeill dropped into the Argus office to congratulate Jackson on his success.

"Will you need any more money for a few days?" he asked.

"No," was the reply. "I'm fixed all right now; things are coming my way in great shape."

"The reason I asked," said McNeill, "was because I will be out of town for a few days."

Jackson looked up with a knowing grin, and McNeill grinned back. "I continued:

"Yes, I will have to make a trip to Los Angeles to get back that certified check for \$500 that I sent with the application for the franchise."



SPRING IS HERE. Why worry about the coming Hot Sun? Your problem is solved, in the California Sun Hat, 10,000 satisfied women, children wore them last year. The hat is made from basket woven jungle grass, guaranteed to wear two years without breaking. It ventilates, a circulation of air passes between the top of the head and crown of hat. Can be taken apart and rolled up, reassembled in a minute. Handy for outings. Style 1, as illustrated, 60 cents. Style 2 has every feature as the above, is shaped round as any hat, broad rim with scalloped crown, looks lobby, 25c. Trimmed in black, brown, Alice blue, light blue, navy blue, lavender, pink, red and tan. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, on receipt of price, will mail postpaid any place in U. S. Made for women, misses and children. Order yours now, and know the enjoyment of the sunshine. Dealers write for prices and proposition. Made in Los Angeles by the CALIFORNIA SUN HAT CO., 5928 Pasadena Ave. Patented—Infringers beware.

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Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.  
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L  
LONDON, Feb. 15.—Before I left New York I was assured that various unhappy things would happen in British dominions before the war came to an end. Among other things it was asserted that

Disaffection Denied. Interview by Edward Marshall.

# CHAMBERLAIN ON INDIA AND THE WAR.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.

high freights, for which India is not responsible.

"Money in India is plentiful, bank rates (that is, interest rates,) are low, and savings deposits are on the increase, although naturally still somewhat smaller than in peace times."

"But was there no excuse whatever for the published stories of seditious disturbances which so widely were commented on in the United States?" I asked.

"Excuse, but scarcely more, for some of them," Mr. Chamberlain replied. "There were some disturbances. These undoubtedly were magnified into great events by our enemies."

"They were fomented principally by discontented Indians returning from the States

and Canada. These were mostly Sikhs of the Punjab and many if not all of them had been college students in America.

Details of Indian Troubles.

"A very active revolutionary paper had been established at San Francisco or some point near to that city. It was called 'The Ghadr' (The Mutiny.)"

"At the outbreak of the war this exhorted all Indians in the States or elsewhere to return to India and take up arms in a revolution against British rule. Germany money may have backed it before the outbreak of the war. After the war began German money surely backed it. The German government supports an Indian Revolutionary Committee in Berlin. They must be sadly

disappointed by the small return for their large expenditure.

"The 4000 or 5000 returning Indians who went to the Punjab were surprised when they arrived there to find no revolution in progress, and, although it is possible that they might have joined one had it then existed, as things were, most of them took no further part in the matter."

"Others, and these numbered not more than a few hundreds, formed a secret revolutionary party and in the towns and villages taught sedition and attempted to seduce Indian soldiers. This revolutionary party was financed principally by violent robbery, its bandits raiding wealthy persons, sometimes holding them for ransom, and committing several cruel murders."

"In the course of a month or two this organization was fully dealt with by the police and the government. Its chiefs were arrested and a special tribunal heard their cases."

"Principal among these was what became known as the Lahore conspiracy case. The proceedings in connection with this were extraordinary, being long and sensational, for there were over eighty defendants."

"Of these twenty-six were condemned to death and rather more than that number to transportation and minor punishments. All but seven of the capital sentences were commuted by the Viceroy to transportation for life to the Andamans. This action was very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN.)

## When Tweedledee Changed Her Mind. The Interlopers.

BY DAN O'MALLEY.

TRAINER MALONEY and his assistant, Mike, were feeding the animals when a frowsy individual, ragged at the feet, a heavy black stubble on his face, and a dirty white bull terrier at his heels, approached and asked for a job.

Maloney looked the stranger over, noticed a pair of watery eyes, a purple cast to a pimply nose, then let his glance fall to the dog.

"Nice dog that," he said.

A stranger to the fine points of breeding might have wondered at Maloney's remark. White she had been; dirty, grimy she was, from the tip of her black nose to the end of her stubby tail; and flea-bitten from the pads of her feet to the top of the hair on her back. But Maloney's glance went deeper than this.

"Nice dog," he said again. "Where'd you get her?"

The black stubble parted into a grotesque grin. "She just came to me, boss," he replied, "of her own sweet will. I was sleeping out one evenin'—he winked—"when she came and laid her puppy head on me manly bosom. We've been cronies ever since. Here, Kate, stand around and show the gentleman yer points."

He kicked at her, but Kate with a wary eye, trained to abuse, eluded the half-shoot.

Maloney's eyes snapped, but his voice was smooth. "So you're looking for a job? Ever work around animals?" "That's me—John Bragg. That's all I've ever done. I know more about animals than they know about themselves. Pardon an old pal's inquisitiveness, but you ain't got a drink about you, have you?"

"Don't use it. Nobody's allowed to use it inside the grounds. But if you want a job I guess I can give you one." Maloney looked at Kate while he was speaking.

John Bragg lasted at the Jungle Arena just one week. He lasted so long because, despite his importunities, he received no pay till he had put in a full seven days. A few hours after receiving his money he came back to the Arena much the worse for his devotion to the shrine of Bacchus.

He emptied a big box of bread into the pool that was reserved for the use of the polar bears; he kicked Kate through a glass window in the shed-like theater where the performances were given and was about to try a wrestling match with a trained bear when Trainer Maloney picked him up bodily, scratching and screaming, and threw him out into the world again.

"When you get ten dollars to pay for the damage you've done you can come back and get the dog," he said.

"That's why I gave him a job," Maloney remarked to his assistant. "Kind o' thought he'd be leaving without the dog. He'll never come back after her—never have the money, and he won't get her until he does. Just look at her lines now; long head, flat forehead, muzzle fine and tapering, chest wide and deep and the 'know' in her eyes. Ain't she a beauty?"

She was. Maloney had cleaned her up with quantities of water and soap until her hair shone white.

"We'll train her to do tricks with Billy, Mike. It'll be fine to have two dogs instead of one cavorting on the elephants' backs."

"That's the idea, Maloney. She'll be easy to train. Just look at them eyes."

So Kate's education commenced.

Billy was a white English bull, a trifle

heavier than Kate. When the elephants, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, squatted, it was one of his tricks to make a running jump, land on the rumps of Tweedledum, and then leap to the crown of the head, perching there with his forefeet extended for applause. Then he would repeat the performance with Tweedledee.

"It will be a grand sight, Mike," said Maloney, "to see the two dogs work together. Ain't they beauties now?"

The animals went through their stunts in the training pen. Billy and Kate became fast friends, and Kate was learning quickly. But the elephants became sulky. Billy they loved; to have an interloper come into the family was more than their general good nature could stand; but in the solitude of the training pen they suffered Kate's antics in silence.

Then came the day when Kate, with Billy and Tweedledum and Tweedledee, was to perform in public.

"She's as clever as Billy, Mike," Maloney nodded at Kate. "Just watch the two of them go through their act."

The big doors were thrown open and Tweedledum and Tweedledee rolled out onto the stage, Billy and Kate, smiling happily, trotting after them.

Maloney gave a word of command. The elephants squatted. Billy and Kate, abreast, took a back each. Billy, Tweedledum's, Kate, Tweedledee's, and gaining the heads, sat up on their haunches with their forepaws outstretched.

The applause was all that it should have been, but it seemed further to disturb Tweedledee's toppling mental equilibrium. Ordinarily she loved applause; but the shame of it all—before that big crowd to have a hated dog as the diadem in her crown instead of the beloved Billy! Then rage came to Tweedledee—hot, rebellious rage. With a scream she reached up with her trunk, seized Kate around the belly and hurled her against the steel bars that enclosed the stage.

Being a bulldog Kate came back for more, and Maloney's bludgeon forced Tweedledee to submit to her humiliation.

"You old fool, Tweedledee!" cried Maloney. "Can't you see that Kate is handsomer than Billy? Look at them straight legs now, and that handsome nose. Ain't she a beauty? Come now, Tweedledee, ain't she?"

But Tweedledee only flapped her large ears and trumpeted her rage and disgust.

At the next performance the trouble was greater, and Maloney decided to transfer Billy to Tweedledee and let Kate perform on Tweedledum. But when Tweedledum raised her trunk to give an affectionate sniff at Billy and detected the counterfeit, her rage was beyond control. She swept Kate aside and, lumbering over to where Billy was posing on the crown of Tweedledee, she snatched the dog off and placed him on her own head.

"You pair of idiots!" exploded Maloney, prodding the two elephants. "You're crabbing the act. Get some sense now!"

The elephants glared at everything around them, except Billy; him they caressed with their trunks and made much over him.

"Mike," said Trainer Maloney, "we got to get them elephants used to Kate somehow. We'll bunk them together."

Tweedledum and Tweedledee had a house to themselves. Clean straw lay deep over the wooden floor. Billy had the run of this house, but Kate was tied in one corner where the elephants could not reach her from their stakes.

"That ought to get 'em used to her by and by," said Maloney to his assistant. "Take folks for instance: them as live together day in and day out get used to each other's ways."

"They say familiarity breeds contempt," suggested Mike.

"Not always it don't. Ain't we got the example of Billy and them pachyderms right in front of our noses? I tell you, Mike, them trunk swingers will take up with Kate after she's lived with 'em a while."

"Mebbe so; mebbe so!" answered Mike doubtfully.

And the elephants gazed hatred with their little eyes and flapped their big ears.

As Tweedledee seemed to make the less fuss of the pair, Kate was returned to her. But the elephant sulked. She refused to eat and the act suffered. The climax of the quarrel came one night in a scene where Tweedledum beats a bass drum and Tweedledee, representing a wounded soldier, hobbles in on a wooden leg and a crutch hid in her trunk.

Tweedledee had made a cunning effort to coax Billy to her that night, but the seduction was frustrated by Tweedledum and Maloney. So angered was Tweedledee because she had failed that now she swung her crutch and pounded Tweedledum over the head with it. Tweedledum retaliated by striking Tweedledee with the heavy drumstick. Then Tweedledee picked up Kate (the two dogs were sitting close by on their haunches, waiting for their cue) and flung her viciously at the head of Tweedledum. But it was a poor throw, and Kate went into the iron bars that hedged in the stage and this time three ribs were broken.

The act ended in an uproar. Maloney and Mike prodded Tweedledum and Tweedledee back into their pen, then the trainer came back and picked up Kate tenderly and carried her to her bed in the elephants' stables.

"You brutes ain't going to crab this way much longer," said Maloney vigorously to the elephants. "If I have to, I'll hobble all eight of your legs and I'll tie your trunks down to 'em, and I'll make you kiss Kate three times a day, as you ought to do willingly anyhow—a handsome dog like her."

Billy barked his approval. Maloney held Kate in his arms; he put his head down. Not a whimper came from her, and she licked his face.

"I reckon it's jealousy, familiarity breeds," said Mike scratching his head.

"Mebbe so. There ain't no question but them two pachyderms are jealous of each other over Billy. But I've made up my mind that Tweedledum is going to have Billy and that Tweedledee is going to snuggle up to Kate."

"Yes, but how are you going to manage it?" questioned Mike. "Kate's been in here night and day for a month and there ain't any more love between 'em now than there was the first day. They're crabbing the act and spoiling the show."

"That can't be denied, Mike. They sure are crabbing the act; but it ain't Kate's fault. She's affectionate with both the elephants. It's up to Tweedledee and now she's got to come across."

"Yes, but how?" persisted Mike.

"I dunno," Maloney scratched his head.

He made a soft nest for Kate and laid her gently in it. She looked up, swallowed her pain, and smiled affectionately at him.

"Tweedledee, you old reprobate," said Maloney, shaking his fist at her as he was leaving the stable, "how would you like to

have a dinnersaur, or whatever they call 'em, toss you up against a mountain or something and crack your ribs?"

Tweedledee only flapped her ears and looked toward the corner where Kate nestled.

"That's right; fume at her!" Maloney shook his fist at her. "I suppose you'd like to waddle over there now and jump up and down on the poor little beast. 'Mike,' he called, 'you got them elephants staked tight so they can't get at Kate?'"

"Yep!"

The next day when Maloney entered the stable he found Tweedledee backed around, with her head where her tail generally was, so she could get a full sweep of the corner where lay Kate. Her little eyes were full upon the dog and her trunk was extended, sniffing earnestly.

"That's right, Tweedledee," exclaimed Maloney. "Kill her with them love glances. I suppose now you'd like to get her in your trunk again and toss her through the roof. Well, you ain't going to."

Tweedledee didn't say anything, and Maloney examined her chains. Then he went over to Kate.

"How's the little girl?" he asked earnestly.

Kate lay still, but she smiled up at him with her face and her stubby tail.

The act was put on each afternoon and evening, Billy doing the stunts for himself and Kate. The elephants were on a friendly footing again, but Tweedledee seemed to have something on her mind. Three times Maloney found her backed around where she could get an unobstructed view of Kate's corner, and each time her trunk was extended, sniffing.

"I know you would!" had said Maloney to her. "But you ain't going to get the chance. That dog's valuable as well as affectionate, and there ain't going to be no funeral here by you hoisting her through the roof."

Still Tweedledee said nothing; she only flapped her ears.

One evening Trainer Maloney took Billy out to teach him a new trick. Kate was left behind with the elephants, as her ribs had not yet mended. As Maloney emerged from the shadows of the buildings into an open space a slouching figure slid behind some of the cages and then into the elephants' stable.

It was John Bragg. John had plans of his own. Rumor had come to him of the training of Kate and her clever performances. John had no love for Kate, but there was an idea in his muddled mind that her value would present him with the opportunity of again worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus.

He stole into the pen. In the dusk he could not see that Kate was tied nor that anything appeared to be the matter with her. He called her, but she did not get up and he kicked her on the head.

There was a trumpeting scream in the elephant pen. Trainer Maloney out in the open space with Billy shivered.

"Billy, it's all off with Kate!" he exclaimed. Tears started to his eyes as he rushed to the pen.

As he entered the door, a flying, broken mass with a black stubble on its face struck and knocked him down. When he regained his feet he saw Tweedledee, her chains broken, standing over Kate, nosing her affectionately with her trunk; and Kate, whimpering, was licking the big proboscis.

Trainer Maloney sat down, weak at the knees. "Tweedledee, you old reprobate!" he said happily.



Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

# TREATMENT AND SELECTION IN BREEDING.

Poultry Pointers. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

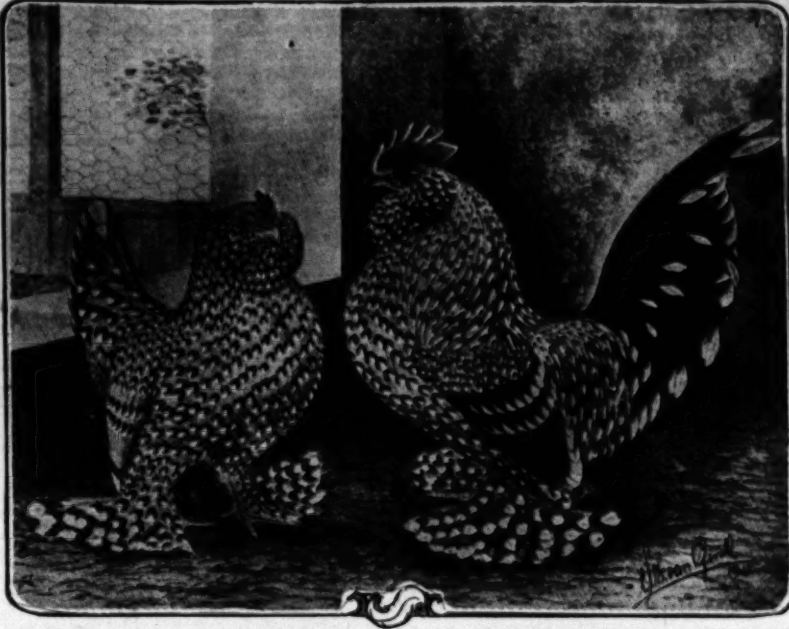
## Objective Points in Breeding.

**L**AST week we wrote rather inquisitively as to the proper age at which to use birds for breeding, not so much for food purposes as to maintenance of stamina and virility in the progeny, particularly if birds for breeding specimens and showroom purposes are the objects sought after. The position assumed was in favor of breeding well-developed specimens of both sexes; in other words cocks and hens rather than cockerels and hens, or pullets and cockerels. Viewed at closer range, the problem presents some other factors more or less vital.

Experienced breeders, and especially that class which seeks to draw its largest revenue from the sale of hatching eggs and breeding stock, selects birds along well-defined blood lines, and hence is pretty sure to know what the progeny will be; but there is a large class of poultrymen that select their breeding pens from a general flock, picking males that possess pugnacity, are alert, vigorous and true to type and breed, to which are mated females answering to much the same characteristics, with fecundity as an added consideration. Supposing, however, that the flock from which such selection has been made was grown and forced along for meat purposes or excessive laying; these being predominant to a degree much beyond the ordinary, is it fair to assume that they are the highest type of bird for breeding purposes? Have they the stamina, virility and reproductive powers that will insure a progeny of high prepotency and vigor? In this connection it might be well to cite the practice of one of our most successful breeders of a single-colored breed in the Mediterranean class to discard all hens going over 165 to 180 eggs per year. It is his experience that females of a larger fecundity than this show deterioration in progeny, even when mated to blood line males of vigor and from fecund ancestors. In other words, fecundity becomes predominant at the expense of all other attributes that go to make up a strong and vigorous race of birds. The same criticism might apply to flocks forced along for meat purposes; a constant breeding from such strains will tend to "run out" unless reinforced with new blood.

If the premises here presented are correct, it follows naturally that flocks for different purposes demand different treatment—a fact quite well known to the older hand at the game. Stock intended for breeding and showroom purposes should be allowed to grow up naturally, in so far as such a thing is possible under domestication. And by this is not meant to allow it to "go it alone," but allowed to develop rationally, and steadily, with plenty of freedom for wide exercise. There should be no "forcing," as that expression is generally understood, to mar nature's method of doing things. Bird and animal life that stands for the continuance of its kind is usually fully developed in all its attributes and faculties when the breeding propensity is virile and active. To force maturity by artificial means is invariably at the expense of other desirable considerations in the breeding pen. When the object is other than robust progeny, it is of course legitimate to make the object to be gained predominant, be it either carcass or hen fruit. It is the mature orange that is the sweetest, and where it conserves only the idea of human food, it possesses no productive faculties of its own, as witness the Washington navel that has no seeds, hence no fecundity. So likewise, excessive early and prolific laying, forcing meat to bone and sinew, must in the very nature of things act negatively on the progeny from such stock. If you empty here you must condense there, a surplussage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. Nature refuses to have her affairs mismanaged long.

In the light of these fundamentals it is indeed amusing to listen to the prattle of the innocent bipeds of the genus homo when they expatiate on the 300-eggs-a-year hen, and the possibility of producing the fine breeding and exhibition specimen as a regular thing. Nature does not work that way, or every one of us might as well have been a Napoleon, an Emerson or a Darwin. In her poultry yard life is cheap; she creates millions to produce one Caesar, one Shakes-



A PAIR OF BEARDED (MILLEFLEUR) HOLLAND BANTAMS.

peare, one Lincoln. Likewise, she puts the breath of life into millions of horses before she produces a Sunol or a Stamboul; and likewise millions of poultry to one hen that lays 300 eggs per year, or a male that will score within four points of perfection. And that, after all, is the charm of the game. If it were otherwise hen fruit would be a drug on the market, poultry meat as cheap as grass, and the breeding and exhibition specimen occupy a place on the dump with the empty tomato can.

## New Varieties of Bearded Bantams.

Bearded Bantams have for some time been a feature with English and American fanciers, though never attaining the popularity of some of the other breeds, such as Seabrights, Games, Cochins, etc. Of the several varieties the Whites and Blacks have been the most common, and in type are not without a strong resemblance to the White and Black Cochins Bantams, the chief differences being in tails and the flaring feathering on the feet, and the tuft of feathers in place of wattles from which they take the name. The origin of the breed is generally admitted to have been in Holland, where they have been bred for two centuries, and for a period of about half that time they have been a feature of poultry culture in Germany. The Whites and Blacks are the easiest to handle, because self in color scheme; but for beauty as well as difficulty in breeding, some of the lesser-known varieties possess a lure to the fancier that renders them unusually attractive. Standard weights are: Cocks, 26 ounces; cockerels, 22; hens, 22; pullets, 20.

In Holland the breed is known as the "Uccle Bearded Bantams," and in varieties other than the Whites and Blacks, the Dutch fanciers have evolved kinds that are not only strikingly individual but also in color scheme very beautiful. According to Van Glink, a Holland poultry writer of authority, the most popular are the Millefleurs or three-colored. Owing to the color scheme they are not easy to breed, but when at their best are indeed a handsome bird. In the females all feathers should be a rich buff color with a large black spangle at the end, and at the extremity a white tip or small spangle is formed. Each feather shows three colors, viz., buff, black and white, all clearly defined; tail feathers black with white spangle at the end; fluff grayish black. In males breast is marked as in females; neck, hackle and saddle have the same markings, but more like those in Silver Hamburgs. The black spangle at the end of the feather is more pointed and the same may be said of the white tip; wing bow, the main tail-feathers, and the sickles and side-hangers are black with a white spangle; combs rather small; eyes brownish-red color; earlobes fully covered by the whiskers and their color of no importance; wattles small and usually hidden by the beard in the hens; neck hackle grows backward

making the neck look thick and quaint, which should be thrown well backward; breast broad and prominent; back broad and short; tail well spread, with strong sickle feathers; body short, resting on a pair of stubby legs; toes strongly feathered. In addition to the varieties already mentioned there are also the Blue Porcelain and Spangled, which are secondary in importance to those already enumerated.

All Bearded bants are rated as good layers of rather small-sized eggs. They stand confinement well, and by a little attention become docile and great pets. The hens are good mothers. Owing to their heavy foot-feeding they should be kept in runs well supplied with clean litter, in dusty or muddy yards the plumage not only loses its luster, but soon wears ragged, giving the birds a decidedly neglected appearance. Some breeders trim off the coarser foot feathers, especially on the females when breeding, though if nests and yards are properly provided little damage will be encountered to eggs as a result of this extra supply of foot gear.

## Egg-selling Groups of Women.

What a community interest can accomplish is indicated by a co-operative movement among poultry women in a number of the Southern States, who have been encouraged by the demonstration agents of the Federal Department of Agriculture to form co-operative egg-selling associations, the object of which is to secure better prices for poultry products. The members of these associations send all their eggs freshly gathered to one member, who tests and grades them carefully, packs them attractively, and sees to their shipment and sale. The product of the group is sold co-operatively, the members paying their proportion of the cost of handling and sharing in the profits. The agents representing the department and the State college help these groups by giving their members instructions in shipping by parcel post and express, in grading and testing eggs, and in choice of containers. In several of these groups the members have come to appreciate the value of a standardized product, and, therefore, have agreed to raise the same breed of chickens and thus produce the same grade of eggs.

The following report from Mississippi, where there are fifty co-operative egg-selling associations and two junior poultry clubs, is typical of the work in the other Southern States. An association with a packing center at Centerville has a membership of seventeen. A secretary-manager is paid 1½ cents per dozen to do the packing, which is done in an old school building. This club has sold more than \$500 worth of eggs at prices substantially above the local market quotations. Another association, with a packing center at Woodville, has a membership of twenty. They pay their secretary-manager 2 cents per

dozen. The grading and packing are done by committees of three, which serve in turn. The association has an electric tester and scales for weighing the eggs. Under its standard, it does not accept eggs weighing less than two ounces each. The first shipments were made in commercial cases, but the eggs are now packed in one-dozen cartons and shipped in the cases. This association separates fertile from infertile ones. They have sold 3815 dozen at an average price of 24 cents. Here is certainly a valuable "tip" for other committees to follow along similar lines. It seems to the writer that the practice possesses features that will commend their adoption to a number of communities in Southern California.

## Troubles of Growing Youngsters.

If conditions are right there should be no ailments with growing chicks, for certainly wholesome feeding, sanitary yards and houses, and intelligent care ought to exempt them from disease and relieve their owner from worry. But even with the best of care disease will at times creep into a flock of youngsters, especially if they happen to be in the hands of beginners. For the benefit of such, a few words in the way of warning will not be out of place. Under either artificial brooding or with nature's way there are a few ailments quite common to young chicks, viz., bowel troubles, cramps, roup, drooping wings, all terms which may cover greater or lesser evils. There are cases where the complaint may be hereditary; sometimes trouble is brought on by the caretaker in his method and practices; but quite generally they are traceable to poor sanitation, improper environment and bad feeding. In ordinary cases a cure can be affected by altering conditions, proper feeding and simple remedies. If, however, the trouble has become pronounced it is better to kill the ailing specimens and isolate the healthy.

Prevention is better than cure. Bowel trouble may result from sloppy food, some kinds of rich food, chills, colds, etc. Alter conditions and give boiled milk to drink and provide warm, dry quarters. When the trouble has reached the "gummed-up-behind" stage it is more difficult to handle. Colds and roup are due to damp, exposure and filth. Both in the case of chicks are bad, and if acute, hardly worth trying to cure. Correct wrong conditions and give remedies usually prescribed for hens. Cramps are caused by drinking excessively of cold water, by extreme heat, by choking, usually fatal, and result to specimens that have been ailing for some time. Drooping wings indicate general

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# CREATING INTEREST IN NATIONAL PARKS.\*

Boosting Our Playgrounds. By D. H. MacAdam.

**T**O BUILD legal fences around the scenic splendors of the West is not enough, Secretary Lane holds. "Why have great national playgrounds unless the people play in them?" he asks. "Let us have our scenic splendors seen," he insists.

Hereby hangs the story of a new and interesting policy in the administration of the national parks.

In these great reservations are to be found more of the mystery, majesty and magnificence of the out-of-doors than can be found in any other country of the world. They contain rest for the weary, a spur for the sound man and a tonic for the weak; infinite outlet for exuberant youth and new vigor for the aged; and even this—life for a dead imagination.

There are countless snow-crowned mountains, waterfalls of dazing volume and dizzying descent, canyons that seem like gulfs of eternity, trees you can drive through in the biggest auto truck made, vistas and expanses that defy expression. It is a marvelous panorama, which includes about every remarkable thing the earth produces, animate or inanimate, save one—the Great American Spender.

"Why not complete the picture?" Mr. Lane argues.

To state it by anecdotes, a perfectly well-meaning editor, all lit up with enthusiasm for the idea—a "piece" for his magazine was the object—recently wrote the Secretary of the Interior seeking data upon the "conservation" policy as applied to the parks.

"Conserve blazes!" ran the reply, in substance. "You're in the right church but the wrong pew. We're conserving gas, oil, radium, phosphates, coal and human energy; we're not conserving the parks. Most of them have been conserved many years, by acts of Congress. Our supply of scenery, I am happy to say, is not in danger of exhaustion."

"Use is the idea now. It is a business

question. Here lies one of the biggest business assets in the United States of America, and it is largely unused. Why not cash it and add to our prosperity?"

A Sixty-man-power Human Machine.

A story of the parks cannot proceed without an identification of Stephen T. Mather, assistant to the Secretary of the Interior. His is an eight-cylinder, 60 m.p. (man power) sort of personality—a man with marked business genius who is also, nearly to the point of sentimentality, a lover of mountain tops. You might say he has an intimate speaking acquaintance with most of the peaks in the Rockies. If mountains talk (and many say they do) a cheery "Hello, Steve" echoes down from Pike's hoary crest as Mather nears Denver. Pike wiggles the news to the Tetons, who pass it on to Rainier, who codes it from summit to summit down the coast. Whereat all prepare to look their finest and do their damdest for their friend from Chicago and Washington.

Mr. Mather is a connoisseur of mountains. He has seen them in all parts of the world, and has climbed many. And America's mountains stand first with him, bar none.

As for Mather the business man, do you remember "Twenty-Mule-Team Borax?" The picture of twenty mules hauling an enormous load through a waste of red sand and cacti? It was Mather who pushed borax into household use throughout this broad land. First, working for the "trust," he revolutionized the system of the distribution and transferred the center of the production from New York to Chicago. He popularized it by an advertising campaign—the "Twenty-Mule-Team" propaganda being one of his contributions to the "trust."

Then he set up as an independent and bucked the trust with eminent, conspicuous and financial success. And Mather's professional rating is not that of a business man—he's a lawyer.

For reasons quite obvious, Secretary Lane wanted just such a man, or, rather, just this man, to go on the job for the parks. Never a word was said about politics. Probably Lane doesn't know Mather's politics now. He bade the Chicagoan take the place and wouldn't take no for an answer. As for the politics, Mr. Mather hasn't much of any—he's an independent. As for the parks—the took hold of them in the way he took hold of borax twenty years before, and "See America First" has caught on even better than "Twenty-Mule-Team Borax" did.

Big Sums Spent Abroad.

The magnitude of scenery as a business proposition is indicated from figures compiled two years ago, before the war in Europe plunged the Old World into a carnival of slaughter, by a New York financial publication. Through the steamship companies and the banks it was ascertained that Americans were spending annually in Europe, almost entirely upon summer vacations, the staggering sum of \$500,000,000. Analysis credits Switzerland's mountains and famous resorts with attracting to Europe at least \$100,000,000 of this total.

Tens of thousands of Americans have been bred to the notion that the place to see and climb mountains is in Switzerland. Readers of "standard" English literature could barely escape inoculation with the idea that the Swiss possess the only scenery worth consideration. In other words, the Swiss mountains, though equaled for size and grandeur in other quarters of the globe, have been the best advertised. Hardly an old-school novel is to be found that does not stage a vital chapter or two in Switzerland.

And the Swiss kept well abreast of the times by continually promoting and developing their scenic resources. Normally, something like \$2,000,000 a year is spent—much of it in the United States—to draw tourists to Switzerland. It is a scientifically man-

aged and promoted business. Yet all of Switzerland's scenic territory could be hidden away in one corner of Yellowstone Park; and the new Glacier National Park could be matched against all the Alps, and leave a big margin both in area and quality. One has to penetrate to the fastnesses of the Himalayas or the heart of the Andes or into American Alaska to match in grandeur what is easily accessible within the United States.

Westward, Ho!

What was necessary to start the Great American Spender westward ho? Well, advertising for one thing. Elimination of red-tape regulations, such as that forbidding the fine roads of the Yellowstone to automobiles for another. Good transportation facilities and living accommodations—the latter of the elastic variety which fits everyone from the camper to the private-car-de-luxe, spend-a-dollar-a-minute type—for a third.

Much of this has been done, and all is in process.

The war has helped materially. Last year the trip to Europe, whether an accustomed annual visit or a special tour planned for years by the family of small means, was out of the question. The San Francisco Exposition was in progress, and Americans by tens of thousands made the trip to the Coast, stopping at one or more of the parks. More than 250,000 tourists visited the national parks last summer, whereas the average before was about 80,000.

There is no exposition at San Francisco this year, but it is a better year financially. More money will be available for vacation trips and prospects are that the war will continue. Fully as large, if not a larger, attendance of easterners at the western parks is therefore expected.

Up to about a year ago the national parks, fourteen in number, received scant



Lookout near Top of Bright Angel Trail, Grand Canyon.



New Trail up Triple Divide, Glacier National Park.



Crater Lake in Crater Lake National Park.



Rock on Trail to Fern Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park.

attention from either the people or the government. When the first of these parks, the Yellowstone, was established in 1872, Congress made a separate appropriation for it. The same precedent was followed in regard to all the other national parks. In the beginning the parks were administered by a clerk in the office of the secretary, but a few years ago the assistant to the secretary was placed in charge of the national parks as a small part of his duties. Proposed New Policy.

A change is in progress which involves the handling of all the national parks together, as so many departments of one business. The administration is to be centered in Washington. Bills to this end are before Congress and have every prospect of passage. The measure apparently favored has the backing of the American Civic Association and was introduced in the House by Representative Kent of California. It involves the creation of a national parks service, with a headquarters in Wash-

\*Illustrations by H. T. Cowling, U. S. Reclamation Service.



Spanked but Triumphant. By Allen Phillips.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE)

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

1 Cong. 1874 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate



## Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

ington, by means of which effective business management can be had.

Last year's western wave of vacation-seekers aroused interest, even among those who did not go, in the "See America First" idea. All at once the same became good "copy" for the newspapers and magazines, and excellent material for the movies. Lecturers hastened to put the national parks on their programme. As you may imagine, Lane and Mather were fully alive to the opportunity and did nothing whatever to impede the general rush for information on the subject. Indeed, it appears that unless the unforeseen happens Lane and Mather, though neither writes novels, will be found to do as much for the parks as Thackeray and Scott did for Switzerland.

In this year's annual report, Secretary Lane tells the story of practical effort to make playing in the "playgrounds of America" an agreeable and comfortable diversion:

"There is no reason why this nation should not make its public health and scenic domain as available to all its citizens as Switzerland and Italy make theirs. The aim is to open them thoroughly by road and trail and give access and accommodation to every degree of income.

"In this belief an effort has been made this year as never before to outfit the parks with new hotels which should make the visitor desire to linger rather than hasten on his journey. One hotel was built on Lake McDermott in Glacier Park; one is to be built on the summit of Mt. Rainier, in Paradise Valley; another in the Valley of the Yosemite, with an annex high overhead on Glacier Point, while more modest chalets are to be gotten in the obscurer spots to make accessible the rarer beauties on the inner Yosemite. For this the new Tioga road, which, through the generosity of Stephen T. Mather" (the same Mather) "and a few others, the government has acquired, there is to be revealed a new Yosemite, which only John Muir and others of similar bent have seen.

"This is a new Yosemite," continues Mr. Lane, who, by the way, is the champion annual report writer in Washington, "far different from the quiet, incomparable valley. It is a land of forests, snows and glaciers. From Mt. Lyell one looks, as from an island, upon a tumbled sea of snowy peaks. Its lakes, many of which have never been fished, are alive with trout. And through it foams the Tuolumne River, which in a mile drops a mile, a water spectacle destined to world celebrity. Meeting obstructions in its slanting rush, the water now and again rises nearly perpendicularly, forming upright foaming arcs sometimes fifty feet in height. These "water wheels," a dozen or more in number, will be accessible next summer by a trail to be built when the snow melts in June."

## Stimulating Good Roads.

Business management of the parks has become a powerful stimulus to the cause of good roads. One of the projects receiving the active help of Messrs. Lane and Mather involves the construction of good automobile roads connecting all parks. It is a whole of a job, but that just makes it interesting for this pair.

The Rocky Mountain and the Pacific Coast States, being the chief beneficiaries, must bear the major portion of the expense of construction. However, these States are fully alive to their opportunity. A beginning has been made and an agitation is under way which promises an eventual completion of the task.

Last year a new national park was opened up. "It crosses the Rockies in Colorado at a point of supreme magnificence," writes champion report-writer Lane, "hence its title, 'The Rocky Mountain National Park.' Through it, from north to south, winds the Continental Divide—the snowy range in name and fact. Two hundred lakes grace this rocky paradise, and bear and bighorn inhabit its fastnesses. It has an area of 350 square miles, and lies only seventy miles from Denver. Many hotels lie at the feet of these mountains, and three railroads skirt their sides."

A good automobile road now leads from Denver into the Rocky Mountain National Park. The eastern automobilist, once he reaches Denver, has easy going into the first of the mountains playgrounds.

It is now possible to reach the Yellowstone, through the Cody entrance in Northwest Wyoming, from the Rocky Mountain Park by automobile. However, it is not a trip for an amateur driver or for a low-power car. But the State authorities of

Colorado and Wyoming are now co-operating to bring about the early construction of this leg of the park to the park system of highways.

The Yellowstone contains 200 miles of excellent roads which have been graded and built by the government. From Yellowstone to Glacier and from Glacier to Rainier, the going at present would be hard. It could be done, but not an undertaking to be lightly ventured by the ordinary vacationist. From Rainier into Seattle and down the coast to Crater Lake Park and the Yosemite, the automobilist, by taking circuitous routes at times, would now make much easier progress. A trip from the Yosemite to Sequoia by machine would test second speed to the limit and perhaps cost a set of rear tires. To return East from California parks by the southern route and the Grand Canyon, by automobile, also is one of the things you could do if you wanted to.

The park-to-park highway system is coming surely, and will be a fact just as soon as the western public awakes fully to the financial opportunities it offers. If State commissions were sent East to collect data on the prices charged at auto road houses in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the western States would vote the road-building funds immediately.

## Proposed Park in Alaska.

Within the last few weeks a strong movement has been started for the establishment of a national park in the neighborhood of Mt. McKinley in Alaska, one of the greatest game countries in the world. It is significant that this movement has originated with two powerful organizations of big game hunters. Their given reason is that there must be some central refuge for wild animals to live and propagate naturally in order that the immense surrounding regions will not soon be denuded of game.

A practical instance of this sound policy may be found in the Yellowstone National Park, which is now the breeding ground for many thousands of deer, elk, antelope, bear, and even buffalo, many of which animals roam for hundreds of miles beyond the park limits and make the surrounding country the finest shooting grounds within the borders of the United States. Elk increase 5 per cent. a year in the Yellowstone, in spite of the hunting outside the boundaries, and now number 60,000. Antelope, which are nearly extinct elsewhere, are increasing rapidly there.

The proposed extension of the Sequoia National Park, if carried out, will do much to insure the increase of game, within the lives of hunters of this generation, to a surprising extent. With this protection, California hunters who now travel into these remote neighborhoods will, within a few years, find much better hunting much nearer home.

## Reindeer in Canada.

[Consular Report:] Efforts of the Dominion government to propagate reindeer in the Peace River and the Great Slave Lake district in Northwestern Canada have proved unsuccessful, according to a recent report on the subject. Of the original herd of fifty, which were sent from Labrador in 1911, there is now but one survivor. The chief difficulty was the bull flies of the north which drove the reindeer frantic in the summer. The result was that they stampeded through the strongest inclosures their keepers could build and were lost, or shot by the Indians. Reindeer have thrived in Alaska, but apparently the Peace River country and the valley of the Mackenzie were not suitable for them. Later an effort may be made to introduce them in the Yukon, where there seems to be no reason why they should not succeed.

## The British Museum.

[London Chronicle:] In the early years of the British Museum, whose treasures are to be locked up from the general public till after the war, the days of opening were fewer than now. Three days a week were considered enough. Economy ruled then also. No generous grant of public money aided the foundation of the museum. A public lottery provided the sinews of war. By this means £95,000 was raised, £20,000 of which went to Sir Hans Sloane's executors, £10,000 to the Earl and Countess of Oxford for the Harleian manuscripts, and £10,000 to Lord Halifax for Montague House. When the pantechneons paid for by the proceeds of the lottery had done their duty in the removal of the curiosities, Montague House was thrown open with great ceremony on January 15, 1759.

## Chamberlain on India.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

recent. It occurred not more than a month since.

"This government leniency, which was the result of a careful consideration of each man's case on its merits, harmonizes with the spirit of British rule in India, where the population as a whole trusts with reason to British justice. It surely acquits the British government in India upon all charges of vindictiveness.

"No definite evidence was adduced tracing to a German source the origin of this trouble, but there are those who believe such evidence to be in existence.

"The only serious trouble which has occurred in India since the beginning of the war developed in Bengal, near Calcutta, where exists a society of extremists who now and then murder the police and who habitually finance themselves through robbery. Since the war began the members of this society have been financed with unusual liberality by money brought from Canada and the States by returning, but not revolutionary Indians.

## Repressive but Humane Measures.

"I have seen reproduced from the Ghadr a statement to the effect that 5000 professors, students, etc., are interned in India. What really has happened is that a certain number have been instructed not to leave their villages. Since the war began the government has had the power to direct men to stay at home. Beyond that the report is without foundation. We have no concentration camps except for Germans, Austrians, etc.

"Not a penny of increased taxation has been laid upon India because of the war. Early in the contest the offer of India to send a contingent was accepted, her men going mainly to France and Flanders. If the total cost of this had been borne by India the tax would have been heavy, but the British government sanctioned the imposition upon India of no burden beyond what would have been the cost of maintaining the troops in India for the same period. So India is paying not one penny more during the war than she would be paying if no war existed. India as Tranquil as Ever.

"There have been absolutely no bad results from the withdrawal of troops from India. During the last eighteen months, while they have been absent, India has been as tranquil as she ever has been. Not once since the war began has it been necessary to send troops to any part of India for the purpose of suppressing a disorder.

"The total garrison of India consists of 80,000 British and 160,000 Indian troops. Since the beginning of the war we have dispatched from India 60,000 of the British and 80,000 of the Indian troops. For about two-thirds of the British troops which have been withdrawn territorial regiments have been substituted, but the fact that we have moved from India 60,000 of the customary 80,000 of trained troops would seem to show our confidence in the Indian situation.

## Great Outbursts of Indian Loyalty

"I have commented rather freely on the few disquieting events which have occurred. The outbreak of war was more notably the signal for a great outbreak of loyalty. Addresses submitted to almost every important governmental authority and coming from almost every important individual Indian, or association of Indians, did not make the times seem like those which would precede a new mutiny. The package of typewritten sheets containing merely the names of those who sent to the government addresses attesting loyalty is an inch thick.

"When the Viceroy held his first Legislative Council after war had begun, he was met by a truly remarkable demonstration of loyalty and of enthusiasm from representatives of all nationalities. So strong was the feeling that he notified the home authorities that nothing short of the dispatch of Indian troops to the European battleground would satisfy the Indian aspirations to help defend the empire. At home the idea was at first received with some hesitation, but the enthusiasm of India and her desire to participate could not be refused.

"The Indian troops which eventually were brought to Europe have been engaged in many of the war's most important movements. When they have been called upon to fight they have been brave, as everybody knows, and they have been wonderfully popular as peaceful sojourners in France. I represent the German attacks on them as if they

were savages. They are products of one of the world's oldest civilizations, and their conduct and discipline have been exemplary.

"The great bulk of the Indian troops come from well-to-do folk. They are the sons of the substantial peasantry and yeoman farmers of northern and western India. Most of them have had the ordinary education of the average Indian village, which means that they can read and write with ease in their vernacular. Indeed the average Indian soldier has had instruction in his own vernacular about equal to that of the average British boarding school boy in English.

"A fair sprinkling of them can read and write English very well. A large mail continually goes from them back to India and I imagine that many of these letters would be found to contain highly intelligent descriptions of life in France, or perhaps in the French hospitals. I learn from India that Indian soldiers serving in France write very highly to their families of the British soldier, by whose side the writers have been serving.

## England's Treatment of India.

"One of the most extraordinary and pleasant surprises of the situation has been the wonderful health of the Indians in northern Europe. Their average sickness is no greater than that of English troops, notwithstanding the fact that they have done quite their share of trench work in the cold and rain.

"This we generally attributed to careful arrangements as to food and clothing. The food supplied to the Indian soldiery in Europe has been exactly what they have been accustomed to at home, and in its preparation there has not been any violation of their rules of religion or caste.

"British management in India never has been hard and stiff, and, probably, this explains why it has succeeded. Our policy has been and is to work for the people and, as far as possible, to work through the people. Only a small modicum of the higher posts remains in English hands, and day by day this number is being reduced ever further.

"The introduction of representative government is necessarily gradual, but the progress made has been considerable. The Indian government is a bureaucracy working in a country which is not yet advanced to the point of responsible government, as America or this country understands it, but working certainly toward the enlistment in government service of the best Indian brains, and to the steady development of representative institutions. And, in India, there is no lack of very worthy brains.

"And, though opinions may vary there, as elsewhere, as to the rate at which we should proceed, there is general agreement as to the objects at which we must aim—a just and enlightened government directed to secure and promote the interests of India itself in which, as time passes, Indians themselves will take an ever larger share."

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## Killing Statues.

[London Tit-Bits:] It is interesting to recall at the present time, when Russia and Germany are warring, what Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," wrote in his diary of Berlin and Petrograd, the rival capitals, during a Continental tour he took as long ago as 1867—even before the Franco-Prussian War.

After commenting upon the enormous number of statues in Berlin, Lewis Carroll goes on to say that one of the types of statue most frequently seen is "the colossal figure of a man killing, about to kill, or having killed (the present tense is preferred) a beast. A dragon is the correct thing, but if that is beyond the artist, he may content himself with a lion or a pig. The beast-killing principle has been carried out everywhere with a relentless monotony, which makes parts of Berlin look like a fossil slaughter-house."

He continues his tour, and eventually comes to Petrograd. This is his description: "There is a fine equestrian statue of Peter the Great near the Admiralty; the horse is rearing, and has a serpent coiled about his hind feet. If this had been put up in Berlin, Peter would, no doubt, have been actively engaged in killing the monster, but here he takes no notice of it; in fact, the killing theory is not recognized."

And that was written in 1867. Lewis Carroll would no doubt have been surprised if he had known how accurately he had gauged the spirit of the two nations.

[Boston Transcript:] "Are you in a position to let me have that \$10 you owe me?"

"No; I've just lost my position. Can you let me have another \$10?"



## INCIDENTS IN AN EDITORIAL CAREER.

Spanked but Triumphant. By Allen Phillips.

**J** SMITH JACKSON, erstwhile devil, office boy, printer, business manager and editor of the Alcazaba Clarion, was about to play a mean trick on the town. He was about to leave Alcazaba without a newspaper. Not only was he about to leave it without a local medium of publicity, but he planned to leave it without any prospect of its acquiring another one. This situation he was about to create by moving the entire plant.

To add to the ignominy, Jackson was about to move to the near-by rival town of Ozonia, where the principal occupation was selling property on the front-foot basis, a method of sale calculated to invest the community with a metropolitan air. It was here he planned to establish the Ozonia Argus.

So much for Jackson's collective revenge on the community of Alcazaba. His individual retaliation was considerably more direct and to the point. His last edition of the Clarion, which he printed and placed in the mails the night before, probably contained more libelous and near-libelous material than any other similar publication ever circulated. In it Jackson had paid his respects to very nearly every prominent person in the community, especially those with whom he had quarreled.

"Alcazaba is a dead one," he reflected, "addressing his breast pockets wherein reposed advertising contracts with various business concerns of Ozonia, the Pacific port town, calling for space in the Ozonia Argus, yet unborn. It was early in the morning after the last issue of the Clarion had gone to press and Jackson was hastening to get himself and all his belongings out of Alcazaba before the postoffice opened and the edition was exposed to the gaze of early-rising Alcazabans.

He knew by experience that it was best to be well out of reach. On former occasions he had scored the town's business men when they refused to advertise and had calmly printed accounts of their personal affairs—that were only hinted at by ordinary citizens—with the result that he had absorbed two good drubbings. He did not mind a drubbing, provided he gained something by it, but he did not relish the idea of assimilating one for nothing—hence his early morning start.

The last case rack had been lifted upon the wagon and tied fast to the standards to prevent it from jostling about; the last of the scanty number of type cases, with the boxes stuffed with wads and torn newspaper in order to hold the type secure, had been shoved underneath the case racks, and Jackson turned from the labor of loading his printing outfit, gave one glance around the deserted office to determine whether he had overlooked anything of real value, looked down the limited vista of the single business street, then climbed to the seat beside the driver and turned his face toward the future.

He knew that Alcazaba without a newspaper would be in disgrace before the hustling towns of the coastland. That he should pick up his meager printing outfit and cease the publication of the Clarion in order to move to the bombastic port town of Ozonia was an affront not to be forgiven, even by business men who regularly sent to the city for their job printing and who declared that everybody in Alcazaba and the country around knew them anyway and therefore they didn't have to advertise.

Like Alcazaba, Ozonia had been in existence many years. It had been a sleepy Mexican-American town on the bay that offered only passable facilities for the berthing of occasional schooners, until there had come an awakening, due to the influx of capitalists who had foreseen the possibilities of the place and who had undertaken to arouse an interest therein by Uncle Sam. The effort was bearing fruit and Ozonia had become a prospect that was attracting the financier of fortune and a certain percentage of the more substantial classes.

Ramon McNeill was of the old and new Ozonia. His ancestors combined Scotch and Spanish families, and as a result he represented a considerable amount of real estate, formerly part of an old Spanish grant, that now was directly in the path of prospective development. McNeill was one of the first property owners in the town to recognize the advantages of the front-foot scheme of

selling real estate, and as a result he was rapidly becoming an important citizen in Ozonia. As such, he needed a newspaper fun.

The town had its paper, of course, but McNeill and the editor were at outs, and the former's policies required a paper that would further his plans without question as to motives. McNeill had watched the pugnacious little editor of the Alcazaba Clarion and finally had approached him with an offer of "moral support" and more or less tangible financial help if he would move to Ozonia and start a new paper. With nothing to lose by the transaction, J. Smith Jackson canvassed the business men of Ozonia, who were disgruntled with the established paper, and made his move.

Jackson's idea of a newspaper was one that would expose a personal weakness in someone he did not like. This kept the air about his office perpetually charged with expectancy and suppressed excitement. Jackson had become accustomed to this continual uncertainty through many years passed in newspaper work in small towns. He was pugnacious in his way, but being only about five feet four inches tall, he relied more on a truculent pen than on physical prowess to get even with his enemies.

In the first edition of the Argus there appeared a vigorous attack on gambling as conducted in Ozonia. Not that Editor Jackson was personally opposed to gambling, but he had picked on this as a good subject to begin on for two reasons: First, it would be pretty certain to get him in trouble and thereby advertise the fact that there was a new paper in town; second, such an attack would make him solid with a certain reform element which always exists, even in seaports.

Following his customary tactics, Jackson was not content to attack gambling in the abstract—which might have done just as well for the reform element—but made direct reference, not complimentary, to several proprietors of saloons and gambling-houses.

He was especially vindictive in his comments respecting Peter Keller, who was an especial friend of Jackson's rival editor, and who had constantly refused to take even a two-inch ad in the Argus.

Keller conducted a "haven" for sailors when they came in from long voyages. His establishment was a haven as long as a sailor had any money. This period of a sailor's existence was made as short as possible by means of various separating devices installed in all parts of Keller's establishment. The place might aptly be likened to a grain separator. Sailors with money fed themselves in at the front door and were pitched out the back door without a cent after being through the mill.

Keller had a man whose sole duty was to do the pitching out of the back door, said pitching frequently calling for the exercise of considerable muscular exertion. When an unusually tough character, or extra big man, was due to be bounced, Keller always did it himself. His hired man was admirably fitted for the responsible position he held, but to make certain there would never be a botched job of that sort, Keller handled the bad ones himself. Among the sailors on the coasters which visited the port of Ozonia regularly it was considered quite an honor to be ejected from Keller's place by the proprietor himself instead of by his official bouncer.

Jackson knew of Keller's reputation and that was one reason why he picked him for castigation in the columns of the Argus. The doughty little editor had taken a beating in public many times, always by bigger men, just for the sake of creating sympathy. The bigger the beaters the better he liked it, for the more it made him appear a martyr. One more he was prepared to suffer bodily pain for the public weal—as he saw it.

The day after the first edition of the Argus appeared, Jackson kept out of harm's way. He did it purposely, so as to be sure everybody in town had read his article. The second day he appeared on the street ready to take "what was coming to him," as the citizens of Ozonia said.

Before he was twenty feet from his office the news that he was on the street was wig-wagged from one saloon and pool hall to another up the main thoroughfare. By the time he had gone a block in the di-

rection of Keller's place of business the street was full of idlers eager to see the result.

A half-dozen busy scouts scurried into Keller's joint and as Jackson made his way nonchalantly along the sidewalk he saw the huge bulk of Peter Keller towering toward him.

Old "Cap'n" Bullfinch, the marine oracle of Ozonia, who mended sails for a living, was in the habit of saying that Keller was built like a barge but could sail like a clipper, meaning that he looked clumsy but wasn't. His huge fists were so hairy that they might have been mistaken for a couple of pet lap dogs, and his admirers would proudly relate to strangers how Keller was so strong that the hair grew clear to his finger tips. Some of the more enthusiastic insisted that it grew on his finger nails.

To the diminutive editor of the Argus the giant of Ozonia loomed before him on the sidewalk that day like a hay barn in a mist. For just one fleeting moment Jackson wished that he hadn't; then he braced himself. He expected Keller to fly into a rage, knock him down a couple of times and perhaps kick him soundly, but he was totally unprepared for what actually happened.

"Hello," said Keller, grinning amiably; "come on in and have a drink."

Jackson was so frustrated that he blushed. He finally stammered out an indignant refusal. The big man made a quick motion as if to strike and Jackson threw up his arms to ward off the blow. Instead of striking, Keller sidestepped quickly and seized a big handful of the little editor's coat just below the shoulder blades, jerked him off his feet and started at a long swinging stride in the direction of his place of business. Jackson struggled to his feet only to be jerked off them again and half-carried, half-dragged in an extremely undignified position for an editor. Twisting his wiry body around, the captive managed to twine his arms around the big man's near leg. This impeded their progress and Keller, stooping over, inserted one big, hairy finger inside the back of the collar of Jackson's soft shirt and twisted. The effect was to draw the front of the shirt uncomfortably tight across the larynx, so Jackson let go, the throttling ceased, and Keller, at the head of the hooting crowd, resumed his progress.

In front of Keller's saloon there was a shoe-shining establishment with a chair raised on a sort of platform. Keller climbed on this platform and sat down in the chair, leaving Jackson dangling with head and feet down. The editor did not struggle, fearing a repetition of the choking process.

Keller waited a moment until the crowd had gathered in a semicircle about the chair so that all could see the performance. Then he swung the body of Jackson deftly up and placing it across his knees, administered a sound spanking with a broad, thick, horny hand that was as effective as a section of a two-inch plank. Then he stood the smarting editor down on his feet and laughed good-naturedly while the crowd hooted in derision.

Poor Jackson was desperately mortified. After a regulation beating, when he could show a bloody nose or a black eye inflicted by an over-sized man, he could always elicit the sympathy of nine-tenths of the crowd, but for an ordinary old-fashioned spanking administered on a pedestal, there was no redress. Jackson slunk away in humiliation.

The spanking spectacle was such a success from the standpoint of the spanker and the spectators and proved so humiliating to the spankee that one of the lesser victims of the caustic editor staged a similar act on the main street the next day. He was not quite as strong or as adept in handling men as Keller and he didn't do as artistic and finished a job, but it proved quite as effective. This second spanker had done a little more active press-agent work than Keller and obtained a larger crowd, which added to the festive appearance of the occasion.

It was suggested that the next time a spanking bee was to be pulled off the City Trustees be petitioned to declare a holiday so everybody could be present.

Editor Jackson passed two busy days in his office writing vitriolic articles, but none of them seemed to suit and he tore them up in despair. "If they'd only have banded me

in the nose or kicked me in the stomach," he mused, "I might have had a come-back." Anguish of mind was far harder for this editor to bear than physical pain. He finally destroyed his truculent articles and deciding on another tack, simply declared in the next edition that he would ignore the villainous attacks of town bullies.

In this issue he devoted most of his space to a bitter denunciation of the cemetery association that had allowed the graveyard to fall into decay and become a pasture for sheep and goats. He named the board of directors and called upon them to show respect to the dead by exhibiting the spirit of life that imbued every worthy citizen of Ozonia. Jackson considered this a particularly propitious move, as some of the best families had relatives buried in the cemetery.

There was one fatal drawback to this popularity campaign. In the conditions that existed before Ozonia experienced its awakening there had been marrying and intermarrying, until nearly all the older families were co-related, and the very men denounced in the printed list were directly connected with the families that he hoped his appeal would please.

Spanking the editor had proved such a popular pastime that a meeting was called of a number of prominent citizens who considered themselves outraged by the cemetery article, and a spanking committee was appointed to emulate the example set by Peter Keller.

This example was duly emulated on the main street by two of the huskiest of the committee, who elaborated on previous performances by using a shingle.

Poor Jackson was thoroughly despondent.

Several issues of the Argus were printed and circulated without any further outbreaks. To Jackson they were unendurably tame. He must do something. City election time was approaching and Jackson considered it an opportune time to review the labors of the City Trustees. This he did in his usual caustic and personal manner, with the result that he acquired two more public spankings, one of which he reluctantly assimilated at a session of the Board of Trustees, who took a recess long enough to enjoy the performance.

Jackson slunk away with a broken spirit. He realized that the troubles of the new editor were a subject of constant amusement on the streets of Ozonia. He gave serious study to the situation, finally deciding that it was useless to undertake a further stand. His finances were becoming seriously involved and he had frequently called upon McNeill for advance payments to meet running expenses. Finally he visited McNeill with the intention of giving up the enterprise. People in Ozonia didn't fight fairly; they didn't use the old style "knock-down-and-kick-in-the-face" methods; they used the more subtle and polished, but excruciating system of spanking and Jackson was unable to cope with it; he regarded it as underhanded and unethical.

"I'm going to quit," he announced. "I'm the laughing stock of the town, and every where I go they throw up to me my public spankings. I can't stay here any longer and keep my self-respect and I have already lost the respect of the community."

McNeill was not ready to lose his hold on a newspaper that would be certain to come in handy to further his various commercial and political efforts. He temporized.

"If you could do something big or spectacular that would hit the people fairly between the eyes and be for their own benefit, it would restore you to their good opinion," McNeill declared. "We don't hold to old scores when a man makes good out here. I believe we can watch our opportunity and hit upon some plan that you can work out."

Jackson took courage and got back a little of his old fighting spirit after his talk with McNeill and determined to make one more bid for popularity and thereby offset to some extent the opprobrium of many humiliating experiences.

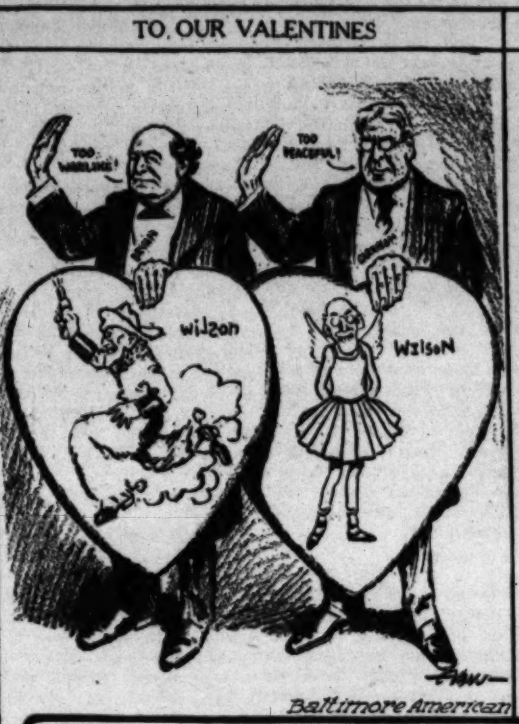
One day Jackson was hovering about the City Clerk's office to find if there was anything new that would do for the forthcoming issue of the Argus.

"There isn't a blame thing," said the clerk. "We won't have enough business at the next meeting to keep us from going to sleep. Hold on, here's a letter to the City Clerk I



0 of the frequent visitors at my home by again when their movements brought or a time that she rejected the "offers" of an old bachelor. He seemed to become  
when I was a child was an old maid them within her neighborhood. It turned, this and that man remaining in her old more kindly, partly and gentle, she more  
that the man who had really won her heart was not her husband. She began to investigate how matters angrier, sharper and precise, rebuking  
aunt of my father's. She was small out later, though no one knew it just then, circle, she began to investigate how matters angrier, sharper and precise, rebuking

Recent Notable Cartoons.





CHAPTER XI.  
T WAS a new life that Joe found on the other side of his door. All was business and bustle in that little half-way cabin. At any rate, she didn't say anything; handed me a big basket as we began to ascend. "What was that you called her?" The Old Salt persisted. "I'll be glad to do Joe permitted."

# THE GOLDEN GLOW OF PIONEER DAYS.

A Crew of '49ers. By A. T. Heintz.

Los Angeles Times Saturday, March 4, 1916.

Illustrated Weekly.

look and not touch a maouthful—if I had to choose.

But he clung to his seat and looked wistfully at the great pitchers of fresh milk, and at the cups of clear coffee. "I dunno which I want most," he continued.

"Why not take both, Cap'n Saltberry?" Martha suggested.

The captain's face brightened. "I dunno but I will," he said, "'s long as it don't cost me any extry." And, having made sure of the two cups for himself, he voiced his disapproval of such lavish waste.

"Don't lose money that way, ma'am. Th' ain't no need of havin' both at the same meal."

"Don't you think that's worth it, too, Captain?" Martha gave the reformer a gentle smile as she leaned forward and refilled his milk-cup.

"Mebbe 'tis; mebbe 'tis," The Old Salt thoughtfully conceded; and he silently continued his supper, his keen eyes alternating between condemnatory surveys of the bountiful table, and following every change of Martha's mobile face while she carried on an animated conversation with her guests.

"What's the damage for my supper?" he asked, when they rose from the table. "Pay as ye go," is my motto, and then you don't have a bill a-growin' agin ye for what you've already had. There ain't no comfort in payin' for victuals that ye e't last week."

"That's a very good idea," Martha calmly agreed. "Our price is \$1 for each meal."

The captain looked sad, and studiously scratched his head. "You see, I'm an old friend o' Joe's, and I wouldn't 'a' stopped if it hadn't be'n for him." He raised his voice and looked appealingly at Joe, who stared impetuously forward; but Martha anticipated his intention.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, her eyes twinkling merrily. "Of course, to Captain Gardener's friend we shall be happy to make the charge one-half the regular price."

Cap'n Ne'mi paid his 50 cents and hurried away, dubiously shaking his head. "She won't make anything if she boards ye for that," he muttered to Joe, who shamefacedly limped along at his side. "It must cost an awful lot for haulin'. She needs someb'dy that's had experience to manage for her."

"Don't you think there's more money in giving your patrons what they want and keeping them than there is in forcing upon them what they don't want and driving them away?" Joe asked.

"Mebbe there is—if they don't want too much. Well, I reckon I might as well spread out my blankets and turn in. I've got a hard day before me tomorrow. Will ye be up before I go?"

"Why, certainly I shall, Cap'n Ne'mi; but you're not going tomorrow—you're not going to travel on Sunday, are you? Travelers along this trail usually make a special effort to spend Sunday here."

"The' ain't no Sunday nor no day o' rest in this country. When the men stop diggin' the best of 'em wash their clo'es and do their mendin' in the mornin' and spend the balance o' the day in watchin' the others drink and gamble and fight. They'd better be a-workin', all of 'em; and I might's well be a-travelin'. I dunno, though; I sort o' like the looks o' things around here. Well, I'll be off bright and 'arly if I go."

## CHAPTER XII.

But Capt. Saltberry did not go in the morning. After eating his lonely snack he concluded, as he explained to Joe, that he might as well spend the Sabbath with his friend, especially as he could board cheaper here than at Marysville, where he should be obliged to wait over a day to see his partner.

Throughout the forenoon the two "down-easterners" sat in the sunshine near the big pine, and gossiped about the homefolk.

"I heerd that Sam and Lindy had come to Californy," the captain said. "Have ye seen anything of 'em?"

Joe started. He felt about in his mind for his old-time resentment and anger, but they were gone. "No, I haven't seen them," he answered, easily. "I didn't know they were in this country. I hope they didn't try to go to the mines; the hardships would be altogether too great for Linda."

Cap'n Ne'mi looked keenly at Joe. "You don't look very forlorn, or 's if you was losin' much sleep 'over her jiltin' ye," he commented. "I s'pose ye've found someb'dy to take her place. They're pretty scu'ce about here, though. That one over there at the haouse 's the only gal I've seen that was wuth lookin' at sence I left him."

Joe's face and ears and neck burned. He halted for a reply. He had lost something. Where was the bitterness toward woman-kind, with which his heart had been bur-

dened? He missed his troubles. He censured himself for having forgotten. Then into his heart there was infused a comforting peace. He was free! He raised his head and laughed joyously. "Cap'n Ne'mi," he cried, "this is a great country!"

After another searching scrutiny of Joe's face the captain sat intently watching Martha, who was hurrying back and forth with changes of bedding for the bunk-house. The germ of a new purpose suddenly gleamed in the watcher's eyes.

"Naow," he thoughtfully drawled, "your Aunt M'ry Lizzie used to be a fine-lookin' woman in her day, but—"

"She'd be pleased to hear you say that her day had gone by, Cap'n," Joe laughingly interrupted.

"H-m! I'd rather not say it in her hearin'. Mis'. Knowlton's got a way of her own o' gittin' even. But you know it's a fact that women matoor 'arly, and they git old 'arlier'n men."

"You feel quite youthful, do you, Cap'n Ne'mi?" Joe bantered.

"Well, ye see, when a man gits his eye on a woman like that, it sort o' restores his youth. Look at her naow. Jist watch her git over the graound! By brim! She skims along like a bird!"

Joe seized his canes and hastily rose. "Come," he said, "I see the men gathering about the door. It must be dinner time."

At the table The Old Salt wormed himself into Inez's seat at Martha's right hand. When he saw the great center-piece composed of a large cluster of dishes heaped high with golden-brown potatoes, his eyes dilated, and his greedy face became troubled.

"Them potatoes 'd be wuth a dollar a-piece daown to the city," he lamented. "I see 'em sellin' for a dollar 'when I come aout, and they couldn't git enough of 'em at that."

"That's the reason they taste so good, Captain Saltberry," Martha replied, her lips parting in a merry smile. "Take another, won't you?"

"I don't mind if I do," The Old Salt responded, fingering about to find the largest one in the dish.

"There ain't no profit in feedin' 'em aout this way," he resumed, glancing up and down the table. "You could git jist as much for your board without 'em, and the potatoes'd be clear profit. There's an awful lot in knowin' where to economize."

Martha was painfully conscious of the unaccustomed silence of her guests. "There are different kinds of profits, Captain Saltberry," she gently answered. "You forgot to reckon in the most precious of all, the profits that come to you through the happiness you give to others."

The Old Salt shook his uncomprehending head, and contemplatively selected another large potato from the nearest dish.

The eyes of the baker's dozen twinkled as they looked from one to another, and sent a warning nudge around. Then, losing control of their risible feelings, they burst into a hearty peal of laughter, which was broken in upon by Martha, who began a vigorous clapping of her hands to attract attention to herself. "You always spoil my story by laughing before I begin," she complained. "Now I won't tell it; but every one of you will have to pay the penalty, and give us a rousing good story. Mr. Gardener will be the first."

But the strained effort was needless, for Cap'n Ne'mi sat, deaf and blind, ruminating over the question of potato economics. Unconscious of the laughter that was banded back and forth, he remained lost in thought, and when he arose with the others he looked back regretfully at the half-dozen potatoes still remaining in the dishes.

"You have my sympathy, miss," he said, turning to the hostess. "It's a big responsibility for a woman to have a place like this on her shoulders."

"Thank you, Captain. It is very kind of you to think of it. But, you see, I have a way of making it an easy task, by never shouldering the whole concern at one time." Martha gave a happy little laugh and began to clear the table.

"Yes, sir—or, ma'am," the captain continued, following her up; "it's a mighty big responsibility. A woman needs a capable man to take keer o' things and manage for her. I'll pay my bill naow, so's to keep even and know where we be. I'll not be in this evenin' to supper. I've got a cold bite in my pack that'll spile if I don't eat it. I'll see ye agin before I go, though."

"Very well," Martha assented. "Come in and sit by the fire after supper. We'll have some music, and shall be very glad to have you join us."

"Thank ye, miss. I'll do so." The captain meditatively inspected the fireplace. "Fire's one thing ye don't have to caount the cost of," he commented, with a satisfied air, and turned to Joe with:

"I b'lieve I'll take a look araound the barnyard. Don't ye want to come along?"

Joe, who had been chafing from an inexplicable inward rage, and vainly trying to think of some means to get the Captain away, welcomed the invitation. "Yes, I can manage it," he quickly answered, and hurried forward.

"Don't walk too far, Capt. Gardener," Martha cautioned from the door. "Remember you're not discharged from the hospital yet."

Joe's face brightened, and he absent-mindedly dropped one cane and raised his hat; then, seeing Martha run toward him and stoop to recover the stick, he made a quick lunge forward. Each grasped the staff at the same moment, suddenly dropped it as they rose together, again simultaneously swooped down upon it, and rose laughing.

"You're breaking the rules, Senora," Joe sternly chided. "You are not to squander your energy in my behalf. You were ordered—"

"Capt. Saltberry's waiting for you," Martha laughingly called over her shoulder as she ran back to the house.

Joe shook his fist at her and turned to find The Old Salt glowering furiously upon him.

"'Barnyard' sounds good, Cap'n Ne'mi," Joe cried. "I haven't heard any but Spanish names applied to places but here, and I have to guess at what they mean."

But the captain was not to be drawn from his purpose. "Haow much longer air ye cal-latin' on stayin' here?" he demanded.

"I haven't calculated, Cap'n Ne'mi," Joe elatedly answered, the music within his heart sounding in his voice.

"Humph! I s'pose there's a lot o' travelin' along this road durin' the hull season. Why, this is right on the main road, before the trails branch off for the camps on tother side o' the divide. By brim, they've all GOT to go by here! Whoever chose this site for a tavern had a wise head."

The Old Salt took careful note of the stacks of hay and the bins of other provender, and continued: "I s'pose all the grass that was clus to the road was grazed off long ago, so they have to bring feed up from daown below."

"Yes," Joe answered; "there's one native down in the valley who keeps abreast of the times. He has sold several of his herds, and is growing grain and watermelons for the market. He made a fortune out of his melons last summer. This provender comes from his rancho. Jose, the husband of the Spanish woman whom you saw in the kitchen, is the agricultural foreman there."

The captain shook a disapproving head at the full mangers. "Too many leaks," he objected. "It must cost a good deal to git the stuff hauled up here. It's too expensive to be wasted that way."

"I presume the travelers pay for all they get," Joe suggested.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so. This is a mighty likely-lookin' place, but it does need a man at its head to look after it and see that there ain't no waste. Say! I reckon there's plenty o' fellers anxious to marry her, ain't there?"

"What are you talking about?" Joe snapped.

"I'm talkin' 'bout that Lady-gal that owns this inn."

"We'll not discuss her, if you please," Joe curtly rejoined, turning suddenly toward the gate.

"You needn't snap a feller's head off," The Old Salt protested. "I was jist a-thinkin' 'bout your Aunt M'ry Lizzie and her place back there at Calais, and comparin' her with this Lady-gal—"

"Excuse me, Cap'n Ne'mi," Joe interrupted in a low tone, whose white-heat temperature would have conveyed a warning to a man less interested than the captain; "let's change the subject."

"Naow, naow, Joe!" Saltberry persisted, his high voice becoming more rasping in his attempt to make it pacifying. "Don't you go to gittin' riled up because you think I'm a-settin' my cap for your Aunt M'ry Lizzie. I ain't. I don't deny that I might 'a' thought of it at one time; but that was before—well, after a man lives free aout in these maountains for a while he gits a new life and vigor into him. He feels young; and no elderly female 'll satisfy him. It's youth and beauty he wants, and the best there is in the market, especially when it's in a very promisin' location."

Joe writhed, and his brows contracted;

but the captain rambled on, oblivious of the rising storm.

"There ain't no money in Mis'. Knowlton's place. But this! Why, it'd beat the mines all holler if it had the proper management. Naow, look at what you owe. 'Tain't business to let a bill run so long without knowin' whether it's goin' to be paid. Haow long did ye say ye'd be'n here?"

"I didn't say."

"Well, 'tanyrate, reckonin' it at three meals a day, at a dollar a meal, that'd be \$3 a day, besides your bed, and I s'pose you've had extrys. I shouldn't wonder if there was enough comin' from you to pay my way daown to San Francisco and back, so's I could sell my boat. I could soon save enough to pay for the trip, anyway. Jist look at them hosses! A man could go araound after every feedin' and take aout more'n half the grain and hay, and then there'd be plenty and to spare. We could jist about double our money here, and at the house, too. Say!" The Old Salt started, and looked suspiciously at his undemonstrative companion, "you ain't a-shinin' up to her yourself, be ye?"

"I tell you we won't bring her name into our conversation!" Joe cried. "There are plenty of things to talk about, without speaking lightly of the women who have been our friends."

"Oh, come naow, Joeey! I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, and I didn't mean no harm to the gal. I didn't think o' haow ye felt towards Lindy or I wouldn't 'a' said what I did. Of course, if a man gits left the way ye did, and lovin' her the way ye did, he can't forgit it. But there ain't no need o' your playin' the dog in the manger. If you don't want a good thing yourself, why don't ye keep still and give the other man a chance? 'Tain't like as if ye was protectin' your own interests. As long as she ain't harnesssed I reckon I've got as good a right to her as anyb'dy."

Joe's face was white and his eyes flashed ominously. His fists were so tightly drawn that his nails cut into his palms. "Cap'n Ne'mi," he said, in a voice so tense and incisive that it pierced to the very center of The Old Salt's vanity, "Cap'n Ne'mi, you're an old neighbor, and an old man, and not overly strong. I shouldn't like to strike a man of your age; but if you speak of her again in that insulting way I'll knock you down."

Capt. Saltberry began prancing about, his light body bobbing up and down, as if strung on wires. "By fire and brimstun!" he screeched, "what business is it of yours? I hain't said nothin' that'd do her a mite o' harm. A woman'd ought to consider it an honor to have a man think enough of her to want to marry her, especially a man as well fixed as I be. Why, I could have my pick o' the hull coast from Boston to East-port. A man like me don't have to go a-beggin' for no woman. Old, be I? Well, mebbe I be; but I ain't a-dodderin' araound hangin' on to two sticks to hold me up. Come on if ye want to try to knock anyb'dy daown. Come on! By brim, I'm ready for ye."

"Sh! Hush!" Joe cautioned low, as he saw a couple of heads thrust out beyond the corner of the big shed. "Don't speak so loud," he urged, now eager to calm the tempest which he had evoked. "Come, Cap'n, we won't quarrel here before these men."

But The Old Salt pranced on. "Who keers for the men?" he cried; "you can't git aout of it that way. Come on, I say, if you're not afraid. You're a caoward—that's what's the matter with ye."

The number of heads at the corner was now seven. Joe was beside himself. He was willing to make any concession for the sake of peace. "Yes, yes," he murmured, "I'm a coward. I'm afraid of you. Listen to me."

The captain thrust out his narrow chest and strutted up and down like a bold chanticleer. "H-m!" he cried, "you young fellows think you own the earth and the fullness thereof."

"Listen to me, Cap'n Ne'mi," Joe murmured, still lower, grasping both his canes in one hand, and resting the other on the old man's shoulder. "You say that you think highly of her; that you desire to marry her. He gulped hard, but forced himself to continue. "If you care for her as much as that, you don't want to make her unhappy, do you?"

"N-no, I dunno's I do."

"Of course you don't. No right-minded man wishes to bring harm to the woman whom he intends to ask to be his wife. Come over to the tree and let's sit down and talk it over."

[To be continued.]



## Recent Notable Cartoons.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, March 4, 1916.

Illustrated Weekly.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

## STRANGE ROMANCE OF A SOUTHERN GIRL.

A Black-eyed Aunt. By Elizabeth Wysor Klingberg.

ONE of the frequent visitors at my home when I was a child was an old maid aunt of my father's. She was small and thin, with sparkling black eyes, and a very decided, composed manner. We young people had always been told of her beauty and charm, and of the remarkable love stories and adventures she had had as a famous belle at the time of the Civil War. Every time she came we studied her curiously to find traces of the imperious beauty of her girlhood. Her oval face and regular features did not impress us and we could not picture the vivid coloring and animation which the older people remembered in her youth. An old miniature showed a slender, pretty girl, with a roguish, merry expression that we could not associate with the severe aunt who gave us lessons in needlework.

We hoped on each visit that we might beguile her into telling us about the mysterious romance and her part in the days of the Civil War. But she was always the same, so calm and free from nervousness that the very thought of her composure eased the tension of the day, and so practical that we could not hope for any sentimental mood. She called for the family mending-basket and speedily repaired, with exquisite darning, every tear and hole she discovered, and while so engaged she told us many stories of her bringing up, and of the home arts and crafts in which she was severely drilled by her mother, who was an English lady, noted for her knowledge of medicine and nursing, and for her kindness.

This training had an important bearing on her character and her after life was the keynote of it, perhaps, but we were interested only in the picture of the plenty and amplex of plantation life in those days. Aunt Hannah was required to be up early and by her mother's side as they made the rounds for the day—first to the kitchen, to unlock the pantries and have the day's supplies brought out; to the dairy where butter and cheese were made by slaves, especially trained by the mistress of the house; to the garden where a great supply of herbs, vegetables and flowers were grown under her eye and direction. Then they walked down to the slave quarters to investigate any sickness, and administer remedies. A sick child was often brought to the great house for nursing, for its life was worth a great deal of money, besides the appeal it would make to a kindly woman. Finally they visited the sewing rooms, where capable slave women were taught to make shirts and coats for the field hands, and garments of many kinds that were needed on the plantation. The mistress herself, with a skilled hand, cut the patterns and directed what was to be done each day. Spinning and weaving, baking and brewing, curing of meats, making of preserves, all the busy home industries, when was there time for a southern woman of this type to be idle? This was the Piedmont section of the South, where usually there were no overseers, and where the family lived on its own plantation the year round, as the owners in the malarial cotton belt could not, and ruled and supervised in person. It was the boast of this family that no slave had been bought or sold for two generations; a school was kept at the quarters on Sunday, and the slaves owned by this family were the only ones in the county who came out of slavery with any knowledge of reading or writing.

Aunt Hannah's share of the many responsibilities on these brisk mornings, we could easily see, was to prepare her to be just such an efficient mistress of the many departments of a large home. But no trick or cunning would induce her to tell of the afternoon hours of her childhood, when she came downstairs in state, dressed in her muslin ruffles or stiff silks, to receive callers. But from our father we gradually gleaned as we grew up all there was to know about her story.

It seemed that she came to be a young lady grown at the very moment that gallant young officers were getting ready to go to war. A number of them were old friends or suitors, and with the prospect of being sent away for an indefinite period they found it convenient to call as often as possible and then to return to say good-

by again when their movements brought them within her neighborhood. It turned out later, though no one knew it just then, that the man who had really won her heart forever, was a young kinsman, one of the Virginia "cousins," who may be as distant as a "sixteenth." But, tragic to relate, this young man, having a northern mother and having been himself educated in the North—which added a touch of distinction in the eyes of Miss Hannah—decided, after a long struggle in his own mind, that he must cast in his lot with the northern side. The sincerity of his decision in siding against his community was obvious to all; those sympathetic to the Union were known as "Scalawags" in the South, and were as unpopular as the "Copperheads" in the North.

People talked much then of States' rights, and of the opposing views of the Constitution, and feeling had run high before Virginia had definitely thrown her lot with her sister States of the South. After that time, however, there had been no division of opinion, and down to the youngest child, every man and woman was prepared to make the last sacrifice imaginable.

Aunt Hannah's parents were stunned and grieved when they learned that the young cousin would enlist in the northern army, but Aunt Hannah herself said nothing severe. At that time of trouble and parting, with her father and brothers going to the front, it was hard for a tender girl's heart to be bitter or to pronounce an ultimatum. She busied herself with the household tasks, with the preparation of boxes of clothing for the army, and anxiety and excitement over the progress of the war probably absorbed her whole attention.

This story will not tell you of anything military, not of a single battle. But there is one pretty adventure of Aunt Hannah's that must not be passed over. The cousin, now far away with the northern army, had a number of fine thoroughbred horses on his estate in the country. Some of them had been brought from abroad and were extremely valuable. Aunt Hannah learned that they had been seized by Confederate Army officers, collecting mounts for the army, and she knew they would be particularly hard to recover, as they were known to belong to a Unionist. She prepared instantly for a trip to Richmond, discovering that there they would be sent. Seeking out friends among the army officers—who knows that she did not appeal to some avain who had been at her feet, and who would be eager to serve her, even to the point of recovering the property of a rival! Finally she was told that she could have the horses if she could identify them. She hurried to the quarter where the animals were collected, and, calling them by name, singled out every one, the pretty creatures recognizing her voice and coming up at once to nudge her hand for sugar, which she had often given them. She triumphantly returned, and in her quiet, business-like way, restored her charges to their own pastures.

When her lover returned on a short furlough, there was more excitement. Southern friends, including a Confederate officer home for a few days, came in unexpectedly, and she was obliged to thrust the Union soldier in his tell-tale blue uniform into the huge fireplace. Fortunately it was summer and a screen with a potted plant sitting on the hearth concealed him from view, but he had an uncomfortable time of it, crouched among the andirons, afraid to stir. References were made to a southern soldier supposed to be in high favor with Aunt Hannah and it was a very red face that finally emerged from behind the screen when the coast was clear. Nothing disturbed the remarkable self-possession of Aunt Hannah, but it must have been true that she had made up her mind already what she would do when the war ended.

When it was all over and the soldiers came home again, the northern cousin returned to his adjoining estate and resumed his friendly relations with the family. There had been many changes, the plantation building had been destroyed, part of the home itself had been burnt, markets were gone, losses and sad deaths had occurred. Everybody felt older and sadder.

So for a time Aunt Hannah's mother—for the girl had lost her father and two older brothers in the war—thought nothing of her daughter's future plans, but seeing af-

ter a time that she rejected the "offers" of this and that man remaining in her old circle, she began to investigate how matters stood between Hannah and Henry. He was a great favorite of her own, despite his northern sympathies. The mother's heart was too tender with its sore losses to have cast out anyone she loved, and who belonged to the happy days before the war and was almost like one of her own sons. Aunt Hannah would say nothing, however, about Henry's status, and consulting with him on various occasions the mother learned that the young couple had just become engaged at the time of the war's breaking out. Since Henry had returned, Hannah had informed him that she would never marry him, and, then, not another word would she utter upon the subject. Consternation was no word for his feeling, as he reviewed the four years they had been separated. She had shown no animosity, only distress, when he had made his decision to fight on the other side; she had written him faithfully, done every office she could for his comfort, and manifested the most tender concern for him.

Taking comfort from the suggestion that Aunt Hannah's determination would die away after a while and that she would forgive him in the course of time, he waited patiently, seeking at regular intervals to discover if his fate had mended. But never, so long as she lived, did Aunt Hannah relent, or to any other living person did she speak a word of explanation. The whole family supposed that she could not forget that her lover had chosen to fight against her father and brothers and her beloved State, but this was entirely surmise. She was young and impressionable, and the dread and shock of the first coming of the war, with the subsequent loss of her father and brothers, had weighed upon her high spirit more than any one had known.

Piecing together all of the family impressions as to her characteristics and inner nature, I do not know whether to think that her mother's domestic training had dampened her imagination and tended to absorb her whole thought in domestic matters, so that the renunciation of her lover did not really make a great break in her life, or whether she was a girl with a high-strung emotional nature, with too much rather than too little feeling. The fact that her heart was unalterably wounded by her lover's choice of country, as it appeared to her, seems to indicate that the latter was the case. Perhaps she then deliberately resolved, with the extraordinary self-control that sometimes accompanies high feeling and sensitiveness, to devote her whole life to restoring the family altars, maintaining her mother's comfort, taking the responsibility for practical affairs upon her own young shoulders. Such an example of rigid purpose is rarely to be found, and seems particularly singular in the case of a young girl.

Her younger brothers married and went to homes of their own, and within a few years her mother decided to take a house in the county seat. Henry practiced law, and went back and forth from his country home, staying often with his old friends in town. He had few relatives in the South, and none that was near to him. Finally he was left so alone in the world that he regarded Aunt Hannah's family as all that he had left, and attached himself to them as if he were indeed a son of the house.

He asked to come and live at the house, paying his board to the mother as if he were a stranger, but otherwise feeling entirely at home. Year after year went by, and he and Aunt Hannah were the same good comrades, chatting pleasantly at the table and around the evening lamp. The village was populated almost entirely with women whose men relatives had not come back from the war, and life was dull and quiet, with only one household after another of women, down the street. So, of course, the gossips enjoyed their one mystery. Aunt Hannah and Uncle Henry, as I shall call him from this point, because in a few years from this time I knew him as the dearest, kindly friend of all the children that ever lived.

Presently Aunt Hannah began to darn his socks—that settled it—I suppose, and to pack his bag when he went away on a journey. She grew into more and more of an old maid, and he into more and more of

an old bachelor. He seemed to become more kindly, portly and genial, she more angular, and sharp and precise, rebuking him severely for forgetting his overcoat, or taking cold. Always they were the same old friends, without a shadow of self-consciousness. She must have known that the idle little village talked and talked, not with much malice but with never-ending wonder. If she did, she never betrayed it in any manner whatever.

When her mother died she went to live with her married sister, whose servants she trained and whose children she reared, with equal faithfulness and firmness. Uncle Henry remained in the old house with a new tenant for a while, but finally took himself into bachelor quarters over his office. One day, speaking of a heart affection he had, he said calmly to Aunt Hannah that he meant to put his affairs in order. "When I die I want to be buried in the family lot next to your mother," he remarked in his pleasant, cheerful tone. "But," he added earnestly, "will you promise me that it will be done?"

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, with sharp astonishment; "that is my place, next to mother. You can be buried in the lot, of course, but it must be on the other side, by father."

More astonishing to me than that she never forgave him for his part in the Civil War is the fact that when he died she did bury him next to her father, and reserved the place that he requested beside her mother for herself, and lies there today! Both of them loved that good mother as they perhaps loved no one else.

His will was found prepared with thoughtfulness for all those in his adopted family who needed his remembrance. Aunt Hannah's younger brothers had given to her all that remained from the family estate, in their remembrance of her loving devotion to their mother's declining years, and she was comfortably provided for. But Uncle Henry, of course, left to her the larger part of what he had accumulated. To ten small nieces, with the chivalry of his big heart, he left a tidy sum in trust which would provide modestly for their education. To his fat, sleek horse, which he had grown too heavy to ride, he left a legacy sufficient to furnish a green pasture and warm stable for the rest of his life, and among the boys he remembered, he left nothing to the great nephew who rode too hard when it was his turn to water the pampered beast. We thought this a great joke, but it was a long and mournful procession of children who followed him to his grave.

Knowing that his nephews, that is Aunt Hannah's nephews, would place a stone over his grave, and not wishing them to assume even this small burden, he directed that certain funds not yet collected be used to mark his grave. He was always easy and indulgent in his business relations and lax about money matters. No one was surprised when this remainder turned out to be much larger than he had anticipated. The nephews were unwilling to use the money for any other purpose, and today a great monument, overshadowing everything else in the sleepy, peaceful cemetery, is a landmark for miles around, and is pointed out by newcomers as marking the grave of "that man who bought his own tombstone." He had too much humor for a thing like that to disturb his rest, and many, many friends read lovingly the words upon the great shaft: "The good he did is not interred with his bones, but lives after him, to bless his memory."

When Aunt Hannah died, a very old lady, she in turn provided for five other great nieces, in his name, showing to the last the same accord with his wishes that she did all her life except in the one extraordinary instance. Separated only by the graves of her two parents, they are united in the last sleep.

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] Farmer: I'll give you \$5 a month and board!  
Applicant: Aw, shucks! Who do you think I am—a college graduate?

[Ladies' Home Journal:] "Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"  
The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered—"Marriage."



Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

## THE GOLDEN GLOW OF PIONEER DAYS.

A Crew of '49ers. By A. T. Heintz.

## CHAPTER XI.

IT WAS a new life that Joe found on the other side of his door. All was business and bustle in that little half-way cabin on the mountainside. Miners on their way to the valleys for the winter were coming in from all directions, many of them making wide detours in order to see the girl who was to them the embodiment of home and loved ones. Hers was an exalting influence, which lifted even the roughest adventurer out of and beyond himself.

It was with sympathetic pleasure that Joe witnessed the respect, the homage that lighted the eyes of those wistful, homesick men at her hearty welcome. He instinctively joined in their adoration. His faith in womankind waxed stronger as he noted the unassuming tact and dignity with which she seated herself at the head of her table and served her bewhiskered, flannel-shirted guests as if they were honored members of her own family. What a privilege it was for those wanderers to gather about a home table.

Often after the meal was over there were special private audiences, which the waiting groups outside were wont to discuss, many times with trembling voices, their eyes filling with tears. Martha was quick to see the ailing ones. The sick in body she took in and cared for until they were stronger. She encouraged and revived the drooping spirits of the sick in mind. She cheered and comforted the sad hearts of all. She stood to them for wife, mother, children, sweetheart; and, besides, she was the sacred Madonna, their "Lady," whom they all revered, yes, worshiped.

With a facility acquired from his early habits at home, and the vicissitudes of seafaring and mining, Joe speedily adjusted himself to the new order of things. The intimate relationship of nurse and patient was a thing of the past. He was now a member of the general household. As he was unable to walk, he established himself in out-of-the-way corners, and devoted his time to domestic pursuits. Every day he insisted on "picking over" the beans, which in that Spanish land formed the staple article of diet. Even on the large ranches in the valleys, with the exception of beans and peppers, scarcely any vegetables were grown; while such small quantities as found their way to the towns, together with a few dried fruits, oranges and watermelons, were sold at fabulous prices, and eagerly sought. Consequently, by the time the procurable provisions reached the remote mountain regions their varieties could be counted on four fingers—flour, including Indian meal; pork, pickled and smoked; Jerked beef and beans. Occasionally the thumb was counted in, as representing the delectable luxury dried apples. These with the addition of wild game, and now and then a handful of berries in season, constituted the sole means of sustenance of those isolated people. After much persuasion Martha had induced Jose, Inez's husband, to raise a few hundred pounds of potatoes for her on the rancho in the valley, of which he had charge. On Sundays, as a special treat, Martha roasted in the ashes of the great fireplace a mess of the rare tubers, which she proudly served as the central pyramid of the Sabbath feast.

Into all plans to diversify the bill of fare Joe entered with alacrity; and when household tasks failed him he turned his busy hands to carving and fashioning wooden spoons and other articles to eke out the scanty supply of furnishings of the frontier cabin. He won his way to Inez's heart by his ready assumption of many of her tasks, as well as by an elaborately carved crucifix, which he sent to Marysville for the priest's blessing.

In that helpful period of convalescence, he became a care-free boy again, and lived once more his childhood days. Many were the tales he told of his Aunt M'ry Lizzie, of the idiosyncrasies of the friends and neighbors of his youth, and of his own daily pranks, in which he was invariably joined by Linda, the little girl who lived next door.

"This," he said, bending over a salt-box, whose ornamentation he had fashioned with great care, "is a counterpart of the one I made for Aunt M'ry Lizzie the time everybody in the neighborhood was teasing her about old Captain Nehemiah Saltberry. For some reason she didn't take kindly to the

box. At any rate, she didn't say anything; and when Aunt M'ry Lizzie is quiet, it's safe to bet that something will happen some day. I didn't blame her, for I confess 'The Old Salt,' as everyone called him, did make her rather conspicuous by his persistent, uninvited attentions after Uncle Abner died, and when I sent her that box I didn't mend matters for her. This figure is an exact likeness of Cap'n Ne'mi' in an attitude so peculiarly characteristic of him that its identity could not be denied.

I finished while I was at sea, outward bound, and I was so eager to perpetrate my joke that I sent it to her by Jabex Mitchell, whom I met in Portland just as he was setting sail for home. Well, Jabex started for Aunt M'ry Lizzie's with the box as soon as he got into port; and as he was passing Eli Brewster's store the wrapper came off and the box fell to the ground. When Jabex picked it up and saw the Old Salt on it he concluded that the joke was too good to keep, so he took it into the store and showed it to the crowd of gossips who were gathered there.

"And didn't your conscience hurt you for causing your aunt such a humiliating experience?" Martha asked.

Joe grinned. "Yes, my conscience was quite painful when I first heard of the way the affair worked out. I met Jabex again before I got home and he told me all about it. I felt very much ashamed of myself, and spent many a restless hour trying to form some plan to make up to Aunt M'ry Lizzie for the annoyance I had caused her; but she didn't need my help. She got even with me, and she did it so neatly and so thoroughly that I felt justified in granting myself a complete pardon.

"I delivered my return cargo at Yarmouth, and had arranged to hurry back to Christmas Cove and load with wood for Boston. As there was no store at the Cove, and as I couldn't buy to so good advantage at Yarmouth as I could at home, I sent word across to my aunt asking her to order my supplies and have them ready for me at the wharf so that I should lose no time in getting away. That gave her the chance she wanted.

"Besides being the master and owner of a small sailing vessel, The Old Salt was a ship-chandler. He kept a general store, and when he was in port he stayed there night and day watching and training his nephew, who was in charge. Everything he had in the line of eatables was so notoriously stale and of such poor quality that none but strangers would provision there. He'd spend a week lying by an abandoned wreck—the older the derelict the more attractive—to get a barrel of soaked flour or a quintal of fish for his store.

"Consequently, when I saw Cap'n Ne'mi' unloading at the wharf, with Aunt M'ry Lizzie talking to him, and a crowd standing by to watch the fun, I guessed the worst. But I made up my mind to take my medicine and smile cheerfully; so I began to load the stuff. My mate and the sailors looked pretty glum. They were home boys, and knew the reputation of The Old Salt's biscuits and rusty meal; but they had shipped with me, and there was no help for them.

"I've got to git right back, Mis' Knowlton," Cap'n Ne'mi' called, as he dumped the last bundle. 'D ought to have double price for comin' 'daown with these when I'm so busy; but, seein' it's you, I'll let ye have 'em at the regular price. Here's the bill. You kin git the money from Joe and pay me as ye come along up. I reckon you'll be good for it if he don't pay.'

"And then the boys turned loose on me. They told the history of every parcel that went on board; they twitted me about the unusually large quantities I was taking; they predicted that the crew would mutiny on the second day out.

"Don't rub it in," one of them stepped forward with a protecting air; 'they say salt smarts pretty bad in a fresh cut.'

"There was nothing to do but to laugh with the crowd, but I tell you, I was wishing them all—farther away.

"Then Aunt M'ry Lizzie stepped up and said in a confidential tone: 'I'm so glad you're pleased, Joey. I knew, as long as you were so anxious to keep The Old Salt in the family, that you'd want to patronize Ne'mi'. I hope you'll enjoy everything. Here's a little picnic I cooked for you, though, for a change of diet.' And she

handed me a big basket as we began to slack up the hawsers. 'Good-by,' she called; 'let me know if you want I should get your things for ye next time. I'll be glad to do so.' And we hoisted sail and cleared, with a swarm of cheers following in our wake.

"It turned out that she hadn't bought a thing from Cap'n Ne'mi' except some oil and candles and a few things for the slop-chest, which she ordered the last minute, so as to have the captain down there for my discomfiture. We had the finest lot of stores I'd ever taken out; and that basket! I wish you could have tasted those pies!"

"I like your Aunt M'ry Lizzie," Martha wistfully murmured. "My father was the only mother I ever knew. I've so often longed for some woman who really belonged to me. What became of the little girl who lived next door?"

"She grew up and married, and sailed away to China with her husband." Joe was still wondering at the perfect composure, even indifference, with which he had answered, when Martha's next question came:

"Where are the friends who came with you to California?"

Joe's face clouded as he noted Martha's earnest expression. He divined her intention to ask about her brother, and he had not the courage to answer. For the first time he was glad of his partial loss of memory. "My mind is not clear on all points connected with the captains," he explained. "I've tried to think connectedly, but I can't remember just what happened for some time after we separated at San Francisco. I heard that three of them returned to San Francisco last fall, but I never saw them after we parted at the bay."

"I shouldn't worry about it if I were you," Martha advised. "It will come back to you as your strength returns."

Joe brightened up at the reprieve. "There, Senora!" he cried, "allow me to present you with The Old Salt—Jehosaphat!"

He rose precipitately and hobbled to the door for a better view of the tall, wiry figure that came lurching along over the dusty trail, as if walking the deck of a rolling ship. "Well, well!" he cried, "if here isn't The Old Salt in the flesh. Hello, Cap'n Ne'mi'!"

"Well, by brim! If 'tain't Joe Gardener! Haow be ye, anyway? Where's Cap'n Ed and the other fellers?" Cap'n Ne'mi' gave Joe's hand a vigorous shake, and peered searchingly into the room.

"I'll come out and tell you about everything. Senora, this is Cap'n Saltb'y, of whom you must have heard. He is famed the world over as the king of the derelicts."

The captain proudly straightened himself. "Pleased to meet ye, ma'am," he condescended, ducking his head with a quick jerk, and scraping his left sole backward. "Do you keep this tavern?"

"I'm afraid I shall have to confess that it keeps me," Martha laughed.

"Well, I jist wanted to tell ye that I wan't a-goin to stop with ye, so ye needn't cal-lat on makin' anything out o' me. I'll stop and talk with Joe a while, and—"

The captain looked more carefully at Martha, and his eye dwelt on the prosperous appearance of her surroundings. "Mebba," he began, but was interrupted by Joe, who, with the assistance of two canes, led the way across the road to the shade of a tall sugar pine.

Cap'n Ne'mi' reluctantly followed, turning and looking backward at every step.

"That's a fine young woman," he said, seating himself so that he could keep a close watch on the cabin. "What did you say her name was?"

Joe gave an impatient hitch of his shoulders. "I believe her name is Miss Hamlin," he hesitatingly answered. "Hamlin was her brother's name." For the first time, still forgetful of his meeting with Pitney, he wondered how he happened to know that Hamlin was her brother; but the assurance that this was the fact came to him with the recollection of his conversation with Jerry at the time of the man's tragic death and burial. Coming back to the present, he turned to Cap'n Ne'mi', adding, "All the guests call her the 'Lady.'"

"Oh, you ain't be'n here long enough to larn her name, eh?"

Joe allowed the question to go unan-

swered. "What was that you called her?" The Old Salt persisted.

Joe squirmed. "It's a title which her Spanish servants have given her. When did you come to California, Cap'n Ne'mi'?"

"I got to San Francisco the nineteenth day o' last April, and my crew deserted as soon as I got in. I hired the vessel to some fellers to run between San Francisco and Sacramento; and, as long as they offered to pay me more'n I could earn with her on the seas, I thought I could afford to go to the mines. I've be'n up on a leetle branch of the Feather all summer, and I cleaned up—well, I reckon I won't need to suffer for enough to eat 's long as I live. Does the lady-woman own this tavern?"

"I believe so. I never asked. How did you leave all the folks in Calais? When did you sail?"

"Oh, they was about the same as usual. Milly Hopkins and Ben Shaw was married shortly after you left, and old Peleg Smart died jist before I come away. I sailed the Fourth o' July a year ago, and done considerable business among the South American ports as I come along. It must be a-gittin' along towards night, the way the men and hosses air a-drawin' in here."

"Yes," Joe assented, "it's nearly 4 o'clock. They all stop with us for the night, even when they get here in the middle of the day."

Joe smiled as the glib "us" slipped out, but the captain nodded approvingly, and shifted his calculating eye from the cabin door to the bunk-house, farther on to the busy corral and thence back to Joe.

"What's the matter with ye? What ails your feet?" he asked.

"I blistered them walking in a pair of badly-wrinkled boots, and a few days in the cold water washing gravel increased the inflammation and put them into pretty bad shape."

"Stayin' on here till ye git able to walk, eh?"

Joe nodded.

"It must be a-costin' ye a good raound sum to stay so long. I sh'd think 'twould be cheaper to pay for a ride daown to the valley. Ye could board cheaper there."

Joe made no answer, and Cap'n Ne'mi' hunched along nearer.

"What be they taxin' ye a day?" he asked, confidentially.

Joe shook his head. "I don't know."

"What! Ye must be crazy to stay at a tavern and make no bargain about the price! Why, they kin make ye pay anything they're a mind to. Like's not they'll charge ye more'n ye've got."

"And that wouldn't begin to pay my debt."

"Haow long have ye been here?"

"For some time."

"Did they have to nuss ye and take keer of ye?"

"Day and night."

"Well, ye be in a pretty tight box, Joe. And ye hain't struck it rich, either, eh?"

"I don't need any help to carry all I have," was Joe's bitter outburst.

Cap'n Ne'mi' felt cautiously at his belt, hitched away, and changed the subject.

"Where did ye leave the captains?"

Joe explained the separation at San Francisco, and told in detail the story of the winter in Sacramento, at the same time cautioning the captain not to mention the subject at the house, as the Lady's brother had died in Sacramento jist before Cap'n Ed's death.

"I wan't callin' on goin' in the haouse," Cap'n Ne'mi' debated slowly. "I've got a cold snack to eat, enough to carry me through, and I sleep on the graound. But," he continued, hungrily sniffing the air, "that cookin' does smell powerful good. I dunno but I will go in and have a bite o' something hot."

The Old Salt stood with eyes and mouth wide open as he watched the baker's dozen of wayfarers file into the large kitchen-living-room and pay their respects to the Lady, who graciously assigned them to their places at the table and served them with bountiful helpings.

"By brim!" Cap'n Ne'mi' exclaimed, looking over the neatly-spread board. "I feel's if I was hum agin. I used to think mother was extravagant, but I guess 'twas wuth it, after all. This is the fust tablecloth I've seen for more'n a year. I'd be willin' to pay for my supper and jist sit back and



*Slum Babies' Friend. By a Special Contributor.*



"As an incentive to good work the children are given marks for punctuality, attention and neatness in work. They can make as high as eight marks a lesson, and these marks are equivalent to practical rewards. Fifteen marks is redeemed by a pair of stockings, twenty-five by a piece of underwear, and sixty earns a dress, while eighty gives a girl a pair of shoes.

"The houses are a disgrace to the metropolis of this country; many of them have been condemned by the Board of Health, but they are still steadily tenanted. There are 6441 people living in this quarter, two-thirds of them foreigners. These comprise about twelve nationalities in all, including Hungarians, Syrians, Austrians and Italians. About 1700 of the children in this quarter are under 14 years of age. In 1913 there were reported 230 cases of tuberculosis in the neighborhood of Greenwich, Washington and West streets. About 63 per cent

"You would be surprised," said Mrs. Burns, "how systematically this work is kept in mind by the rich. Last summer little Miss Carnegie, before leaving the city, sent a donation of \$100 from her private fund to help with our summer outings. A number of other rich children are taught to keep these poorer children in mind and systematically set aside their toys and other belongings for them. Two little boys I know keep two little fellows in our poorest neighborhood comfortably clad with their outgrown clothing, and while we can never do all we would and all we could with still greater means, we feel that our work is always carried in mind."

Love is great stuff. It will make a big female, who is built like a truck driver, regard a little man, who is built like a boy, as a tower of strength.

Every man likes to brag about how well posted he is. Well, let's see! Who is the Lieutenant-Governor of your State?



# GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, March 4, 1916.

Illustrated Weekly

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

## A BANK MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

Not Proven. By Harold H. Scott.

IT SEEMS odd indeed that almost a decade after it all happened there should come to light the solution of a mystery that promised to remain forever unsolved. A small item in the morning paper makes the middle ridiculously clear. The item says—but never mind that now; let me first tell you of those events of a few years ago to which the item proves a tardy but interesting explanation.

The Farmers' Bank of Corning was a survival of the old regime of banking institutions. For over fifty years it had pursued the even tenor of its country way. Its board of directors, all good, substantial men, whose fathers before them had governed the bank, viewed the newfangled methods of their city banking brothers with skepticism. Such things as ornate marble banking rooms, huge, costly vaults and liveried flunkies who did nothing but stroll about smirking genially and picking up bits of paper from the tiled floor, they considered needless and extravagant luxuries. And under their wise guidance, following the conservative lines laid down by their predecessors, the bank had prospered.

Behind its mahogany counter—that same massive, carved counter over which two generations of hard-working, thrifty farmers had passed their savings into the keeping of the bank, or had gratefully accepted its financial aid in leaner years—were two young men, respected and held in high esteem by all. Harvey Witherell, the chief teller, was the son of old Judge Witherell, who for many years before his death had held a high judicial position in the county. Harvey was the exact counterpart of his father, as honest and just and good-hearted as the old man whom everyone had so genuinely loved. He lived with his mother and younger sister in the old home that had been "Witherell's" ever since that day when the judge, then a young lawyer, had brought his bride to Corning.

Harvey's assistant, Charles Jordan, was the son of the president of the bank. On the surface young Jordan was a cold, practical person—one of those more modern bankers who have that disconcerting air of looking at your check as though they do not approve of your drawing so much, nor of the use you intend making of the funds. For, even though you do not tell them, you feel that they are uncannily aware of what you are going to do with the money.

But in Jordan's case this air was merely on the surface a sort of formal, professional cloak that he drew about him when he assumed his duties in the morning, and left behind with his ledgers and cash reports at night. To those who knew the real man, as most everyone in town did, he was just as hearty and wholesome a young fellow as one would care to meet. Though he was quite a few years younger than Harvey, a strong friendship existed between the two men, and Jordan spent many enjoyable evenings at the Witherell home. But perhaps his presence there was not due entirely to his friendship for the chief teller of the Farmers'. For it came about, in the course of time, that Betty Witherell contemplated a spiritual and legal metamorphosis which was soon to make her Mrs. Charles Jordan.

The wedding day was set for the 20th of June, which fell on a Saturday, and the couple were to leave on their honeymoon directly after the ceremony. After a fortnight of traveling about the country Jordan and his bride were to return to Corning, when he would resume his duties at the bank. However, some time before the day arrived an event took place which altered their plans for the future considerably. An aged and accommodating great-aunt died, leaving Jordan a generous legacy. This, he decided, was his opportunity. It would enable him to resign from his position in the bank and engage in business for himself—to go to the city and enter a larger and more lucrative field—an ambition long cherished, but which, until then, had seemed very vague of fulfillment. To this end Betty and he mapped out a very promising campaign.

On Friday, the 19th of June, Jordan stayed at the bank until quite late finishing some work and putting his books in shape for his successor. At a little after 10 the work was completed and he sat on his high stool dangling his legs like a happy school boy

contemplating a long vacation. He gazed about the banking room. It was not without some regret that he was leaving. There were many happy memories connected with the old bank; he almost loved it, in a way. He slipped into a sort of reverie in which the past swept before him in review, those happy days of his early career in business. Then came thoughts of the present, and of Betty—his thoughts roamed on into the future.

It must have been 11 o'clock when he aroused himself and jumped down from his stool. He went to the vault and entered. Emerging almost immediately he swung the door shut and set the combination. Then, having turned out all the lights, save the one directly over the vault, he said good-by to the Farmers' Bank and let himself out of the side door. A few steps up the street he met Henry Webster, one of the directors.

"Working late, aren't you?" "I wanted to get things in shipshape for the new man," Jordan told him.

"Well, my boy, we are all very sorry that you are leaving us. We'll miss you. But you have a great opportunity before you, and we all wish you success. And," he grasped Jordan's hand, "congratulations. She is the sweetest little girl in the world—but, of course, I don't have to tell you that," he laughed.

Jordan thanked him heartily and said good-night. As the young fellow strode off Webster looked after him. "He'll make good," he predicted.

All Corning was invited to the wedding. It was such an event as the little town before had never witnessed and, incidentally, there has never been one like it since. True, there had been weddings aplenty in Corning's day. But this was more than an ordinary wedding. It was a gala day. For miles around people journeyed to "the Witherell's" to witness the marriage of "the judge's sweetheart"—beloved little Betty. Afoot and on horse they came, pouring into town from all directions, laughing and happy, laden with gifts—the simple, homely gifts which meant more to Betty than the jewels of a kingdom; meant vastly more, because they were the glad tribute of the people she loved. From early morning till late they streamed into Corning and to the house, until it overflowed and they gathered in little groups on the lawn.

She was married beneath a great oak in the garden, standing straight and slim in her simple white gown, her eyes glowing softly with the excitement of the great adventure.

So it was that "the judge's sweetheart" became Mrs. Charles Jordan, and entered upon a new life in a new land.

On the following Monday morning a surprising and alarming discovery was made at the Farmers' Bank. A package of new notes of large denomination was missing. Harvey made the discovery, and hastened into the president's office with the news.

"It was there Friday night when I left," he told the senior Jordan.

The president looked at him quickly and then immediately looked away. But in that glance Harvey had read his mind, and he knew what Jordan was thinking of. He had not intended his statement to be suggestive of that. He had said it without thinking.

The bank officials began a quiet investigation. There was no doubt in their minds but that it was an inside job, and the disgrace of it appalled them. Never before in the history of the bank had such a thing occurred. The vault was not of the most modern construction, and might easily have been forced by professionals, or entered by penetrating the walls surrounding it. But access had been gained by neither of these methods, for the combination and walls were intact. But one supposition remained; the money had been taken by someone who knew the combination, and had opened the vault in the usual way. One feature of the case puzzled them particularly. Only one of the six packages of notes had been taken, and five of them still remained on the shelf untouched.

In an endeavor to keep the robbery from becoming known the utmost secrecy was observed in all their observations. Unknown, even to Harvey, young Jordan was traced and kept under constant surveillance. And, as time passed and no clue was uncovered, Harvey himself was watched. Much to the bankers' dislike to do this, they considered

it their duty. And it was not because they wished to prove one of the boys guilty, but because they desired to establish their innocence.

Three weeks passed and still they were as far from a solution of the mystery as they had been at first. It was only as a last resort that they notified the Bankers' Protective Association of the robbery. On the following day a sleek individual who wore a gloriously embellished waistcoat and smelled outrageously of stale tobacco and hair restorer appeared at the bank. He was closeted with the directors until after banking hours. At exactly ten minutes after 3 he emerged from the president's sanctum, followed by the directors, like a game cock leading his harem. The doors were locked and the shades drawn. He agreed with the bankers that the thing should be kept secret, but really, they ought to have notified the association at once, he told them, reproachfully. With the air of one about to demonstrate the scientific principles of the shell game to an audience of rustics, he began a professional survey of the field. Occasionally he would fling out a snappy question, which made the bankers jump and confused their replies. Harvey remained, at Jordan's request, and told the detective all he knew about the disappearance of the notes.

Within the vault was a gas jet which emitted a sickly light, but the detective brought his flashlight into play and, with a magnifying glass, went carefully over the tier of shelves from which the notes had been taken. In the midst of his absorbing occupation he suddenly straightened up with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Finger print," he announced, shortly. "Not very much of a clue, but something to work on." He examined it more closely. "Left thumb. Rather clear. Won't have any trouble getting a good photograph."

But a short time before, the practical Mr. Jordan and his equally practical associates would have scoffed at the finger-print method of identification. They had considered it mere child's play—not by any means a system to be relied upon in the tracing of a criminal. But this competent representative of the association inspired them with respect for his knowledge and wisdom. Perhaps there was something to M. Bertillon's method, after all.

Harvey was deeply troubled. Even though the thumb print was there, as clear and clean-cut as a steel engraving, it did not necessarily follow that the person whose thumb had made it was the one who had taken the notes. It might even be his own thumb print, made when he placed the money on the shelf. Again, it might just as easily be the impression of young Jordan's thumb. If that were the case it would go far toward fastening the guilt upon his friend—Betty's husband—the president's son. Jordan had worked after hours Friday night, and Friday night was the last time Harvey had seen those six packages of notes on the shelf. But Jordan was not guilty of taking them. Harvey was as positive of his friend's innocence as he was of his own.

"We will photograph the print," the detective told the bankers; "and then, without arousing suspicion on the part of your employees, get their thumb prints—all of them." And Harvey wondered if they would ask him for his print. It seemed very likely. If comparison showed the print on the shelf beside the notes to be his would they accept it as final proof of his guilt? The detective seemed determined to prove that the man who left the tell-tale mark was the one who took the money.

He spent a restless night. What if Jordan was guilty? The thought appalled him. He did not want to believe it, and yet—if he was the one who took the money it was not he who would suffer the most, but Betty, poor little Betty. Would she ever recover from the horror of such a revelation? The disgrace! Was it Jordan? There was no one else besides himself who had access to the vault after banking hours. Poor Betty! He must save her the horror and disgrace—so his thoughts ran on. At length he fell into a troubled sleep. And sleeping, he dreamed that Jordan appeared before him, leering evilly, his hands full of crisp, new notes, which he flaunted in the dreamer's face. Suddenly where he had stood

loomed the grim walls of a prison. Then came Betty, torn and suffering, and flung herself down beside him, weeping. And a great river of liquid fire flowed down upon her and she was gone.

Harvey appeared at the bank next morning, hollow-eyed, his face pale and drawn. He carried his left arm in a sling. Jordan, coming in a short time later, stopped at the teller's cage to tell him that the photograph of the thumb print had been taken successfully. When he saw Harvey's arm his brow raised inquiringly, and a peculiar look passed over his face. The other noticed and tried to smile lightly, but he was trembling violently and he felt his face grow pale. He explained, his voice oddly unnatural:

"I was chopping wood this morning, and the ax slipped. Cut my thumb completely off."

Jordan in turn paled and without a word of surprise or sympathy hurried on into his office.

At about 11 o'clock the detective appeared at the bank and went directly to Jordan's office. He remained quite a while and then burst out in great haste and apparently very much angered. A feeling of faintness overcame Harvey. A great fear of something he could not analyze possessed him. It was not the fear of immediate or imminent punishment. It was something he understood and yet did not. Swaying drunkenly, he stumbled into a cloak-room, where he sat for a long time, his head buried in his hands.

The detective was never seen again in Corning. The photograph of the thumb print he must have taken with him, for it, too, disappeared.

Just why the directors of the Farmers' Bank decided to drop the investigation will never be known by anyone save those very worthy gentlemen themselves. Perhaps because they were so very human they understood Harvey's action and motive that prompted it. If they did they must surely have respected him the more. Again, they might not have sensed the real reason; they might even have misconstrued his action. No one outside the directorate will ever know the truth of this, either.

The money was not recovered. Indeed, no further effort was ever made to trace it. And now, almost ten years later, in a small item on an inside page of the morning paper, one reads the solution of the mystery:

"In remodeling the old Farmers' Bank Building in Corning workmen have uncovered a rats' nest lined with United States Treasury notes. The nest was discovered in a small recess which had been cleverly gnawed out by the rodents in a dark corner of the mahogany-sealed vault."

### Puzzled the Pirates.

[London Answers:] A merchant seaman, ashore for a brief spell after many thrilling adventures in the vicinity of Gallipoli, where he has been engaged in landing stores in the dead of night, tells of a delightful little incident which has hitherto escaped publication.

The incident happened at the time when enemy submarines were unpleasantly active in the middle seas.

A trim little craft lay in the grasp of an Austrian pirate, and, after a game effort to show her heels to the submarine, the ship's papers had been seized and the crew had taken to the boats. The submarine stood grimly by with guns trained and the final scene was about to be enacted.

Before the commander of the U-boat gave the fatal order, however, it was noticed that one of the ship's boats had pulled back to the vessel and that a grimy figure in blue overalls was clambering back over the side.

Even Austrian submarine commanders are curious, and he held back the order to fire, to await developments. A full minute passed, and, wearying of the delay, the pirate chief motioned to the gunners. Almost simultaneously the blue-coated "gure" reappeared. Leisurely he made his way towards the waiting boat, and then it was those puzzled Austrians saw what his important mission had been.

In his left hand was an old, worn rubber pouch, and with his right hand he clutched a nut-brown clay pipe.



# FOSTER MOTHER OF THOUSANDS OF WAIFS.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.

## A SHIPWRECK THAT ENDED IN A BLESSING.

On Jim's Island. By Tudor Jenks.

I NEVER was wrecked but once, and that was enough—though it was a blessing finally.

I had shipped as a lubber when I had gone broke in the East, and had no other way of getting a leg toward the U. S. A.

When our old hooker turned turtle, and I was carried ashore by a big wave, I tried to make myself all claws like a cat to keep from being carried out. Twice I dragged anchor, but on the third go I hit a nub of coral, or something, and at my last gasp was left with a scrambling chance for life. Dazed and bruised, I made my crawl till I got a grip on some tangled sharp grass and stuck while I got a breath or two. Next I tottered a few steps inland, and then lost all knowledge till I woke to find myself being shaken like a rat.

"Jim" was bringing me to. And as soon as I came to, I made out he was asking "Who the hell are you?"

Well, I'm an American citizen, and so I automatically came back with a little of the same.

"None of that from you," he says, "for I've got the cold drop on you. Just hand me down some of the fly-specked civility from behind the sporting goods."

Well, I was a man before the gun, and I put on my dancing-school best.

"I just came ashore," I remarked, pointing to the ocean, "and the reason I did was because our vessel stopped out there a ways, and it was too deep for my taste."

"This is no comic supplement," said my friend with the gun, "and I have been living away from fools so long that I don't hanker for cheap humor. What in thunder you got chucked up here for I don't know. But I'm thinking that it was a bad job for you!" I looked him over, and never felt less like humor in my life.

"What are you talking about?" I began. "You're white, ain't you?—if you are sun-burned? What kind of a way is this to talk to a man just flung ashore? I didn't want to come—damn it all!"

That was as far as I got when that fiend fired with a devilish accuracy of aim that clipped a bit from my ear, as if he were marking a hog. And as I clapped my hand to it he growled out:

"That's the first lesson! You talk straight goods or I'll mark the other the same way."

By this time I had him sized up for a plain case of loco, and I concluded to humor him till I had a chance to do something better.

When he ordered me to get up and walk ahead of him, I went along without a look round, but I could see the muzzle of his gun with the middle of my back. I wanted to scratch the place.

We went on for the longest mile I ever traveled, and then I saw a little hut thatched with palm leaves. Within about a hundred feet of the shack, my driver said, "Stop where you are."

Jim went by me and entered the hut. He came out accompanied by the whole population of the island. This consisted of two women. One was a young girl as sweet as a peach and as pretty as a— I never saw anything so pretty. The other was a young savage, sleek bronze and a face full of the old Nick.

The women looked me over without any remark and then they all returned to the hut except Jim. He then told me to right about face, and marched me to the little bunch of palms, where he told me to sit down. He sat down not too near and put his gun away. The bronze girl appeared with a flat slab on which there was some fruit, a shell of water, and a bit of fish. Seeing that the lunatic made no objection, I gulped the water and began on the fruit, while my host sat on guard. Suddenly he asked:

"Where are you from?"

"Nantucket," I said. "That's my home, but I worked in New Bedford for a while and then I went West on the railroad."

"Brakeman?"

Yea. Working my way. Wanted to see the country."

"What did you do in the West?"

"Odd jobs—mostly farming. Then I enlisted in the marines and was sent out to the Philippines. I heard from a friend that I might do well out there."

"Well, how did it turn out?"

"Bad business. I got the fever, and after that I was no good. Soon I went broke, and made up my mind that it was get home or die. That is why I shipped on the vessel that—"

"How high are the bluffs at Squam Head?"

"Thirty-five to forty feet," I answered, promptly, wondering how he knew anything about Nantucket.

"And where are the Naval Stations garrisoned by marines in the Philippines?"

"One at Cavite, and one at Olongapo—I was at Olongapo. You can examine me all you like; I'm telling you a straight story."

"That's enough. Now I want to tell you a few things. You saw my daughter—what did you think of her?"

"A girl a father ought to thank God for," I said, simply, for I had made up my mind that it was up to me to tell the truth in such a situation.

"Then you can see for yourself my position. If you were on this island with that girl and her maid, and the waves sent up a man out of the sea—what would you do?"

I thought it over, and hanged if I could blame Jim at all. Then I began drawing things in the sand with my toe. After a minute or two I looked up:

"You're dead right!" I agreed. "You just had to throw the fear of the Lord into me; and you've done it. I know I'm a straight man, but if I was in your shoes I wouldn't take any chances with the best man that ever lived. Of course you could take me away from the hut and then have a regrettable accident; but then that leaves things in a fix, too. For if anything happens to you—how long have you been here?"

"About two months, and never a sign of a sail or a canoe."

"Do you know your bearings?"

"Not closely. About 15 deg. north and 140 deg. east, I make it."

"Well, there's only one way out of this scrape. You'll have to stand by the women, and I'll rig up some kind of a craft, and see if I can't make one of the Ladrões or Carolinas. If I go under, you're no worse off. Besides, a marine isn't the stuff that won't make a try when there's a woman to help out. You know that if you know our boys."

"I think you are right," said Jim, after a minute. "And I don't mind saying that if it was just for myself, I'd take my chances with you."

"Don't trust me. You back me up with a few things to eat and I'll put together a catamaran that won't sink, anyhow, and then it'll be good-by, whether there's a how-d'-you-do or not."

"I'll send you over what tools I have, and keep you fed," Jim said, getting up "and I'll look after the provisions. You've got the right idea and—and if you get us off the island you won't be sorry."

He walked away to the hut and I sat thinking the thing over. Soon I fell into another nap.

I was awakened by Jim, who brought me some tools.

"Good on your old head!" I told him. "Now, you mark a deadline, and let me loose outside it."

In about five days I had an apology for an outrigger canoe, and a cuddy aft, and surf-boards along the gunnels. Jim would come to see me now and again, but I never crossed the dead-line. We had some talk about his wreck, but there wasn't much to it, anyway. They were the only survivors, and the crew were a bad lot. I never pressed Jim for the details, and he didn't volunteer any.

When the boat was done we launched her, and loaded her up. The women came to see me off, and they all shook hands, including Jim's daughter, and the man who would hesitate to take a chance for a girl like her—well, he never wore our Uncle Sam's uniform!

But Jim was the jealouslest thing about her, and he scowled like a carabao when she gave me her hand, though any girl might have done that much for a man risking his life for her, on a mighty slim chance. And I thought she was sorry for me, for a more sacred-looking face I never saw—and I've seen lots.

When all was ready I stepped aboard. The stern rested on the sand, and Jim started to shove clear. And then that trump, Jim's daughter, caught the gunnel, just at the latest possible moment, and sent

the craft into deep water.

I was steering, but I saw Jim's hand seize her wrist and pull her away. At the moment I supposed he was afraid she would fall in.

With a favoring wind, the boat sailed all right, so I was soon clear of the little rollers, and making my way toward—liberty or death.

Peeling that I was on an errand of mercy, and relieved to be beyond the range of Jim's weapon, I kept at the steering oar till worn out and hungry. Then I lashed the oar and went to overhaul my larder. As I turned, my eye caught a piece of paper stuck to the surf-board inside.

Going closer I found it to be a druggist poison label—one of those skull and cross-bone stickers, printed in red and affixed to bottles of dangerous drugs.

What did it mean?

I knew that it had not been there when I entered the boat, for I had looked over the whole craft with the eyes of a man who knows that he is going to risk his life on her.

One of the party ashore must have stuck it on. The darky did not lay a finger on the boat. Jim was on the port side, and so the label was put on by his daughter.

As a joke? It wasn't thinkable—unless the girl was a fiend.

As a warning, then. And if it were a warning, that explained her rush to be the last to touch hand to the departing craft. Also, it gave a reason for her father's—was he her father? I had only his own word for it, and if the label was a warning—

Then suddenly it came to me that he had never asked me my name.

This seemed queer to me at first, but I had forgotten about it till suspicion was aroused, and then I felt that no square man would have let me go into peril for his sake and never ask for what would be the easiest clew to my fate.

I had no faith in the man from that moment; and with distrust came the fixed resolve to get back to the island. Of course, to return in daylight was sure death, if the warning meant anything. But I would land that night.

I hove to and overhauled the boat's cargo—finding ample reason to be thankful to the brave and clever girl who had warned me. In each jar and package was enough food and drink to last me till it was impossible to return; and I suspected that some of the lower layers contained poison. But that was a refinement of "Jim's" and unnecessary. The shortage would have been as fatal as arsenic.

Night fell without twilight, and I swung around to the back track.

Meanwhile I was working out the puzzle, and was able to arrive at a pretty plausible solution of the mystery. Jim's first thought had been to kill me. This he would have done, but that he had some other idea than simply keeping the girl on the island. He meant, therefore, to let her go free sometime; and this spelled kidnapping for ransom. The grinning black imp was his own creature. To send me away to a speedy death at sea was suggested by my own idiotic proposal—and it fitted his plans to a nicety, since even the girl could not deny that I had gone willingly.

His plan would have worked to a charm if it hadn't been for a bright girl and the label from the medicine chest!

Well, a little after midnight, at a guess, I made my landfall, and was prowling scout-fashion toward the hut. I had no weapon but my sailor's knife, which Jim had chucked into the boat just before it was shoved off—having taken it from me the first time we met.

But I had not been in the Philippines for nothing, and once ashore it did not take me long to find a clump of bamboos. Then I fashioned me a long, sharp pike for close quarters as a last resort, but took the most care in making me a strong bow and arrows, stringing it with twisted cords brought from the boat.

Next I hid the boat in a reedy bay, and crept as near the hut as I dared. I was reckoning that Jim would make the round of the island, on the lookout for his pals. And so he did.

I gave him good leeway, and then went boldly to the hut and pounded on the door. The imp opened it, and collapsed with a screech. I stepped over her and called,

"Girl, girl!—where are you?"

She came flying and crying out, "Oh, thank God!"—which were the first words I ever heard from her lips.

I can't tell you all we said, but we got right down to business. After a few sentences, which proved that I had guessed right on the kidnapping, I asked for a gun. She was sure there was a rifle somewhere in the hut.

"I made this bow," said I, "but it is poor stuff, if better than nothing. I'll watch the door and you find that rifle if you have to smash everything! Take an ax."

To judge by the sounds, she carried out my orders to the letter, and in less than ten minutes she was back, rosy with joyful triumph, and bringing a Lee straight-pull rifle and a belt of cartridges.

"It was in a locked case," she said, "and I axed it open."

"Good girl!" I cried and chucked the bamboo outfit.

Then it was only a matter of waiting till Jimmy arrived.

When he did I threw open the door and told him "Hands up!"

And then he made the mistake of trying to get the drop—maybe forgetting that I had been West and in the service both.

I let him off as easy as was safe and then we lugged him into his own room and organized a red cross bureau he didn't deserve.

"Well, that's the end of the real exciting part; for I was able to hoist signals and set fires going that brought help within four days. My signals must have scared off Jim's accomplices and the fact that steamers were looking for the missing girl made our discovery quicker.

Her first name was Mabel but her second doesn't matter much now for she took mine when I suggested that she should and I am indebted to a grateful and prosperous father-in-law for many blessings; but the greatest of these is his daughter and my wife

### How Clouds Float.

[Popular Science Monthly:] How do clouds, which are usually composed of tiny drops of water, exist in cold weather, when the earth is covered with snow and ice, and when we all know that it is colder at high altitudes than it is on the ground? This question has often occurred to us all.

To find the clue to this enigma we consult the books on physics, and learn that, with proper precautions, it is possible to cool a liquid far below the ordinary freezing point (32 deg. Fahrenheit, in case of water.) Clouds of "supercooled" water-drops are seen even in the polar regions. A sudden jar turns a supercooled liquid instantly to a solid; and thus it happens that, in cold weather, raindrops or fog particles turn to ice on coming in contact with terrestrial objects, such as trees, telegraph wires, and the like, giving us the interesting spectacle of the "ice storm."

Another paradox is the fact that the bits of ice and drops of water composing the clouds should appear to "float" in the air, though of much greater density than the latter. As a matter of fact they do not. Cloud particles are all the time falling relatively to the air around them; though since this air itself may constitute an ascending current, they are not always falling in an absolute sense. The speed at which a cloud particle falls through the air depends upon its size; the smaller the particle, the more slowly it falls. The smallest have diameters of the order of .0004 inch and fall in still air at the rate of about a tenth of an inch per second. The largest range up to more than a fifth of an inch in diameter, and fall at the rate of about twenty-six feet per second. Raindrops and snowflakes are cloud particles which, in virtue of their size and other favorable conditions, succeed in falling all the way to the earth. Many a shower of rain or snow never reaches the earth, but evaporates in midair.

[The Awkwan:] Book Agent (entering Governor's office:) Pardon me, sir— Governor (reaching for the pardon slip:) Certainly; what did you do?

[Yonkers Statesman:] Mr. Meeks: I understand not a microbe exists in mountain air about the height of 2000 feet.

Mrs. Meeks: Of course. Why you couldn't exist in that altitude, John.



# A BANK MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

Not Proven. By Harold H. Scott.

[Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

Illustrated Weekly

Los Angeles Times

## GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

### Where the Chauffeurs Go.

JAMES R. LEA, of No. 1212 Nineteenth street, Northwest, contributes the following: "One very cold night this winter, a small boy attending a church lecture was deeply impressed by that part of the lecture which referred to good boys going to heaven and bad boys ending up elsewhere. On his return home he surprised his mother by saying: 'Mother, I don't think the Washington chauffeurs want to go to the good place. When I was coming home from church I heard one automobile driver say to another: 'I know where I am going; I am going where I can keep this old motor hot.'"—[Washington Post.

### Solving a Problem.

THE arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your best problem was wrong," was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again."

Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of shoestrings, a penknife and some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, please," he said; "if you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### The Coming Storm.

THE regular trombone player of a Scottish orchestra was ill with a cold, and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a man who played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the substitute.

After the first performance the new player asked the conductor how he had done.

The conductor replied that he had done fairly, but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The newcomer, eyeing him gratefully, answered: "Man, ye see, the music is a strange tae me the night, and I'm no' jist shair o't yet, but you wait tae the morn's night, and ye'll no hear ane of thae fiddles at a!"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Saving for a Sunny Day.

JAKE PENTICOFF was a unique character. He had a large family and although he was reasonably diligent in the use of saw and ax on the village woodpiles, he frequently came to seek aid from the city fathers.

"I gotta haff a sack of flour," said Jake on one occasion. "I'm all out, and my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the official. "If you need the sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll get you a sack. But see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if we get you a sack of flour are you sure that you will not sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake. "I already got tat safed up. Yes, I got money to go to circus."—[Youth's Companion.

### Wanted a Home Supply.

"PAPA," said little Elsie, "I want us to get a cow and keep it in the back yard."

"Why, my dear, I thought you were afraid of cows?"

"That don't matter, because it's 'economy!'" declared the small efficiency expert. "Then we can have our milk and beefsteak all the time."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### One on Him.

"YOU haven't got anything on my husband," said the woman in the drug store.

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the druggist; "he's wearing a porous plaster he hasn't paid me for yet."—[Yonkers Statesman.

### An Odious Comparison.

A SWEDE was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plate-glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers in the hope of getting some results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It ban bigger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede amid the laughter of all but the judge.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Was It a Treat?

"THAT Patrick Mulligan is a funny fellow. I can't quite understand him."

"Why? What's he been up to now?"

"Well, you see, he and I were having a little argument at his home the other evening and then I offered to prove that he was a fool in black and white."

"Yes; well, what about it?"

"Well, up to then we had confined ourselves to slightly raised voices, but when I said that he flared up immediately."

"Prove O'l'm a fool in black and white, will ye?" he yelled. "Well, if ye don't clear out of this house at once O'l'll prove in black, blue and red it's a falsehood ye're telling!"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### Turned Around.

THINGS are not always what they seem—nor so old, either.

"Is this a genuine antique?" asked the customer suspiciously.

"Certainly," replied the dealer, in an offended voice. "It is more than 600 years old."

"That's remarkable," commented the customer, drily. "It is dated 1912."

But the antique dealer was not to be caught napping.

"Let me see," he said. "Why, so it is! That's the fault of my assistant. He's put the figures on wrongly. It ought to be 1219."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Timely Hint.

JENKINS was always on the borrow for money and his friends had begun to avoid him.

One morning he tackled an acquaintance in the street before the latter had a chance to escape.

"I say, old man," began Jenkins. "I'm in a terrible fix. I want some money badly, and I haven't the slightest idea where on earth I'm going to get it from."

"Glad to hear it, my boy," replied the other promptly, as he edged his way to the subway entrance. "I was afraid that you might have an idea you could borrow it from me."—[New York Times.

### Wanted to Know.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy who had reigned supreme over parents and household all through his dozen years, was surprised one morning to hear the cry of a little baby brother.

"Isn't it nice, Tommy," said the jubilant father, "that we have another baby?"

"Yes, it is nice, father," said Tommy, as he saw the end of his reign; "but what bothers me is, was it necessary?"—[Topeka Capital.

### Enjoyed the Free Gift.

LAST Christmas a teacher in a school made up of foreigners, Germans, Italians, Hebrews, Russians and Roumanians, gave each budding hyphenated American a small figure of the Madonna. The small statuette was received with joy by each, but grimaces that showed exceeding joy illuminated the face of one of them so that the teacher watched him with interest until he asked in staccato tones: "Do you know vy I like dis? Because I get somding for noding."—[Indianapolis News.

### Spoiled at the Start.

SAMUEL H. CHURCH, president of the Carnegie Institute, said at a luncheon in Pittsburgh, apropos of certain war atrocities:

"The excuse of these atrocities reminds me of the miner bridegroom."

"A young miner got married and for the first week's housekeeping expenses he gave his wife the good round sum of \$1."

"The girl, to his surprise, accepted the dollar cheerfully, and that week they lived abundantly enough, albeit plainly."

"So, for the second week, the miner doled out only half a dollar. Then his wife went for him. She told him what she thought of his meanness. The house reverberated with her indignation."

"The miner, in the midst of the storm, clapped on his hat and stalked out, muttering:

"I see what's the matter here. I spoiled ye the first week."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Older Ones Here.

SOME workmen on an ostrich farm in South Africa one day found a live shell left by some artillery men who had been at target practice on the plains a few days before. Not knowing it was loaded, they whitewashed it and placed it in an ostrich's nest, thinking to play a joke upon the boss.

The next morning one of the hands came around for eggs, and finding, as he thought, a large one, he seized on it at once.

In his astonishment at finding it so heavy he dropped it, with the result that it exploded with direful effect. The man was hurled several yards away, but strangely enough beyond lying stunned for a few minutes he was unhurt.

"Whew! boys!" he murmured, when he recovered his speech, "that egg was the staliest I ever ran across."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### But Somebody May Get It.

AN ENGLISHMAN serving his country as attache to the British Embassy at Washington says that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has more than once been sought out by persons desirous of consulting him about thefts.

To one such woman Sir Arthur good-naturedly said: "My detective powers are quite at your service."

"Frequent and mysterious thefts," said the woman, "have been occurring at my house for a long time. There disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half dozen tin plates."

"The case is perfectly clear," said Sir Arthur; you keep a goat."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Not a Square Deal.

MISS MASON was explaining to her Sunday-school class the lesson for the day, the subject being the tares and the wheat.

"Now, remember, children, the tares represent the bad people and the wheat the good ones."

"Why, Miss Mason!" exclaimed a rosy-cheeked boy, who had been listening through the lesson with deep interest. "Did you say the tares are the bad folks and the wheat are the good ones?"

"Yes, James," replied the teacher, pleased at the lad's interest.

"Well, that's funny, I think!" replied the matter-of-fact child. "It's the wheat that gets thrashed; the tares don't."—[Country Gentleman.

### Legal Amenities.

A YOUTHFUL attorney, the greater part of whose time was spent in an endeavor to appear busy and prosperous, went out for a while, leaving on his door a neat placard.

"Will be back in an hour."

Upon his return he found that a lawyer across the hall had inscribed underneath:

"What for?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Sherlock.

THE great detective, laying aside professional cares for the evening, is attending a dance. Introduced to a beautiful woman, he asks her to dance with him, and she graciously consents.

"You have been married several years," he murmurs, after a couple of rounds on the floor.

"How could you guess that?" she asks. "I am not wearing my wedding ring. Do I look like a married woman?"

"Not at all," he replied, gallantly, "but I knew you were married the moment we started to dance. You at once began doing the leading."—[Judge.

### Dry Enough.

"GIMME a dime's worth o' dried beef an' some crackers," said Uncle Joah to the young lady in charge of the ribbon counter in a downtown store.

"You have evidently made a mistake in the place," she smilingly replied. "This is a dry goods store."

"Waal, now, I reckoned I know'd that, b'gosh," said the old man, "an' ef dried beef an' crackers hain't dry goods, then I'd like to know what in tarnation you'd call 'em?"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### A Resemblance.

ON ONE occasion during an election in England a lady canvasser in a small country place up north called upon a very old dame in a little cottage, to solicit her good man's vote for the Liberal candidate.

In the front parlor she noticed a framed picture of Mr. Asquith, cut from one of the illustrated papers, hanging in a prominent position on the wall.

Greatly pleased with what she took to be the cottagers' interest in Liberalism the canvasser said to the dame: "I am delighted to see that you are such a keen admirer of Mr. Asquith."

"Oh," answered the old woman, "I don't know 'oo 'e is. I just put 'im up there because 'e's the living image o' my poor dead father!"—[Baltimore Sun.

### Foolish Fighting.

ANDREW CARNEGIE said at a luncheon in New York:

To a Martian or any other higher intelligence this world war, which every bel-ligerent entered with the declaration that he didn't want to fight, but was forced to—this world war would seem to a higher intelligence, I repeat, as unreasonable as the prize fight seemed to the old lady.

"An old lady said on her return from the city.

"My rich son-in-law took me to a prize fight one evening. I never saw such a thing. The two men came out on the stage shook hands like the best of friends. Then they began to punch each other, and all for nothing. They kept on punching away till a man in the corner yelled 'Time!' Nobody answered him, so I pulled out my watch and shouted, 'Ten o'clock!'"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### The Lost Umbrella.

LITTLE things can be very trying at times, Mr. Fowler thought, when one wet morning he could not find his umbrella. Like many married men, he believed in the maxim, "When in trouble blame your wife."

"I say, Ellen," he shouted, "what on earth has happened to my new umbrella? I brought it home last night and now it's gone; and, of course, it's raining furiously."

"Why, it's scarcely raining at all!" said his wife. "But last night it was simply pouring when the parson left and so I lent him your umbrella."

"What an asinine thing to do! I shall never see it again now, so I may as well buy another today."

"How can you be so wicked, Adolphus? As if the parson would stoop to stealing your umbrella?"

"Stoop to stealing it be hanged! I borrowed it from him a couple of months ago!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.



# Oak Ridge Ranch, Near the New "Ridge Route" to the Tejon.

16 THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910. [1910] Photo by Walter Collins. [1910]



Saturday, March 5, 1910.

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SUMMARY  
THE SKY. Clouds, Wind  
Temperature, velocity, &  
humidity. Highest, 64 deg;  
low, 50 deg. Precipitation,  
weather report one last night.

THE CITY. It was  
great and great at  
Los Angeles Independent  
Removal of city and  
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Nearly half of the gold  
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Oak Ridge Ranch, Near the New "Ridge Route" to the Tejon.

Saturday, March 4, 1916.]

SUNDAY MORN



NEW CR  
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Fall of Ba  
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German Advisers of  
Wire the Kaiser  
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America to Make a  
mand on Austria  
Petrolite Co

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lery Engagemen  
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ONDON, March  
p.m.—The fall of  
considered imminent,  
to an Athens dispatch  
Telegram Company.  
Advices from a  
(Continued on Fourth)

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THE HEART OF IT

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cisco. (6) "Irish B  
Japanese Investment

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- PART VI.
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- PART VII.
1. Juvenile and Fashion Sh

TIMES ILLUSTRATED WE  
Separate and Complete  
SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.  
Fact and Fiction.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind s  
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HINT TO READERS: It is a  
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Saturday, March 4, 1916.